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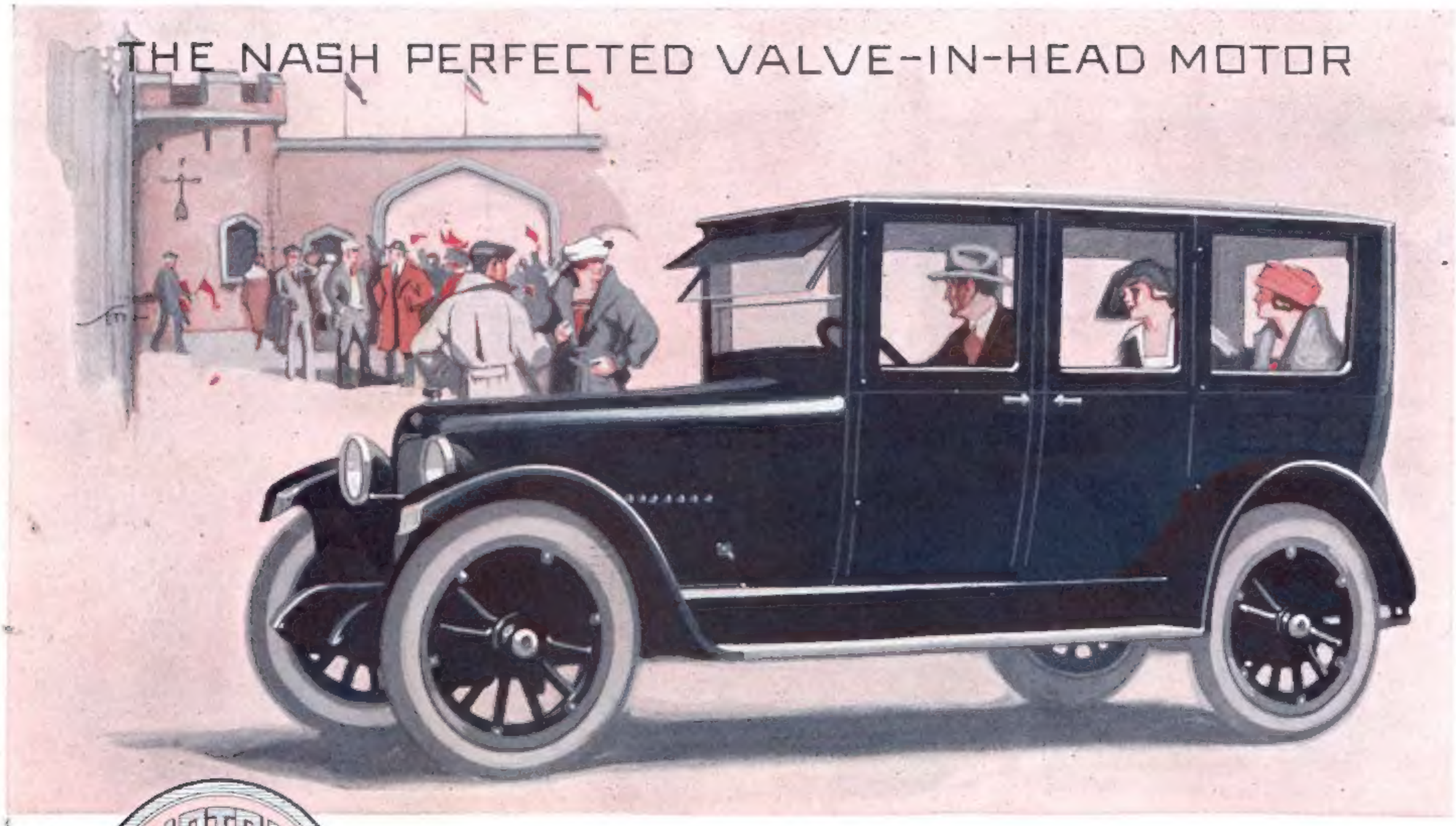

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4-passenger sport model	$1695
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for Speed *and* Safety

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Not merely a naphtha soap;
But the best features of both, combined.

for Safety

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The Politics of Limitations

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

PRESIDENT HARDING'S experiment in internationalism, which will take actual form when the conference for the limitation of armaments opens in Washington, may best be likened to an experiment in chemistry. The chemist, knowing a vital need for some chemical product, and having worked out a theory of how that need chemically may be supplied which he has embodied in a formula, goes to his laboratory, takes his test tube or retort, puts into one or the other the ingredients stipulated in his formula as likely to produce the required combination, and waits to see what will happen. A bland and useful mixture may be noted, with reactions as set forth in the theory—or there may be an explosion. The experiment must determine what the theory set forth.

The President, knowing what all the world knows—that unless the great nations disarm and suspend their spending they must stagger to ruin under the burden of their arms—has made his formula, of which the ingredients are the United States, Great Britain, France, Japan, Italy and China. On November eleventh he will put into the test tube of the conference these widely dissimilar national and political elements. Then all the world will wait to see what will happen. And anything may happen, from a harmonious determination to limit armaments after an equally harmonious disposal of the correlated political problems, to an explosion that will disrupt the conference and set the various nations at the work of arming more expansively and more expensively than ever before. The President's project is an experiment, and that is all. It has the substantial basis of an admitted and vital need. It has no guaranty of success save the popular desire. It has as a handicap the governmental necessities, the political exigencies, the national ambitions and the territorial imperatives of the individual nations participating in it, and the cold, hard but extremely intelligent selfishness that must and does mark the dealings of any one political division of the earth's surface with all other divisions. There is no altruism between governments in matters of this kind. International relations are not based on brotherly love, but on the policy of give and take—giving as little as possible and taking as much. Utopianism has none but a rhetorical existence, and the millennium is as yet oratorical.

It is true that if the question of limitation of armaments could come before mass meetings of the people of the world who have to pay for those armaments—the producers and not the professionals who live by them or the manufacturers who make them—the vote for limitation, for complete disarmament, would be unanimous. There can be no war without the machinery for war. The difficulty is that the peoples of the world cannot vote directly on this question, and the further difficulty is that all peoples, including our own, have for so long delegated their governmental authorities to such an extent that it is the government that always is paramount, and not the people who own and support it. This, of course, is necessary if nations shall continue as going concerns, because however attractive the theory of pure democracy may be, it is impractical and vain of attainment so long as human nature remains as it is. Wherefore we who are democracies operate not as pure, but as adulterated democracies, and the adulterant is politics, in the management of our national and international affairs.

The people of the world cannot vote on the question of limitation of armaments. They may demand limitations of armaments, but they cannot attain those limitations save through the operations of their delegated representatives, not only because a plebiscite is impractical but because the question is one that, by reason of both governmental custom and necessity, comes to and remains within the scope of the politicians who are the government, whether the theory of the government they constitute is democratic or monarchical.

The Uninvited Delegates

The main fact to be borne in mind concerning this Washington conference is that the national representations at it will be governmental and not popular, and as the representations will be governmental they will also be political in the broad national and international sense. The British delegation, for example, may be drawn exclusively from the Lloyd George coalition or it may not be, but in either case, the politics it will play and the diplomacy it will undertake will not be the coalition politics and diplomacy of the moment but the wider and deeper politics and diplomacy of the empire. What that delegation does will be based primarily on the situations and necessities of the empire, on the tradition and precedent and conditions, as predicated on its entire history, which were inherited by the coalition and will be handed along to its successors. Not that the British delegation will not turn such tricks as may be possible to the glory and credit of the government that sent it to Washington, but that the basic policies affecting its actions and conclusions will be imperial before they are partisan.

The two most important, most powerful and most concerned nations in the list, and in the world, are the United States and Great Britain. The well-being of the universe rests in the hands of the English-speaking peoples. Japan, at the time, holds some share in the picture, but Japan, minus Great Britain, is inconsequential. France and Italy are factors, to a degree, and China is a factotum. The position and importance of France are concerned with Germany, which, of course, had its former effect on the world, but which in the present discussion is subordinate to the greater scheme, albeit France's needs and desires will form an integral portion of whatever determinations are reached.

The point is that the prime and overshadowing positions are held by the United States and Great Britain, and that the conference will fail of any lasting benefits to the world if there is not complete understanding and absolute cooperation between the English-speaking peoples. If the United States and Great Britain do not show unmistakably, irrevocably, somewhere during the course of the conference, so plainly that the whole world may understand, that regardless of any former disagreements, regardless of any minor matters, regardless of any present differences, regardless of policies, ambitions, desires and plans that are national in scope, the two countries are as one on the international problems that are scheduled to come before the conference—then it would have been better never to have called the conference; then present conditions not only will continue but will grow worse, and there is a fair chance that everything will go to pot, including the United States and Great Britain.

Five Basic Propositions

AS GOVERNMENT has developed among the peoples of the world it has grown more in complexity than in effectiveness. The tendency of all government is to elaborate its functioning machinery rather than simplify it. The simplest of all government is an autocracy, and the recent war proved that the only way a democracy can function in a tremendous crisis is as an autocracy, which is what the United States, Great Britain and France virtually were, to say nothing of Germany, which was an autocracy functioning *per se* and without the democratic foundation. However, once the great crisis disappeared the democracies of the world creaked slowly back to their first principles, or are creaking back, and with that return came a renewal of all the old elaborations and complexities, the starting up of all the old and intricate machinery.

This condition is the natural result of the human equation in public affairs, and of the ever-growing addition of interests, developments, aspirations and conditions in government and among men. One thing leads to another. One contingency depends on another. One procedure is precedent to a second. One plan interlocks with another, and this cannot be done unless that is undone. This relation must be adjusted before that association can be engaged upon. Not only are the internal affairs of a nation in this intricate relation to one another but the affairs of nations are involved in the most delicate and entangled manner.

There is every economic warrant, every human warrant, every social, financial and spiritual warrant for the statement that the imperative need of the world in its present condition is disarmament—every warrant save two, and these two are the political and the militaristic, both governmental. Offhand, it would seem that with such an overpowering consensus of opinion and a sentiment almost universal in favor of reduction of war machinery, there could be nothing simpler than an agreement among the nations to disband their armies, sink their ships, scrap their guns and beat their swords into plowshares. All that would be required would be the united consent and concerted action. The presidents of the United States and France, the kings of England and Italy, the Mikado of Japan, acting as the supreme authorities, could say the word, and, presto, it would be done, and the world relieved of its intolerable burden, the heavy impost lifted from the people, and the peace of the universe secured.

That would be the ideal solution ideally put into execution, but neither disarmament nor limitation of armaments ever will be secured in that way because the problem is not merely one of sinking ships or demobilizing armies, but has ten, fifty, a hundred ramifications, touching on every phase of every nation's life, and ranging from the highest one of self-preservation to the lowest one of self-aggrandizement. When the President issued his invitation to the Washington conference there was criticism in some quarters because he included the problems of the Pacific and the Far East in the list of subjects to be settled if possible. It was said that he complicated the important business of limitations with these subsidiary problems. The President did not complicate the matter. He had no alternative, because the question of the limitation of armaments as between the nations summoned to the conference was complicated long before his time by the relations between Japan and the United States, the relations between Great Britain and the United States and Great Britain and Japan, by every adventure after trade and territory, by every attempt at expansion, by all the clashings of commerce and the treaties and agreements and arrangements and disputes attendant thereupon, by national ambitions and political aspirations, by wars and the results of them, and peace and the contingents thereof. The President recognized a condition imperatively precedent to any limitation of armaments, and he could not do otherwise.

If, to put it in its simplest terms, the question of the limitation of armaments resolves itself to the navies of the world, at least as a beginning, let us say, what is the purpose of the navies of the world, of Japan and Great Britain and the United States? To protect the interests of those countries on the waters of the world, and to defend the coasts of those countries from attack. It has been a process of years for each country to build up its commerce and establish its interests and develop its influences, and in so doing each country has established its own relations with each other country until each has policies and paramountcies it must maintain, and each has agencies for maintaining those policies and paramountcies that cannot be changed either fundamentally or in part without compromise, negotiation and guarantee.

The only three considerable navies of the world are those of the United States, Great Britain and Japan, and this fact makes the question of the limitation of armaments of highest importance to these countries and sets them forth as the three great factors in the discussion and the attempt, if there is agreement. Hinged to the maintenance of these navies are scores of corelated questions that must all be discussed as preliminary to any limitations of armaments, and for that reason we see great companies of experts, counselors, advisers and secretaries arriving to assist the delegates in their work. For that reason, too, there will be vast multiplication of detail, and therein lies a danger to the project, for, as was shown at Paris, the injection of this enormous detail leads to long and hypothetical discussions, and long and hypothetical discussions end usually in futilities.

However, there must be a certain amount of this rigmarole. The human mind is so constituted that it usually mistakes argument for fact, and, moreover, the chief actors in an affair of this sort utilize these demonstrations as smoke screens for their real operations and maneuvers. Some of these matters are measurably important, also, and must have their shares of legitimate attention. Aside from that, the real work of this conference, if the conference is to succeed of its object and the delegates are sincere in their missions and not in attendance merely out of courtesy to President Harding and in polite response to his invitation—which is a phase that will bear watching—the real work of this conference and the real world politics of it will ultimately be concerned with these propositions:

FIRST. A demonstration that war between the United States and Great Britain is impossible because of any situation that is concerned in this conference, or in any other situation even remotely apparent, and, especially, that peaceful relations between the United States and Great Britain cannot be broken in any way through operations of any present or future Anglo-Japanese alliance.

SECOND. An acceptable plan whereby Japan's face may be saved, her need for expansion because of her growing population recognized, her national dignity conserved and her exact and proper status in the Pacific defined.

THIRD. Some enforceable and definite plan that will guarantee to Great Britain the free and untrammeled access to the seas so necessary to her national existence in case of war.

FOURTH. An agreement that will be respected over the open door in China.

FIFTH. A satisfactory and guaranteed relief for the apprehensions of France that she may be left alone in case of a future attack on her by Germany.

These questions are not to be settled arbitrarily, nor the guaranties required to be arranged without much consideration and more diplomacy, but if they can be solved satisfactorily, and the proper assurances given and the proper enforcing machinery organized, the question of the limitation of armaments becomes one of detail, because the requirements for armaments are embraced in the conditions indicated in the problems, and with these out of the way the need for most of this war machinery vanishes so far as the nations represented in the conference are concerned, and, indeed, so far as the rest of the world is concerned, because this conference is representative of the dominant power of the world.

Relations With Japan

THE first and second of the plans that must be evolved are, in the broad sense, but one plan, because of the relations between Great Britain and Japan and the position of Japan in the Pacific and in the Orient. Every nonbiased student of Far Eastern affairs knows that much of the aggression of Japan and most of her exploitations have been carried on with greater assurance by Japan because of the Anglo-Japanese alliance that has existed for many years. Whether with or without the assent of Great Britain, Japan has taken advantage of this alliance and what it may imply—translated in Japan's own terms—and used it as the background for many of her operations. After the United States lifted Japan from the morass of her feudalism and encouraged her to come out into the society of the nations Great Britain gave Japan her international cachet by making an alliance with her, for reasons that were Great Britain's and with results that were extremely useful to Japan.

Meantime, the relations between Japan and the United States, which should be most cordial, and outwardly have been, have been strained at various points, sometimes by Japanese agencies and sometimes by American agencies, and out of these strainings has arisen a situation that has been capitalized by the militaristic sections of both countries, and by other disturbing and often sinister influences. The Japanese, themselves natural and national egoists, were subject not only to injudicious and indiscriminate praise for exceeding capabilities and extraordinary efficiencies, which they accepted as their due, but to increase and develop this impression they built up the most powerful and effective publicity organization that has ever operated in similar capacity, and enlisted in that organization large numbers of superserviceable Americans who spread throughout the world, and particularly throughout the United States, continuous and increasing volumes of exaltation of these people, and set them forth as possessing all national virtues and devoid of all national vices so far as their political, social and economic relations with the rest of the world are concerned.

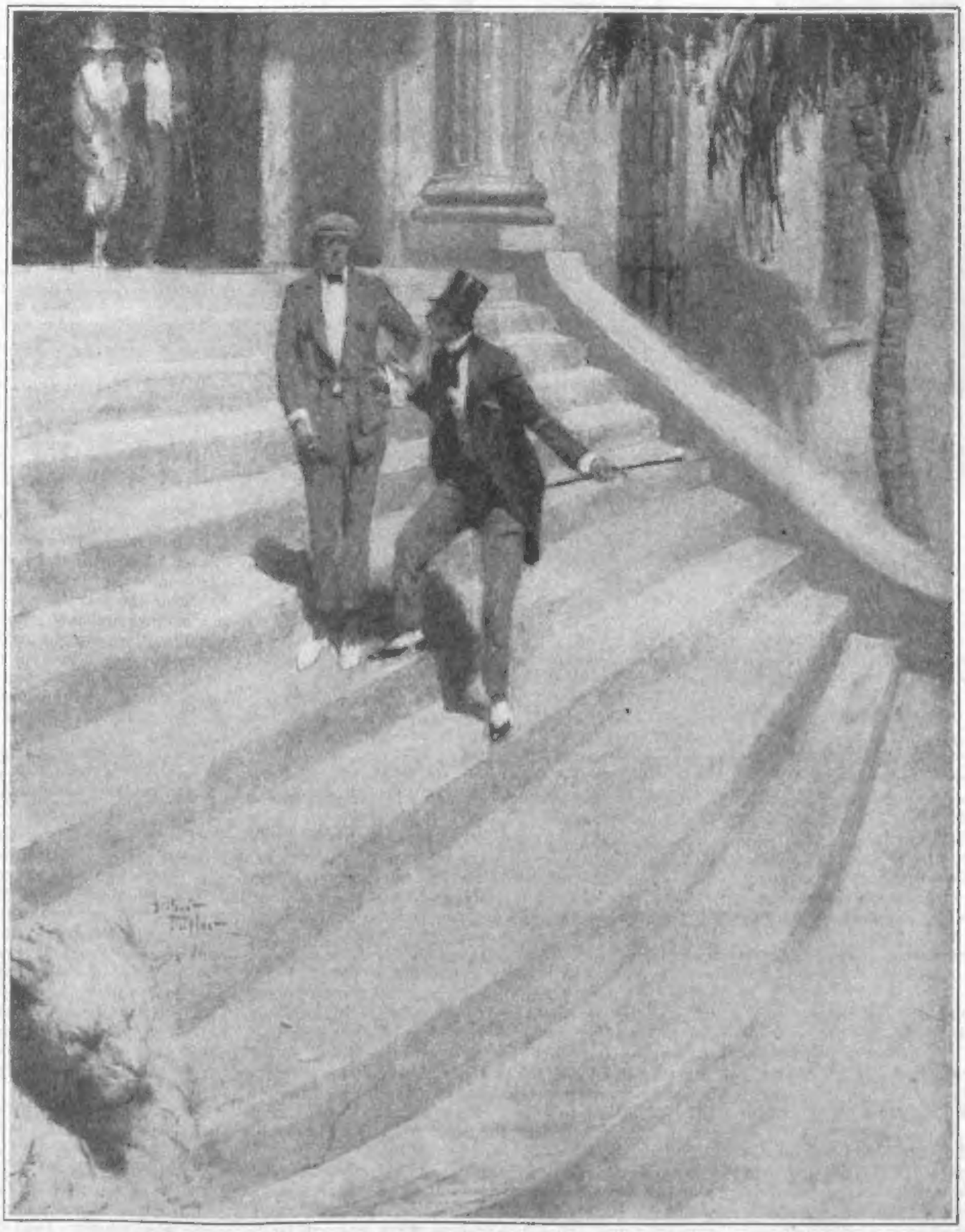
The Sino-Japanese War, the Russo-Japanese War and various other accomplishments, including the Anglo-Japanese treaty, as has been shown, fostered this carefully and skillfully press-agented impression, and the result has been that,

(Continued on Page 88)

THE KING

By GORDON ARTHUR SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER



"I Shall Not Keep You Long, I Promise You, and in the Gardens it Smells Good"

WHEN he had paid his bill at the Hôtel de Paris and had purchased his railway ticket to Paris, Stephen Holmes searched his pockets and found that he possessed something more than one hundred francs. Moreover, the letter of credit for two thousand dollars which as a safeguard against his present predicament he had borne with him to Monte Carlo had been exhausted the day before and turned in, canceled, to the Crédit Lyonnais. Like many others before him, he cursed himself for a fool. Being a Bostonian, he cursed himself more bitterly perhaps than those before him who hailed from cities other than Boston; for Bostonians, as a rule, do not gamble beyond their means. The thrift of the New Englander is proverbial.

Young Holmes—he was three and twenty and scarcely a year out of Harvard—had doubtless inherited his taste for gambling from the New York lady who had been his grandmother. She had gambled with life itself. She it was who, when she had given him a man child, had left Grandfather Holmes in his austere house in Back Bay to elope with a comparative stranger—that is to say, a stranger to the Holmeses of Back Bay. She herself must have known the man well enough to have decided that he was preferable to Grandfather Holmes. Thereafter her name was never mentioned publicly by Stephen's family, and when it was mentioned privately it was in the hushed tones with which one refers to indelicate things. Stephen had learned of the incident from his old nurse, who was Irish and romantic—I shall be accused of tautology—and who was immoral enough to sympathize secretly with the beautiful lady who had backed her love against the field.

As Stephen stepped out of the hotel into the brilliant sunlight he gave a brief thought to his grandmother and wondered sadly if she, like him, had lost everything. Then, his hand touching the hundred-franc note that remained to him, he said half aloud: "Everything? No, by Jove, I haven't lost everything! Not yet, old man, not yet!"

Then he crossed the plaza swiftly and started to mount the steps of the Casino. He was stopped in mid-ascent by a hand on his elbow and a voice which said "Pardon me, monsieur." Turning in surprise, he beheld at his side an elderly gentleman in a dark blue frock coat, an abused silk hat, baggy gray trousers, cracked patent-leather shoes and white gaiters. To add to his oddity, the elderly gentleman's face was adorned with a gray mustache and an imperial after the manner of Napoleon III, and his right eye bore a monocle attached to his person by a wide black ribbon. He might have been one of the romantic poets of the early nineteenth century, transported by the aid of Mr. Wells' time machine to A.D. 1911. He might, for example, have been Alfred de Musset grown old.

"Pardon me, monsieur," he said, "may I take the liberty of detaining you for a moment?"

"Why, yes, certainly!" answered Stephen after a second of excusable hesitation. "What can I do?"

The elderly gentleman waved a thin white hand toward the gardens.

"Do you object," he asked, "if one seats oneself? I shall not keep you long, I promise you, and in the gardens it smells good. Let us then for an instant seek a bench and the scent of roses."

Without further words he put his arm through Stephen's and, leaning slightly on an ivory-topped ebony cane, led him across the sunlit pavement to a bench in the blue shade of the palms.

"Now," he said, seating himself with the difficulty of one whose limbs are no longer supple—"now, monsieur, this is all very strange to you, is it not?"

Stephen confessed that it was.

"Evidently—of course," agreed his companion. "And you have been most patient. I thank you."

"No need of that," Stephen assured him. "My time's of no value whatsoever. In fact, time to me is loss of money apparently."

"Ah, I feared so—I feared so. It is often that way in Monte Carlo. I trust you have not lost too much. Pardon me, I do not wish to appear inquisitive. Consider my remark unsaid. It is I who know, and only too well, that when one has lost one does not desire to discuss it. It is only when one has been successful that one shouts it from the housetops. The vanquished craves to be left alone in his misery; the victor cannot have too many admirers about him—admirers and parasites. But, strangely enough, to the victor even the parasites are welcome. They are all—how do you say it?—they are all good fellows."

"Exactly," said Stephen, at a loss for any more adequate remark.

The elderly gentleman sat in silence for a space, aimlessly drawing figures in the gravel with his ebony cane.

"When I took the liberty of intercepting you," he observed at length, "you were about to enter the gaming rooms, were you not?"

"I was. I was about to stake my last hundred francs."

"Your last hundred francs? But tell me, my friend, you have your railway ticket home? I ask, I assure you, only in the interest of you who are a stranger and perhaps do not know the custom here."

"Oh, yes," said Stephen with a not-overcheerful smile: "I have my ticket to Paris, and I have friends in Paris, so I'm all right. I really have nothing very serious to worry about."

"That is well—that is very well!" exclaimed the elderly gentleman, visibly relieved. "I beg now to explain why I asked what might have seemed so impertinent a question. It is that when at Monte Carlo one has lost all, even to one's last sou, and has not the money either to depart or to stay, the administration of the Casino will provide one with a ticket to one's home. That they consider very generous on their part. Ha! *Ils sont vraiment trop aimables!* But if one takes advantage of this divine generosity, it is on the condition that one never again enters the Casino. Never again may you return to recoup your losses. My friend, I am myself in that humiliating position. I am forbidden the gaming rooms forever."

"Well," said Stephen, "if you ask me, I think you're in luck. I wish I'd been forbidden the gaming rooms a week ago."

His companion, at this, eyed him pityingly—and just a little scornfully.

"Do not say so!" he remonstrated, shaking his head. "Do not say so! Either you are overdepressed or you are not the true gambler. The true gambler, my friend, is never content to stop a loser. The true gambler is always eager to play again, and that is the favor I am about to ask of you—that with your aid I may play again."

"With my aid?" echoed Stephen. "How—in what way?"

The elderly gentleman raised one of his white hands upward and outward as if to indicate that the means by which Stephen might assist him were simple, and his words bore out the intimation of his gesture.

"My friend," he said, "I ask of you no great labor. One hour of your time—an hour and a half, perhaps—and during that period you will be doing for me that which I would give ten years of my life to be able to do for myself—you will be playing roulette."

"I see," said Stephen. "At least I begin to see. You want me to play in your place?"

"You have divined it."

"Yes," He Said. "I Think That the Portrait of Madame Récamier is David at His Best"

"I'm afraid I'll bring you no luck. Mine has left me completely, as you know, and I'd hate to lose your money. Besides," he added with a smile, "what makes you think I'm trustworthy? I might take your stake and disappear, and you'd never be able to track me. You don't even know my name."

"No, and I do not ask to know your name. My name I will tell you, however. I am called Monsieur Capet."

"My name is Holmes—Stephen Holmes. You see I volunteer it, but it may be assumed."

"Holmes," repeated the other—he pronounced it Olms. "Is it a common name in America?"

"There are lots of us," said Stephen.

"Well, Monsieur Holmes, it is needless to say that I trust you entirely. Moreover, you need have no scruples, for the stake is not large, and I shall give you exact directions how I should desire you to play it. As to the danger of losing, it does not exist. Of that, of course, I am certain. Otherwise I should not have journeyed so far and at such expense."

"You have a system?"

Monsieur Capet smiled, a confident but dreamy smile that revealed even white teeth between his mustache and his imperial.

"I have no system," he replied, "but I have better—I have a certainty."

"In that case," observed Stephen, "you're unusually blessed."

Monsieur Capet laid his hand on the American's shoulder and said: "Listen, my friend, and I will tell you why it is a certainty. First, I will inform you that there are but two plays you must make—Number Eleven and black. Number Eleven, as of course you know, is a black number, so therefore I do not bet against myself."

"I know," answered Stephen. "I know the color of every accursed number on the accursed board. I dream of them at night. I see that wheel spinning around in my sleep until my head spins with it, and I hear the croupier chanting: *'Faites vos jeux, messieurs, faites vos jeux! Les jeux sont faits? Rien ne va plus. Le vingt-trois—rouge, impair et passe.'* And then it begins all over again; and every time that it's red, odd and high I'm betting my shirt on black, even and low. No wonder I can't sleep. Oh, yes, I know that eleven's a black number all right."

"Precisely!" said Monsieur Capet, who had waited patiently but without interest for his companion to conclude. "Precisely! And now, my friend, may I ask you what day of the month it is?"

"It's the eleventh," answered Stephen.

"Precisely! And what month of the year?"

"November."

"Precisely! The eleventh month, you will note. And what year?"

"Nineteen-eleven. I see. You have a hunch on Number Eleven on that account. Three elevens in the date."

"Ah, my friend, you are too impetuous. I am but at the beginning—there is more to come. Know then that eleven years ago I went bankrupt here at Monte Carlo. Yes, it was eleven years ago that the administration gave me my ticket home and disbarred me from the Casino. And why, you may ask, did I go bankrupt? My friend, I will tell you. It was because for eleven years before that I had with most praiseworthy obstinacy played everything I had on Number Eleven and black. Everything! I never once varied my bet during those eleven years. And what occurred?"

"I suppose eleven never came up," hazarded Stephen, slightly bored.

"Ah, no, you are wrong. I recorded the results of all the spins of that wheel during the time I was playing. There were, I remember, one hundred and eleven thousand spins, and black came up almost half the time—not quite half the time, or I should not have lost so heavily—but Number Eleven came up for me exactly eleven times during those eleven years. Yes, you may well look incredulous, but it is true. The number would appear just as I was leaving the table; it would appear just as I was approaching; sometimes it would have appeared three times in succession five minutes before my arrival. But as soon as I sat down to play—bah! Once every year! *Que voulez-vous?* I lost something over half a million francs by persistently placing a single louis on that sacred number. Fortunately I played but three months during each year, or—— Well, I could not have lost more, for I had no more to lose; but I could have lost it perhaps more rapidly."

"They certainly put the knife into you and turned it around," said Stephen commiseratingly; but he added to himself, "The poor old boy is mad—completely and beautifully mad," and he wondered what he ought to do about it.

There seemed, indeed, to lurk an uncanny fire in the pale blue eyes of Monsieur Capet. Discarding his cane abruptly, he rose bravely to his feet and stood erect, one hand thrust into the bosom of his shabby frock coat, the other extended in a magnificent gesture of elation.

"I have waited eleven years for this day," he cried, "and I have traveled far that I might have my revenge! Do you not comprehend? The Number Eleven is overdue—long overdue—and this is the day of days when it must appear to reward me for the eleven years it failed me. And it must appear not only once but often. It must, and I tell you it will. It is a certainty."

He subsided into his seat on the bench, breathless, shaking a little as if from overexertion. Presently he fumbled in the breast of his frock coat and drew forth a small leather change purse. Opening it, he poured eleven gold louis into the palm of his trembling hand. Then with a gesture of supplication he held them out to Stephen.

"You will not refuse me the favor?" he whispered. "You will not refuse to allow me my last chance?"

Stephen hesitated, was about to say no, hesitated again, had a glimpse of the man's pleading eyes, and said quietly: "Tell me how you want me to play them for you, Monsieur Capet."

"Ah," said Monsieur Capet with a long sigh, "I knew you would be generous!"

"I'll do my best, and I'll follow your instructions; but I'm afraid you'll be disappointed. However ——"

"No, no," insisted the other, "I shall not be disappointed. You shall see—it is, I tell you, a certainty. You will go to the table on the right in the Salon Renaissance, and—let us see, it now lacks ten minutes of four o'clock. Very good. At four-eleven, then, you will commence play. One louis on the black, one on Number Eleven. Black will doubtless come very soon, and when it does you will leave your winnings there to accumulate. After black has appeared ten times in succession your stake will have exceeded the limit, and you will take down that excess, leaving only the six thousand francs allowed on the even chances. This you will continue to do as long as black appears. So much, then, for the play on black. Do you follow me?"

"Perfectly," said Stephen. "But when red does at last come up, what do I do then?"

"Red will not come," answered Monsieur Capet calmly. "Red will not come until you shall have left the table. Once the run on black is started, it will continue long enough for my purpose."

"Ah!" said Stephen. "Go on."

"I will do so. We come now to the play on Number Eleven. You will, as I have indicated, place one louis on that number until it appears. When it does so—which will be within the first three spins, I believe—you will proceed in a manner similar to your method of play on black. You will allow the nine louis maximum to remain on the number, taking down each time the excess of twenty-seven louis. I do not expect any phenomenal run on eleven—I am not a mad optimist, you understand—but I do expect it to appear, let us say, seven times out of ten. That much at least is due me."

"Great Scott," cried Stephen, "and you say you're not an optimist! Thirty-seven numbers on the board and you expect one of them to come seven times out of ten! It's unheard of!"

"Do not so excite yourself," urged Monsieur Capet composedly. "It will be heard of to-day. Remember, though, that after the first winning you must always have nine louis on Number Eleven. With that and the maximum on black you will be winning about twelve thousand francs on every spin of the wheel. It is well."

"It is very well," observed Stephen.

"Precisely! I shall have the honor of waiting for you here on this bench, and there is no reason why we should not have a very good dinner together."

"Thank you," said Stephen. "If I win that sum for you I shall certainly accept with pleasure. However, I'm taking the night express for Paris, so I suggest we dine early."

"I, too, am taking the night express for Paris," said Monsieur Capet with conviction—"I and my daughter, Marie Thérèse, to whom I shall have the pleasure of presenting you at dinner."

"Ah!" was all Stephen found to say; but he found that he was not at all unwilling to meet this daughter and discover what manner of girl she might be.

Monsieur Capet glanced at his watch—a huge old-fashioned gold affair which had, to Stephen's surprise, escaped the pawnshop—and remarked that it was four o'clock.

"I suggest that you go to the Casino," he said, "for do not forget that your play must begin promptly at four-eleven."

"Very well," agreed Stephen, "I'm off. But if I come back empty-handed in fifteen minutes don't blame me."

Capet stood up and bowed low with his hand at his heart.

"I thank you, monsieur, a thousand times for the service you are rendering me," he said grandly, "and I wish you all luck and success."

Thereupon Stephen traversed once more the plaza, where the pigeons were airing themselves in the bland sunlight, and mounted the steps of the Casino. Picking his way among the crowd in the marble-paved atrium, he displayed his ticket at the gate and entered the gambling rooms. He crossed immediately to the roulette table on the right in the Salon Renaissance. Fortunately as he reached it a fat and angry German lady gave up her seat in disgust, complaining loudly that there was evidently no such color as black on the wheel.

"Comes red twelve times *und* black never," she explained to Stephen as he slipped into her vacant chair.

"Tough, but just," he said nonchalantly, and spread his eleven louis in front of him on the green cloth. Beside them he placed his watch. It was eight minutes past four.

During the three idle minutes that lay ahead of him he watched with keen interest the slowly revolving wheel and the little agile ball hurrying around its rim in the opposite direction. There was something in the mere mechanics of the game that fascinated him. With nothing at stake, he nevertheless shared the tense eagerness of his neighbors when the ball slowed down, dropped slightly from the rim, bumped against one of the little steel obstacles, leaped and zigzagged erratically, hesitated between two numbers and finally with a comfortable cluck settled into the socket of Number Five.

"*Le numero cinq! Rouge, impair et manque,*" intoned the croupier as calmly and as indifferently as if it was of no consequence to anyone.

Then breaths that had been held were released and voices were heard exulting or lamenting. Then the little rakes became marvelously active, darting over the table, first to sweep in the gold that the bank had won and then to pilot across the green cloth the gold that was due the few lucky players. Fascinating to Stephen were the deftness and rapidity with which it was all accomplished; and fascinating were the stacks of golden louis and the more imposing stacks of hundred-franc pieces, each almost the size of a dollar.

Suddenly he remembered to look at his watch. It was exactly eleven minutes past four. As the croupier started the ball on its active journey Stephen placed, in accordance with Monsieur Capet's instructions, one louis on the black and one louis on Number Eleven.

In spite of himself he felt a thrill of excitement. Most gamblers are superstitious, and Stephen did not differ from the majority.

"A mad old man with a hunch"—that was the way in which he described Monsieur Capet to himself; but he had seen many strange things occur at the tables of Monte Carlo. He himself had often been nothing more than a mad young man with a hunch. The whine of the rolling ball deepened, evidence that it was slowing down. Stephen studiously kept his eyes from the wheel, pretending to be interested in one of the mural decorations. That was his superstition—not to watch the wheel when he was playing.

Presently the croupier announced twenty-six, black—a result neither encouraging nor discouraging, for he had won his bet on the color and lost on the number. However, the run on red had been broken, an event which would have gratified the fat, angry German lady had she been there to witness it.

Stephen made a note of the play on a card and—always according to instructions—left the two louis on black and pushed another out to Number Eleven. Then his gaze returned once more to the mural painting, which he now perceived represented a red-headed nymph contemplating a pool. She was quite lovely, the red-headed nymph, her back half turned to him, glancing at him over her shoulder. Still, her hips, he decided, were too big. He preferred slimmer nymphs. Give him Botticelli rather than Rubens.

"Number Eleven, black, odd and low," announced the croupier.

Well, that was a piece of luck. Old man Capet would have a run for his money in any case, for that play alone had netted thirty-seven louis on the two bets.

He allowed the four louis on the black to remain and took down all but nine louis from Number Eleven. The players around him nudged each other at this and glanced at him with pitying admiration. He was playing for eleven to repeat, and he was betting the maximum. Ah, well, those rich Americans, they didn't care how they flung their millions away. Two charming ladies opposite him remarked aloud to each other that he was a nice boy, and smiled and nodded at him as if to imply that it was through their efforts that the ball had dropped into Number Eleven. Stephen, however, discreetly kept his eyes on the wide-hipped nymph.

Once more the ball settled with a click into Number Eleven. There was a short silence, followed by an outburst of ahs, and then a tumult of French, English, Italian and German. Everyone in his or her native tongue expressed either envy, chagrin or admiration, and it was all directed at Stephen. He sat impassive while the equally impassive croupier propelled three hundred and fifteen louis to him in front of the long-handled rake.

The two charming ladies left their places and sauntered slowly around the table to take positions of vantage behind him. Truly, he had become a man well worth knowing, and they repeated their assertion that he was a nice boy. Nay, more, they added that he had handsome eyes.

When he made his next bet he was conscious that everyone was watching him. For the moment he was the hero of the table. But those who delayed placing their own bets in order to follow his lead were dumfounded when they saw him leave once again the nine-louis maximum on eleven. Twice in succession was all very well, but three times—*ah, non! Il demande trop.*

Accordingly, when the ivory ball dropped for the third time into Number Eleven Stephen was the only player who had it covered. Then indeed there was wailing and gnashing of teeth; and the cries grew so loud that the croupiers were forced to pound on the table and demand silence. People in the vicinity left their places, hurrying to learn the cause of the commotion. Explanations were asked and given by shrill, excited voices.

"It is the little American! He has played the maximum on Number Eleven and it has come three times! *Quelle veine, mon Dieu!*"

The little American sat quietly, outwardly unmoved, save that a touch of a smile hovered at the corners of his lips; but in spite of himself his hands shook a little as he stacked up the gold in front of him, and his heart was beating like a pump attached to a windmill in a gale. The two charming ladies were now resting their arms affectionately on his shoulders, and at intervals one or the other would say to him caressingly, "I bring you ze luck, my dear, ees eet not?" or "You tak me to dinnair?" And when the little American paid no heed to their overtures they exchanged meaning glances behind his back, raised their eyebrows, shrugged their shoulders, but never desisted.

The run on Number Eleven that day is famous in the annals of Monte Carlo. It came exactly thirteen times out of twenty-one spins, and each time Stephen was on it for the maximum. And even when eleven failed to appear, the little ball rattled into a black number, so that his bet on the black continued to bring him in six thousand francs a turn. On three occasions a new supply of gold was called for by the croupier, and the croupier himself was changed three times in the vain hope that a new hand would produce a new number. But it was useless. They did not know, of course, that they were contending against Monsieur Capet's eleven years of ill luck; against the eleven years, too, that he had waited for his revenge; and against the eleventh day of the eleventh month of the year 1911. It is true that this last some of the more superstitious may have noted, but the administration at Monte Carlo, from the director down to the employes, does not lay much stress on superstitions. The percentage in favor of the bank is their only fetish, and in the long run it does not fail them.

When Stephen rose from the table at last an employe carried his winnings for him in a basket to the cashier's office, where the gold and notes were carefully counted and exchanged for notes of large denomination. There proved to be something less than two hundred thousand francs.

"It is well," observed Stephen, quoting from Monsieur Capet.

Early dusk had fallen when he stepped out of the Casino. Lights glowed in the windows of the hotels and cafés and among the restless fronds of the palm trees in the gardens. The orchestra of the Café de Paris was playing a lilting Viennese waltz. There was in the air the fragrance of flowers.

Stephen found Monsieur Capet seated patiently on the bench where he had left him, his hands clasped across the ivory top of his ebony cane, his figure bent a little forward, his eyes fixed on the ground and on nothing. At the sound of footsteps Monsieur Capet looked up.

"Ah," he said, "it is you!"

Stephen stood in front of him, smiling, relishing in advance the good news that he had in store for him.

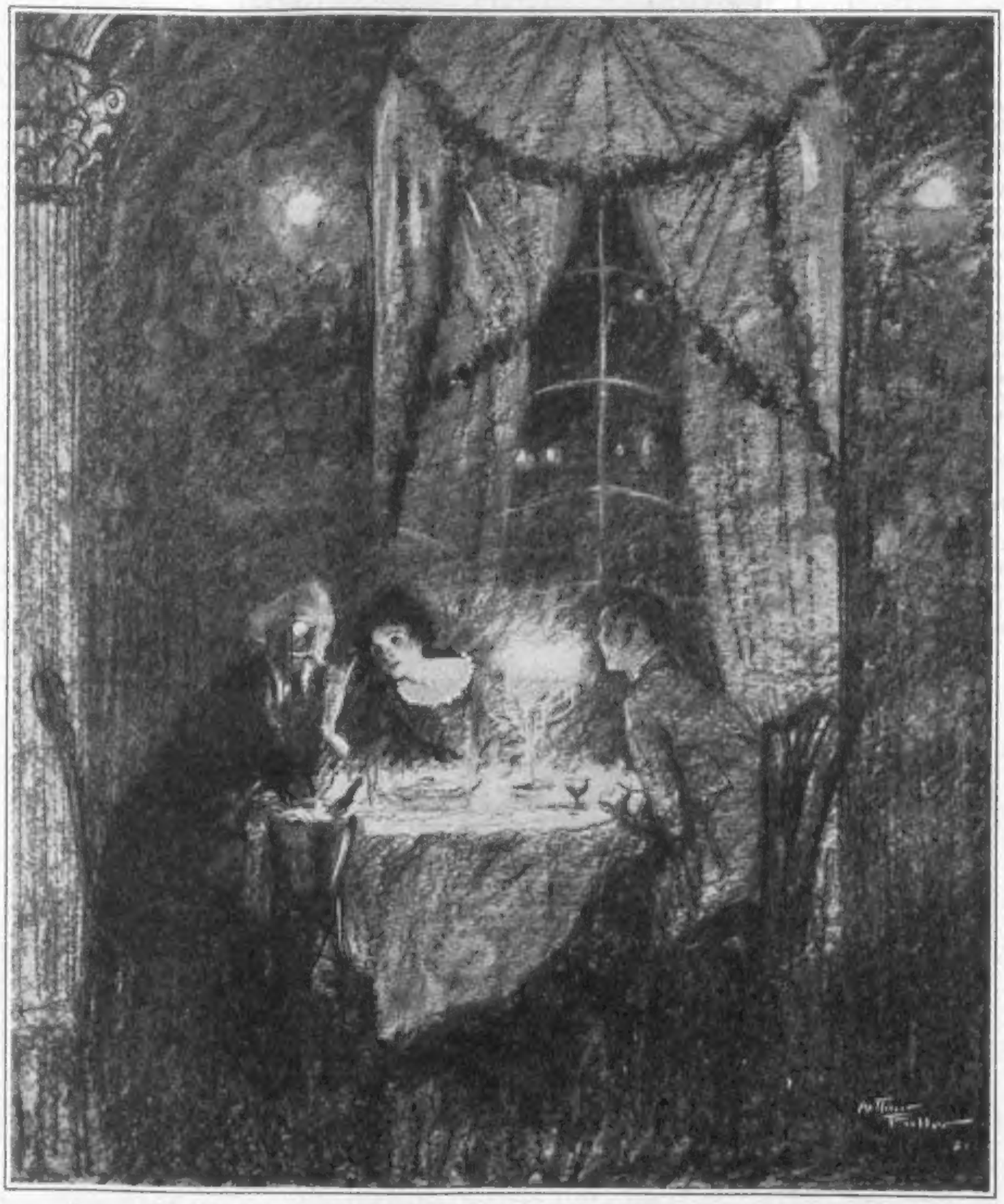
"Yes," he said, deliberately procrastinating, "I'm back, you see."

"Sit down, I beg of you," urged Monsieur Capet in a voice that revealed no hint of either anxiety or impatience. "Sit down and let us contemplate the beauty of the evening. It is exquisite, is it not? See, the stars are stepping out into the sky and already it is night. Ah, my friend, what a country! It is not France, I grant you, but it has the soul of France! The wonderful soul of France!"

"Monsieur Capet," said Stephen, "have you supernatural powers? Are you a wizard? Are you in league with the devil?"

"I?" exclaimed Capet. "Why should you accuse me of such an unholy alliance? Oh, I understand! It is because you have won.

(Continued on Page 28)



"Louis XVI, as You Recall Without Doubt, Was Guillotined by the Barbarians." "Father," Interposed Marie Thérèse, "Please, Not So Loud"

EUROPE IN TRANSITION

The Salvaging of Austria—By Isaac F. Marcosson

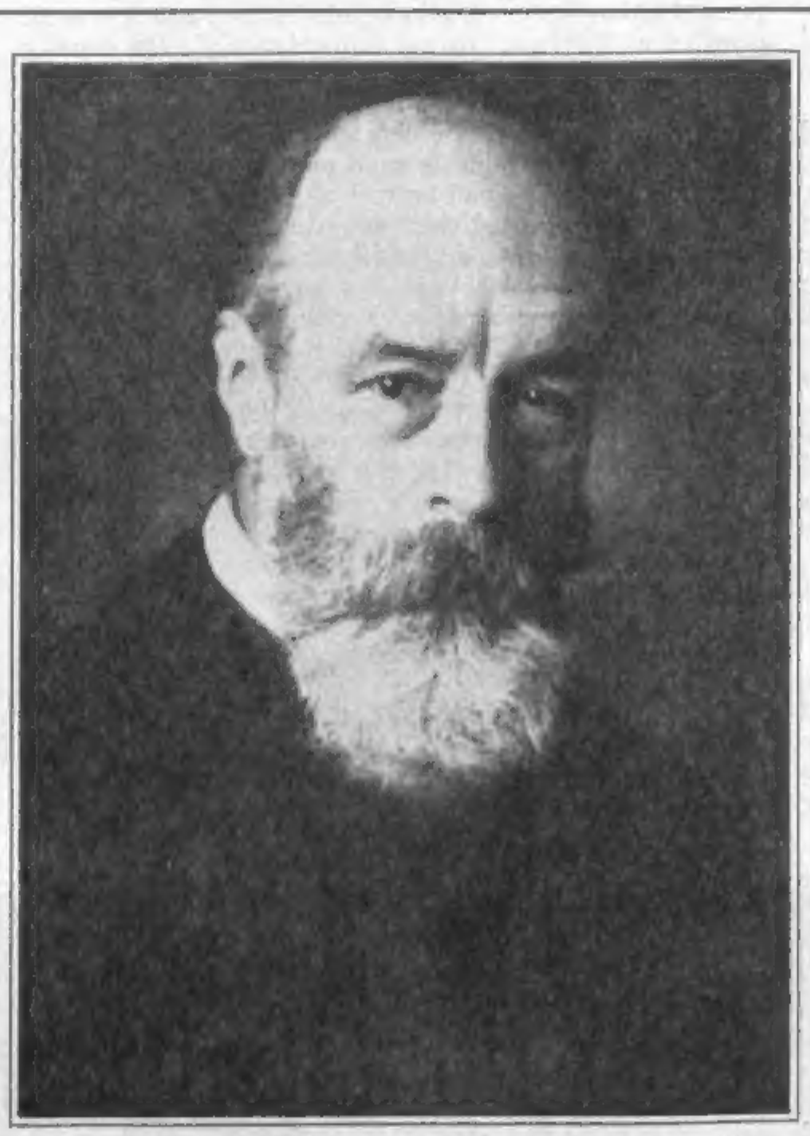
BISMARCK—or was it Talleyrand?—once said that if Austria did not exist she would have to be invented. Her politically strategic importance in that departed era of manipulation of states is matched to-day by her economic indispensability to Europe in transition. Bruised by war and battered by peace, she presents a paradox that has been well-nigh submerged in the flood of sob stuff inspired by her unhappy plight.

You cannot unscramble the omelet dished up by the treaty makers at Paris. Hence the dismemberment of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy and the creation of a new racial map out of the wreck are final and irrevocable. All the emotions spilled over the tragic consequences of that dissection have not enhanced the productivity of a square mile of soil. The time has come, therefore, to appraise Austria in the light of her practical relation to the rest of the world. To achieve it you must desentimentalize the situation, so to speak, and look at the hard facts.

What are the assets behind a national misery almost unparalleled in history? Are there signs of revival in this one-time heart of a vanished empire, now reduced to the proportions of a province? Can it be salvaged?

The Great War began in Austria, and thus it seems a proper procedure to begin this concrete narrative of changing Europe with an attempt to diagnose her condition and to disclose the possibilities of recovery. To understand just what is happening, a swift approach to the situation is necessary. It will explain the utter helplessness of a people who bowed their heads to the yoke the moment they were beset by hardship, and who are just beginning to see daylight at the end of a long night of tragedy and trouble.

If you read the preceding article of this series you know that Europe is at the present time a welter of conflicting aims, born of racial pride and prejudice, all a-toss in a sorry sea of nationalistic politics. The principal contributing factor to this mêlée was the ancient oppression of nationalities that existed in the Hapsburg régime. Under it nearly a dozen separate and distinct races were coördinated but not welded. A racial map in colors of that disrupted federation—it was the second largest area under one flag in Europe—looked like a rainbow. You had Germans, Hungarians, Rumanians, Bohemians, Croats, Serbians, Slovenes, Italians, Ruthenians and Poles. It was a babel of tongues, but a still louder din of clashing interests.



Dr. Michael Hainisch, President of Austria

Paying Off Old Scores

THE Dual Monarchy was not a melting pot, as the United States once was, where the alien becomes part and parcel of the national life. The many races over which Francis Joseph so smugly beamed were held together by fear and force. Like the League of Nations as now constituted, it was a group of governments but not of peoples. Just as the league in its present form can never be a "parliament of man," so did the hydra-headed monarchy fail to realize a real union of all its human elements. Hence the moment the empire cracked, in the twilight of the Great War, every one of its diverse peoples, released from long thralldom, started the business of hate and oppression on its own. Having been trained, as it were, in a school of hard knocks, they proceeded to administer wallops, and with no gentle hand. The Rumanians turned the tables on the Hungarians, the Poles started to reckon with the Czechs, the Jugo-Slavs got their inning at Italy, and the Bohemians lorded it over the Austrians. Everybody suddenly became self-determined, and self-determination up to the moment I write and so far as Central Europe is concerned has been principally a thin disguise for the paying of old scores.

The target of this released fury is Austria. Why? It is not because the Austrians happen to be Germans but because Vienna, which now comprises one-third of all that is left of Austria, was the capital of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. She was a parasite of a city that literally sucked the income of all the associated states. Vienna was looked upon as a scarlet woman dedicated solely to profit and pleasure. This animosity toward her extended even to the Austrian provinces, which still defy the Central Government at Vienna and maintain customs and passport offices on their interprovincial frontiers. Thus Austria is beset from within as well as without.

Now you come to the crux of the matter. Although politically rotten to the core, the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy was economically sound because, with the exception of cotton, it was practically self-sufficient. Although not an ethnic whole, it was for all practical purposes an economic empire, and as such it flourished. Bohemia, for example, which is now the stronghold of Czecho-Slovakia, was the source of coal, sugar, wheat and corn. Moravia boomed as the great textile center. The vast plain of Hungary was the chief granary of the group. Galicia poured forth her oil, Lower Silesia her rich minerals, and the Southern Tyrol made its offering of fruit and timber, and incidentally a large quota of tourists. Free trade was the rule, frontiers existed only in name, and commodities flowed back and forth without delay or hindrance.

Vienna was both the economic and the political capital of all this fruitful unity. The banks that financed the Bohemian mines and mills and the administrative offices that directed the Moravian enterprises—they were typical of the leadership that was—had their offices there. When outside capital thought of Austria-Hungary it thought in terms of what it could do in Vienna, because the gay city on the bank of the Danube was the nerve center of the empire.

A Nation Walled In

NOW you can see what occurred when that empire of fifty-five million persons was split up and Vienna with her two millions of people became the capital of a republic that contained only four million additional inhabitants. But this was not all. Every one of those once-united states of production became a separate government and established frontiers that not only gave the remade map of Europe a new dash of color and complication but erected rigid barriers that kept materials and products from going out and merchandise and raw stuffs from coming in. Czecho-Slovakia, for instance, which bagged more than 80 per cent of the rich industrial area of the monarchy, imposed such drastic regulations that traffic almost ceased. The Rumanians, not content with having drawn the highest hand but one in this great Central European game, invaded Hungary and took away nearly everything they could carry, including the knobs from the doors and the sheets from the beds. The new frontiers became brick walls that bristled with spikes. In the picturesque phraseology of an American colonel who was on one of the inter-Allied missions shortly after the armistice, "You couldn't cross the border with a pair of suspenders and get away with it."

Every intelligent person sympathized with the aspirations of self-determination, but no one dreamed that once autonomy reigned it would resolve itself, for the time at least, into an orgy of getting even.

To employ the American vernacular, Austria became the prize goat of all this procedure, and she has enjoyed little respite ever since. Since Vienna constitutes the principal part of the scrap of soil which now bears the name of Austria—the New Austria is twice the size of Switzerland—it was natural and inevitable that she should wither under the handicaps that I have described. In the first place she was cut off from commercial intercourse. Although she had chains of offices, the industries that gave these offices life and profit were now in other and economically hostile countries. The fertile fields that produced the food that nurtured her were cut off by unfriendly frontiers. Through transport was paralyzed, because once a freight car from Austria was shunted into Serbia or Czecho-Slovakia it was seized as one of the spoils of peace. The hundreds of thousands of civil servants employed under the empire had been trained to no larger creative responsibility than wearing a uniform or a title.

A Ten-Kronen Note, Actual Size

The empire was gone, but they remained as a liability on the new government. They represented just so many more useless cogs in a decaying scheme of things; but they had to be fed. Caught between economic isolation on one hand and concentrated antagonism on the other, it is no wonder that Vienna collapsed. Her sole remaining bargaining asset was misery, and with this she sustained life because it evoked pity and brought her alms.

There was another reason why Austria became utterly helpless from the start. From Metternich's time down through Bismarck's she had been a pawn to political intrigue. This is why she lacked solid constitutional substance, such as England and America possess. Austria had been constitutional only since 1867, when the Dual Monarchy was established. Until the Great War she was, as an Austrian diplomat aptly expressed it to me, an uncouth League of Nations. When catastrophe came and she found herself economically forsaken she had neither the reason nor the resistance with which to combat the fates that hemmed her in.

Of all conquered states Austria became and remains the most apathetic. Hungary, as you will see in the next article, is not only resentful under dismemberment but full of fight. With nations as with individuals, adversity is the real test of character. In the case of the Hungarians, reverse has only stimulated the national consciousness. Austria crumpled in the crisis. The Hungarian is a born fighter; the Austrian has always pursued the line of least resistance and specialized in pleasure. It explains the near-eclipse of Austrian national life.

Then, too—and it is all part of the approach to a dispassionate analysis of the Austrian situation—Vienna became an international emotion, which made her an unfailing source of copy for the sentimentalist. It was hard enough for the Austrians to undergo the misfortunes that enveloped them. When they read about it they only felt sorrier for themselves and became more helpless.

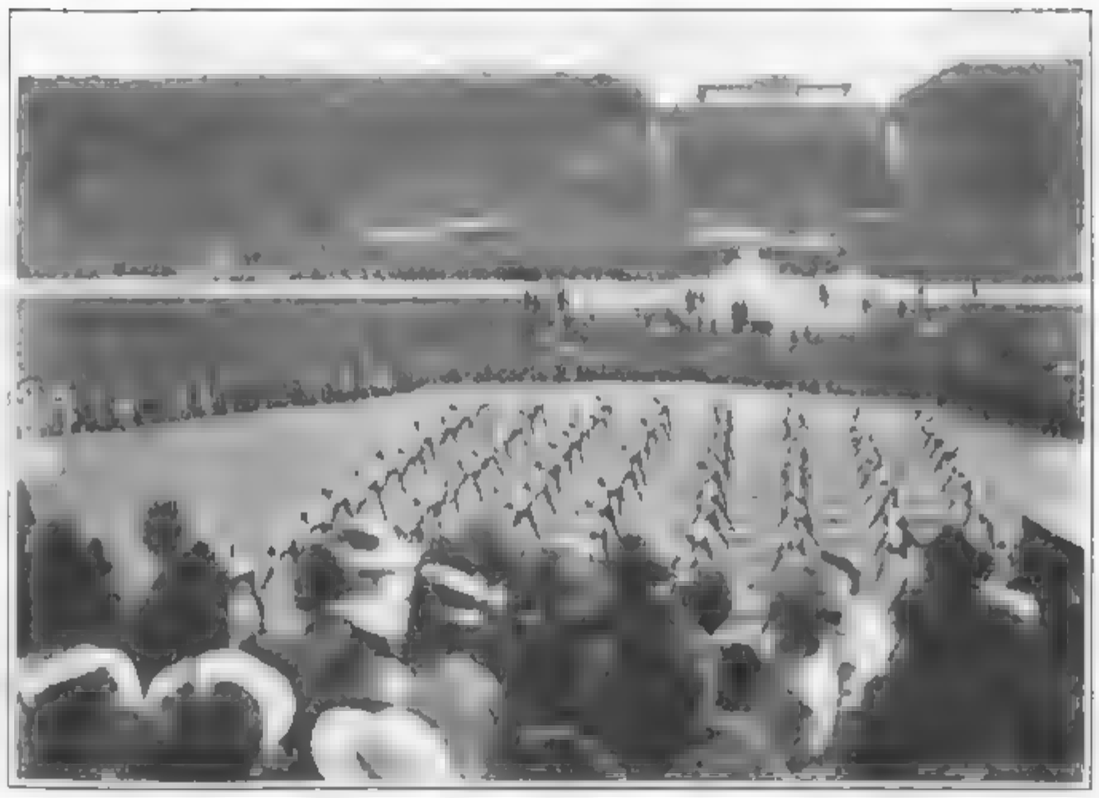
But you cannot mix sentiment with trade, and by the same token it is impossible to bring about reconstruction with charity alone. There must be some upbuilding factor behind altruism. The first function of relief therefore is to teach self-help. To-day, after nearly three years of alms receiving, Austria, for the first time since the travail of her isolation began, is lifting her head out of the ashes.

A Name to Conjure With

IT IS largely due to the stimulating example set by the American Relief Administration. It has impressed everywhere the doctrine of self-help, which in the last analysis must constitute the permanent medium in the salvage of any broken country. If you are wondering what became of the money you contributed to the European Children's Fund you can find part of the answer in a wakening Austria. American relief has not only fed faith with the food it served but its organized scheme of charity, projected on a business basis, has been the inspiration for the revival that now finds expression in the resuscitation of old enterprises and the launching of new activities. Thus the economic consequences of our vast relief are no less striking or permanent than the human results of our benevolence, which, to quote the words that President Hainisch, of Austria, employed to me, "literally kept us alive."

The whole story of Austria, from the dark hour when the old Austro-Hungarian Empire broke up, through to the present moment, is studded with an achievement which reflects the highest ideals of American character and service. After the armistice Central Europe, led by Austria, tottered toward chaos while famine lurked at the door. American engineers and relief workers knit up the tangled traffic, stabilized differences between the new and warring democracies and started the flow of food that poured in through Triest on the south and Hamburg on the north.

A redeeming compensation for our withdrawal from larger European affairs is the result of American relief. It is so deeply rooted that it cannot be removed. In evidence is the fact that the technical adviser to the Austrian Government to-day is Col. William B. Causey, an American who came in with one of the first inter-Allied organizations.



Austrian Schoolboys in Gymnastic Exercises on the Grounds of the Palace. The American Relief Administration Was Host to 35,000 Children

Just how potent the name of America in general and of one American in particular happens to be in Central Europe is indicated by an experience of mine when I crossed from Germany into Austria. Because of the complication over Upper Silesia and the consequent shortage in the Austrian fuel supply the sleeping car that ordinarily traveled through from Ostend to Vienna went only as far as Nuremberg, where I had to spend the night. At dawn the following morning I proceeded to Munich and thence to Salzburg, which is on the Austro-German frontier.

The blazing heat of the hottest summer that Europe has ever known was in full glow when I reached the picturesque border town, famous for its beer and culture. All Europe is travel mad, and this meant that the station was packed with perspiring people. Hot and hungry, I looked about for some means of getting through the crowd quickly. Suddenly I had an inspiration.

Singling out the most intelligent-looking Austrian official that I could discover, I said to him in my best German, "Have you ever heard of Herbert Hoover?"

Instantly his not unkindly face broke into a smile as he replied, "Yes, indeed. He is the great American who feeds Austrians."

I felt encouraged and continued, "I am a friend of Mr. Hoover and he is interested in my mission over here."

"Come with me and I will get you through," came from the Austrian.

Seizing one of my bags, while I followed with the two others, he smashed through the crowd with the impact of the center rush on a champion football team. He bowled over Austrian and German passport and customs functionaries alike in his mad haste to serve me and, through me, the American whom he held in reverence. I lunched and was comfortably ensconced in the train for Vienna before one-third of my fellow travelers had fought their way through the red tape and silly obstructions that are still the bane of Central European travel. Although the war has been over for three years, so great are the hatred and suspicion between the Succession States that every traveler is looked upon as an enemy alien. Speaking out of a considerable experience as a wartime wanderer in Europe, I must say that the handicaps placed on movement to-day are more drastic than in France in 1917, when espionage and stupid officialdom were at their worst.

The moment I stepped into Austria I felt a let-down in the place and the people. It was in sharp contrast to the bustle and animation of the Germany that I had left behind. Even the Danube seemed to flow listlessly. There was nothing of the traditional blue about it save in the state of mind of the natives who dwell on its banks.

The valley of the Danube between Salzburg and Vienna, down which the Crusaders swept, is one of the loveliest in Austria. It is rich in landscape—which, unfortunately, is not very productive—and steeped with lore. You pass the ruins of Dürrenstein, where Richard the Lion-Hearted was imprisoned by the Duke of Austria upon his return from the Holy Land, and where his favorite minstrel, Blondel, sang the song and got the response which revealed the whereabouts of his royal master.

The Hot-Water Barometer

AT LINZ I saw an Austrian officer wearing a heavy, full-dress uniform coat of the gala imperial days. When I marveled at his endurance in the almost killing heat I learned from one of my companions that, like thousands of his comrades, he was attired in the only presentable garment he had. This officer typified Austria. With the exception of the profiteer section she is still wearing her prewar clothes.

It was night when I reached Vienna. The dimmed lights were reminiscent of London and Paris in wartime. The shortage of coal—and coal remains the determining factor in European economic life—made this necessary. For the same reason most of the theaters and operas begin in many instances as early as six o'clock. It is a case of daylight saving with a vengeance.

Vienna in peace retains a detail that distinguished some of the other European capitals in war. Hot water in the hotels remains one of the barometers of progress. In 1916 and 1917 you could get a hot bath in Paris only on Saturday and Sunday. Though this was no great hardship to many Parisians, it galled the American. Vienna is still on hot-water rations, which means that she is far from normal.

The combined pull of the American Relief Mission and the British section of the Reparations Mission had been unable to obtain a suitable room for me at the best hotel, and I had to occupy the quarters reserved for the American diplomatic courier during the whole period of my residence at the capital. I cite this to show that in Vienna, as throughout Europe, hotels are jammed. Combined with this is an acute housing shortage such as the world has never known. From Warsaw down to Constantinople on the east, and from Hamburg to Triest on the west, space for living is at a premium. The causes are, first, the rush of refugees from the hunger-stricken countries; second, the influx of profiteers from the smaller towns to congested centers where life is more pleasant; third, the high price of labor and building materials.

In Austria, as in Germany, Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary, there is rigid control of rents. Here you get one reason why the average man is able to exist, in view of the collapse of exchange and the corresponding increase

(Continued on Page 60)

Lieut. Col. Carlo Tavergrasso, Col. William B. Causey, the American Technical Adviser to the Austrian Government, Major J. deVic and Lieut. Col. Montgomery Brown

THE RESTLESS RIATA

She Sat and Looked at Us and We Sat Like We Was Mesmerized. "You Poor Darlings!" She Cooed

By HUGH O'NEILL

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

WAS he quick on the draw? He was! Could he ride? He could! Had he fine manners? He had! His manners were so fine that the city editor of the Mail called them positively superb.

Bill McCarthy and his buddy had never seen anybody with manners so fine until Uncle Sam decided to put an end to the World War by throwing a few of his serried millions into the fray, and Bill and his buddy enlisted and went into training close to Chicago, and some fine ladies took them, Bill and his buddy, to afternoon tea at a big hotel on the Lake Front, and the waiters there had manners like the baron.

Yes, he was a baron. His full given name and title were the Baron Herbert von Pell, of the Kingdom of Prussia, and he was late a lieutenant of light cavalry of the Empire of the Double-Headed Eagle.

He was built light and small and quick. His hair was fine and golden. His eye was steady. Whenever he was in a town he carried a cane. Whenever he went along a sidewalk he looked at the men with an eye that seemed to say, "I am the Baron Herbert von Pell, and who the devil are you?" And whenever he spoke to a lady he seemed to say, by his manner and his face and by the submission in his eyes, "I am the Baron Herbert von Pell, and I will die for you gladly if you give the word."

Where is he now? Why, now he is up in Wyoming, the master of a big ranch and the holder of some fine blocks of stock in real dividend-paying oil companies, and the husband of the widow of old Sam Jennings, who died and left her the fee simple and right and title to the ranch property and stock worth at least three million and the barren land that has turned out to be oil-bearing and may be worth the Lord only knows what. The baron had applied for his first citizenship papers before Uncle Sam entered the war, and the draft hadn't reached men of his age, for he was close up to forty then, when the war ended.

Bill McCarthy allowed that if the draft had reached the baron he would have joined up without difficulty, and would have fought all right. Bill doesn't want to take any credit from him. Bill said that he was quick on the draw and could ride a pony as well as another, and had the finest manners he ever saw until he struck that swell hotel in Chicago. But Bill said that, nevertheless, the Baron Herbert von Pell was the unequivocal son of a sea cook and that there is yet a debt unpaid between them, which Bill, for the life of him, doesn't know how to square.

Bill conjectured that merely killing him would do no good. Bill McCarthy and his buddy had gone through the war with the A. E. F., and the said buddy, Matthew Hale O'Leary, in one of the glad and rippling oases which dotted almost imperceptibly the silent Saharas of his conversation, observed that "There ain't no good in killing him, Bill, because he can only be killed once."

The baron seems to have been wandering about the big ranches of Colorado and Utah and Wyoming for two or three years before Bill McCarthy and his buddy met up with him; and at those times they only saw him as the guest of the owner of one ranch or another who was being entertained by taking part in rounding up and cutting out stock.

Bill and his buddy observed that the baron was better than most tenderfeet at that work. He could spin a cow pony on his haunches like a real good man, and he could throw a lariat and stop and tie a steer as quick as plenty of punchers.

Bill had talked with the baron on several occasions, and took a deep, instinctive dislike to him. He could find no reasonable explanation for this prejudice, but the failure of his efforts to analyze it did not in the least diminish its intensity. It was primordial.

But it was when Bill McCarthy and his buddy got to town on the evening of the day which should have witnessed Bill's nuptials to Miss Nancy Mellish, the schoolmarm of Sweetwater, in Buxton County, that Bill began to meet up with the real quality of the baron, and the baron went within an ace of doing Bill in for life and leaving him without pride or hope or any sense of manhood.

Of course Miss Nancy was beautiful. That goes without saying. She was so beautiful and so wonderful and so charming that when Bill tried to describe the marvel of it he was smitten by the ecstasy of silence. She had told Bill that it would be so romantic to be married to a cowboy, so handsome as he was, and Bill allowed that it would be.

On the morning of his nuptials, which was the day after school was closed for the summer, Bill and his buddy and the parson rode up, bright and early, to Old Man Todd's place, where Miss Nancy lived during the school term. Old Man Todd must have seen them coming or heard them cantering up, because he was out on his porch and walking down from it to meet them before they had time to dismount. He was president of the school board, by the way, and the most important person in Sweetwater.

"Mornin', parson," said Old Man Todd.

"Morning, Brother Todd," the parson answered.

The president of the school board only nodded to Bill's buddy, but he greeted Bill with a kind of hesitating hospitality.

"It's a fine mornin'," he said to Bill, and Bill opined that it was.

"I guess that we'll have more than our full complement of summer boarders this year," Old Man Todd ruminated, inspecting the distant smoky-blue ranges, for he kept summer boarders when the season was propitious. Bill replied that he was glad to hear it.

The speculating eyes of Old Man Todd seemed to range absently from the mountains to the farm lands, and then to the adjacent countryside, and then to the near-by road that led up to the little schoolhouse.

"I reckon," he suggested, as if seeking a new theme for social conversation, "that we'll have to extend that building next year. The population hereabouts is growin' at a surprising rate."

Bill slipped the gauntlet off his right hand, for he had them all on that morning, and combed the tawny mane of his pony with brown, strong fingers.

"I guess," Bill laughed, "that you'll have to be hiring a new schoolmarm too, Mr. Todd."

Whereat the parson chuckled with professional readiness, and Bill's buddy, as one who was about to lose a friend, remained sad and silent.

Then Old Man Todd cocked his eye, so to speak, up to Bill McCarthy and said with a kind of acidness in his tone, for he always enjoyed putting another man down in any kind of argument: "Yes, Mr. McCarthy, that's so. We will. You see, Mr. McCarthy," he went on, "Miss Mellish was a purty girl, and a nice girl, and a good girl But the board had concluded that she wasn't up to our standard of a teacher before the term was over, and we advised her by letter two months ago that we would not require her services next fall "

"That suits me well enough," Bill commented cheerfully.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Old Man Todd. "I'm very glad to hear it. You see, Mr. McCarthy," he explained, "seeing as Miss Nancy was not scarcely more nor eighteen, the board thought it its duty to write her father as well and advise him, too, that she would not be coming back professionally, and the board took occasion, as you might say, to congratulate him on the forthcoming nuptials of his daughter to Mr. William McCarthy, the esteemed and popular bronco buster and cow-puncher of these parts."

Bill slipped his hand into his gauntlet again and sat up straight in his saddle.

"Oh, you did, did you?" he murmured. "You did!"

"Yes," the old man confirmed with a cackle, "we did, Mr. McCarthy. And you know," he added with a fine relish for the bitter humor of the situation and the proud if silent humiliation of his auditor, "Miss Nancy's father and brother arrove here a little after five this morning and took her away with them in their autymobile."

"I suppose they left about six?" Bill questioned composedly.

"No, Mr. McCarthy," Old Man Todd answered, "it were nearer seven. Say about 7:15. We persuaded Mr. Mellish and his son John, a fine upstanding young fellow he is too, Mr. McCarthy, to stay and have a bite of breakfast. And so I should reckon that the party drove away about 7:15."

There was a silence of a moment, although it seemed to hold the universe in suspense for a century. And then Bill said, "Perhaps you might remember if my name came up during the mornin', Mr. Todd."

The god out of the machine took his scrubby chin in his hand and contemplated Bill McCarthy thoughtfully, as if the inspection might vitalize his fading recollection.

"Yes," he answered at length, "now I come to think of it, your name was mentioned; but p'r'aps," he added, "it might be as well if we said no more about that."

Bill accepted a cigarette that his buddy had rolled, and setting a flame to it expertly inhaled the smoke with satisfaction and blew it from his dilated nostrils.

"It's about nine A.M. now," he declared, like a man thinking aloud, "and the Buxton train on its way to town passes the tank station down in the valley in about an hour. Ain't that so, Mr. Todd?"

Old Man Todd was good enough to confirm that conjecture. Bill thanked him and turned to the parson, handing that gentleman an envelope.

"This is your fee, parson," he said succinctly and quietly, "and I'm sorry to have troubled you."

He swung his pony in unison with a similar action of his buddy and cried over his shoulder to the president of the school board: "I'm much obliged. I hope I'll be able to do you a good turn some day."

The old man responded with a smile that was almost a benediction and answered cordially: "Don't you trouble, Mr. McCarthy. Don't you trouble, sir. It's always a pleasure to help a friend."

Me and my buddy put up our ponies with the forest ranger who had a house near the tank station, said Bill McCarthy—and it seems fitting that hereafter this simple and gallant gentleman should tell his own story, for himself, in his own words—and we flagged the Buxton train and rode into town. We reached the city at seven at night, and took a room and got some supper at the Plains Hotel Then me and my buddy got the makin's and sat down to a council of war.

I'm afraid that that council was what you might call a monologue, because you might have noticed that Matthew isn't much at a talk fest. But I will say for him that he can listen, and I will add that he can do more than listen when occasion demands, and do it mighty well, as shall presently appear

It developed at this council held by me and my buddy that the first difficulty lay, as you might say, in the fact that the father of my affianced bride didn't live in this city. His home instead was down in Kansas, in the wheat belt, where he owned and farmed about three thousand acres—some farm! I didn't doubt the true love of Miss Nancy for a moment, not me! The council had determined that she had been kidnaped, and it further determined that I and Matthew had to discover her and rescue her. But I confess that I was at my wit's end how to go about it.

We couldn't call up all the hotels in town. I didn't want to go to the police department. I was completely at sea and I said so to Matthew.

Well, all the time that the council had been discussing the question—that is, all the time that I had been talking, Matthew had been listening to me, but looking through a big newspaper he held on his knees. It was called the Mail. It was all over red headlines and it was filled with pictures. It seemed to scream at you like a siren. Seeing me looking at it, Matthew handed it over to me and burned up another coffin nail.

I looked the paper through and then said irritably to Matthew: "I don't see any picture of her in here, or anything about the kidnaping. I don't see this helps any "

Then Matthew spoke for the first time during that council.

"Suppose, Bill," he said slowly, "that there was something about the kidnaping in that paper."

"Suppose there was," I answered impatiently, for my wits had about gone and my temper was going too, "suppose there was. What do you mean, suppose there was?"

(Continued on Page 33)

"Stand Back Against That Wall!" He Ordered. "Don't Move! If You Move or if Your Friend Matthew Moves I Will Shoot!"

THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY

By Ring W. Lardner

I DON'T know nothing that you don't know, but if you want to hear it again, all right. I'll have to start back pretty near two years ago, the first time I seen Jim after he stopped Big Wheeler and win the title. He'd signed up with a circus and I happened to be in Omaha when it hit there. I run into them on the street, Jim and his manager, Larry Moon. I had them come to my hotel where we could talk things over.

"Well, Jim," I said, "how does it feel to be champ?"

"Not so good," he says.

"Well," I said, "you never did care much for the glory. But still and all it's pretty sweet to have all that dough."

"All what dough?" says Jim.

"Why," I said, "what you got out of the Wheeler fight, and what you're getting with this troupe, and what you've got a chance to get."

Jim laughed and so did Moon.

"Listen, Pinkie," says Moon. "You're an old pal, so I don't mind telling you a couple of facts. Our net profits out of the Wheeler fight wouldn't pay for a Chinaman's personal laundry. We're making a little money with this show, but we've got to spend it because we're champion. We've got an offer to make a picture, but it ain't so much and we'll have to blow the most of it to show we're a good fella. Further and more, Jim hates that kind of work. They's one thing he can do better than anybody else, and that's fight. And that's all he wants to do, just fight."

"Well," I said, "let him fight! He don't have to fight for nothing."

"Let him fight who?" says Larry.

"Why, anybody that'll take him on," I said. "Let him be a champ like some of the old boys and battle everybody that wants his game."

"That's a grand idear!" said Larry. "Now maybe you'll go ahead and name four or five guys that wants his game; that is, guys that's got enough chance with him so as they'd draw two hundred people at the gate."

"Well," I said, "how about ——" I had to stop and think.

"Sure!" said Larry. "There you are! Now you'll get some idear of what we're up against. You say, 'Let him be a champ like some of the old boys and fight everybody.' That'd be O. K. if we was living twenty or thirty years ago when they was a bunch round like Fitz, Corbett and McCoy, and Choynski, Sharkey, Ruhlin, big Jeff, and all that gang; any one of them liable to knock each other's block off. But who have we got to pick from? They ain't a man living or dead that's got a chance in God's world to even make this baby prespire, and the worst of it is that everybody knows it. Here I got a champion at a time when everything's big money and he should ought to be worth a million fish to me and himself, and he ain't worth a dime. And he won't be worth a dime, neither, unless I can build something up.

"They's just one chance for us," says Larry, "and that's to have some young fella spring up from nowheres and knock five or six of these 'contenders' for a gool; then we'll have to stall a w'ile and pretend like we're scared of him till we've got the bugs thinking that maybe he has a look-in. The one thing in our favor is that people loves to see a champion get socked, especially my champion, who ain't no matinée idol. So if they think they's a man capable of socking him, they'll pay to see it come off. Believe me, if we do get a break like that, I'll demand a purse that'll knock their eye out. Because fights is going to be few and far between for my little ward. His trouble is that he's too good. He'd be better if he was worse. Right now they's no man in sight that it wouldn't be a joke to match him with. So, as I say, all we can do is watch and pray and hope that some hero pops up before the heavyweight champion of the world dies of starvation. Him and his manager both."

II

IT WAS quite a w'ile after this when I was in New York and dropped in at the apartment where Jim and Larry was living.

"Set down," said Moon. "Jim's out buying new records, but I expect him right back."

So we set and chinned till the champ showed up. He'd boughten the afternoon papers and he showed us the big headlines about the scrap in London—"Goulet Stops Bradford in First Round."

"That Englishman must be a fine heel!" said Jim. "This little French boy popped him on the chin and he laid down and rolled over like a circus dog."

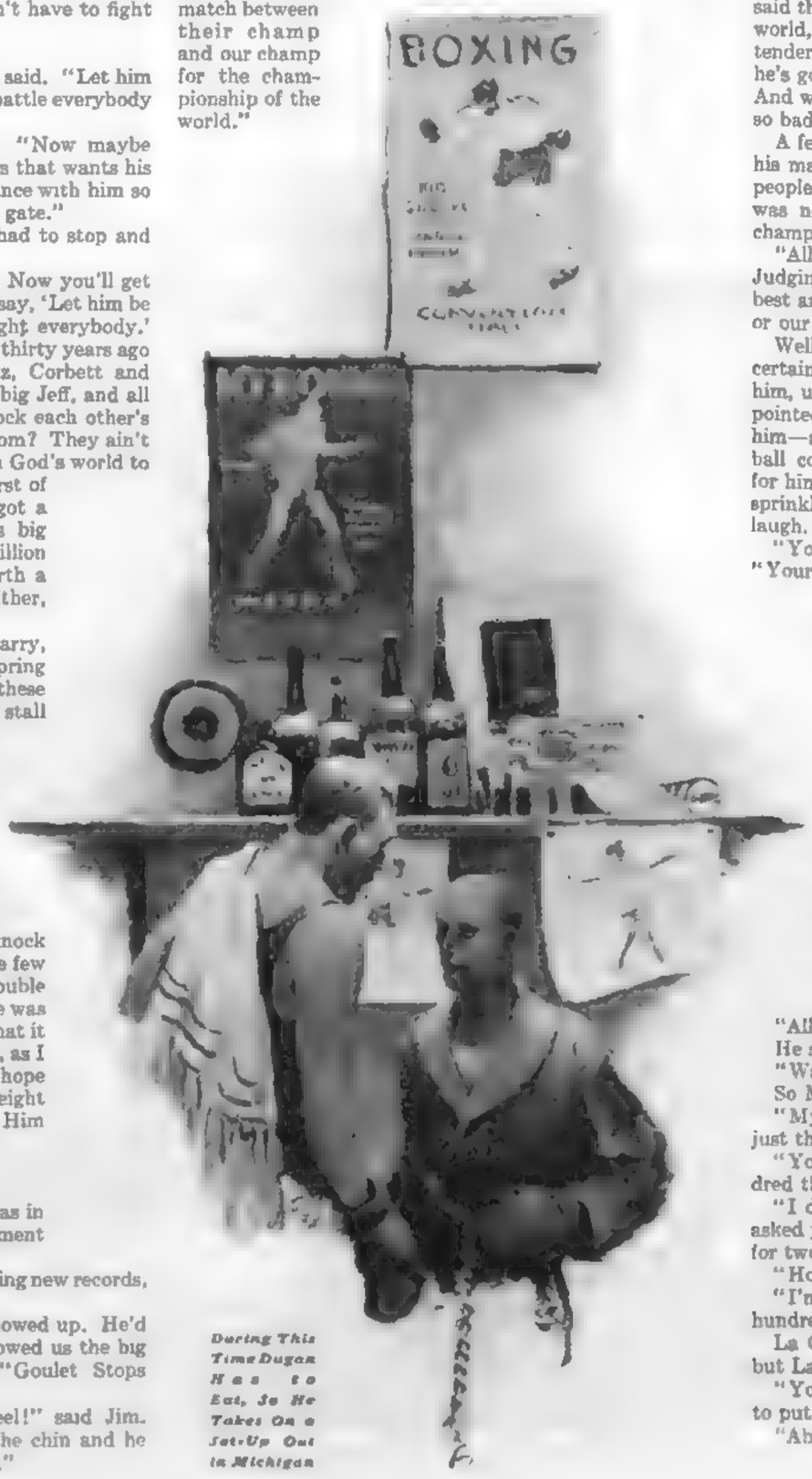
Larry grabbed the papers and read the story. "Boys," he says, "this may be it!"

"May be what?" says Jim.

"Our chance!" said Moon. "This thing might be built up till it meant something!"

"Say, listen," says the champ; "I and you have been together long enough so as we ought to be able to speak the same language. But when you say 'This thing might be built up,' I swear I don't know what you're talking about."

"I'm talking about this thing that come off in London," said Larry. "Here's the champion of England and the champion of France, the only two countries over there that has boxing. Well, the champion of France stops this Englishman with a punch and that makes him the champion of Europe. And it makes him look pretty good to the English because they was all stuck on this Bradford. And what looks good to the English looks good to a lot of people here. The way the papers plays it up, you can see they figure they's a good deal of interest in it. Further and more, this guy Goulet is a war hero. He's the idol of Europe and the champion of Europe, and if he was built up right he'd be a great card over here. That's what I'm talking about, a match between their champ and our champ for the championship of the world."



During This Time Dugan Has to Eat, So He Takes On a Set-Up Out in Michigan

"You don't mean match me with this Goulet?" said Jim.

"That's exactly what I mean" says Moon.

"All right," says Jim. "You're my matchmaker and I fight who you pick out. But I don't see how you come to overlook Benny Leonard."

III

I STAID round town and seen Larry two or three times. "It's going to be softer than I figured," he told me. "Those writers over in England has went cuckoo over the Frenchman. They was so nuts about Bradford that they think the guy that stopped him must be a cave man. And our papers is printing all the junk and their readers falls for it. As a matter of fact, I suppose Johnny Coulon could knock Bradford acrost the channel, but don't tell nobody I said that. Though I guess they wouldn't believe it anyway. The combination of what them big English reporters say, along with Goulet being a war hero and handsome—well, it's making him a popular idol in America.

"But the thing's got to be nursed along and worked up, and that's my job. It'll take time, but it'll be worth it. The tough problem ain't getting the fans steamed up. They'll take care of themselves. What I've got to do is convince some guy with money and a lot of nerve that it would be a fight, not a murder. I've already stuck one line in the papers that I'm proud of. Maybe you seen it. I said that while Jim Dugan wasn't scared of nobody in the world, still he felt like he ought to give the American contenders first shot. Because this Goulet has showed that he's got a wallop and he might land a lucky one on Jim. And we'd hate to see the title leave the old U. S. A. Not so bad, was it?"

A few weeks later it was in the papers that Goulet and his manager, La Chance, was coming over. The picture people had made the Frenchman a sweet offer and they was no money to be picked up in France even for a champion.

"All I hope," said Moon, "is that he won't get seasick. Judging from his pictures, he ain't no side-show fat man at best and we don't want him to look no skinnier than usual or our match will be all wet."

Well, I don't know if he'd been seasick or not, but he certainly was a brittle-looking bird. The first time I seen him, up to one of the roof shows, I thought the guy that pointed him out must be mistaken. But it really was him—a pale, frail boy that if he'd went to college, the football coaches would of rushed him for cheer leader. As for him standing up in a box fight with the man that had sprinkled Big Wheeler all over Ohio, well, it was just a laugh.

"You may as well forget it," I said when I seen Moon. "Your show's a flop and you won't get no backer."

"Watch me," he says. "Give me time and a fair break in the luck!"

So one day he calls up the hotel where the Frenchman was staying and made a date with his manager, La Chance.

"Listen, Mr. La Chance," he said. "If you'll let me have a free hand, and you do what I say, I can make some real money for you and me both. Suppose I could get your man matched with Dugan. How much would you want for your share?"

"I can't speak no English," said La Chance.

"How about two hundred thousand dollars?" said Moon.

This time he really couldn't speak no English He'd swooned.

They called the house physician and brought him to and laid him on the bed.

"A heart attack!" says the Doc. "Don't let him get excited."

"All right," said Larry. "I guess I better go."

He started to follow the doctor out.

"Wait a minute!" says the sick man of Europe.

So Moon turned round and come back.

"My heart's all right now," said La Chance. "It was just the first shock.

"You made mention of a sum of money—two hundred thousand—was it francs?"

"I don't know nothing about francs," said Larry. "I asked you a plain question: Will your man fight my man for two hundred thousand dollars?"

"How much would our share be?" said La Chance.

"I'm talking about your share," says Larry. "Two hundred thousand for you, draw, lose or get killed."

La Chance sprung at him with a kiss for both cheeks, but Larry ducked away.

"You've got to let me run this," he said. "You've got to put yourself in my hands and do everything I say."

"Absolutely!" says the Frenchman.

(Continued on Page 84)

TONE

By SAMUEL MERWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

P. HEIGHAM hadn't arrived; doubtless would be coming out on the 4:11. Goldie dropped into the armless yellow rocker and went systematically, as was her habit, at the evening paper. First, the stock quotations, with an eye to certain industrials. Compressed her lips over these. "Market is simply rotten," she mused. "Is the whole world going blooey, along with Europe?" The sporting page next, to glance at the racing comment from Juarez and Tia Juana—because she liked the colorful names of the horses—and at the reported condition of two heavyweights who were then training for a championship bout. This lesser routine disposed of, she turned back to Page One and settled comfortably in her chair.

The effect of Page One on a mind and nervous system unused to current journalism would have been near that of an insurrection in a lunatic asylum. It screamed in black type and red type—scandal, suicide, fraud, robbery, murder. But to Goldie, as to a few million others of the generation that was growing up into citizenship without traditions—without any background whatever, indeed—it stood as an accurate picture of American culture, and therefore of civilization; life itself. She cheerfully followed the various running reports of scandal and crime as if they were serial stories; kept them distinct in her clear young head; formed judgments; talked it all over nearly every day with May Wilson, the news-stand girl at the hotel. May liked to stroll across the lounge and lean against the mahogany desk, and finger the standard of mahogany and glass that bore the inscription Marigold C. Green, Automobile Insurance, and naïvely chatter.

Goldie found the daily installment of the Betty Deign divorce trial on the whole up to the mark, even snappy. It brought in three new names of prominent New York gentlemen, fresh and spicy details of a notorious roadhouse party, and the rather exciting charge against the quondam chorus girl of smuggling into the country from Paris a collection of pearls valued at a round half million. This Miss Deign, though still young, and beautiful in an exquisitely slender way, had disposed of three husbands and had wrecked—it was known—two or three homes besides. Her career, judged by certain worldly standards, was a success; she owned real estate in New York and Chicago, a ranch in California, imported automobiles, and gowns and furs and jewelry beyond casual computation. And seven or eight years back she had been a telephone girl in a hotel!

"Some expert little trimmer!" was Goldie's judgment of the day.

The Smith divorce had less to offer, with a morning given over by the lawyers to merely legal argument. But there was a little new testimony from servants who had found amusement in reading private letters. Both Mr. and Mrs. Smith were still issuing charges and countercharges, half a dozen of the wealthiest families in New York were still hiding from the reporters, and armies of lawyers were attacking frontally, by flanking movements and in echelon; but that was familiar.

The bandit stories ran about as usual—with a pay-roll robbery on the West Side, a mail truck looted, five or six hold-ups of automobiles—"Good thing to be careful who you're caught riding with these days," she reflected—a policeman shot on his beat, and a few important burglaries. The body of the kidnaped Jones boy had been found at last, in a marsh. A double suicide in a cheap hotel was mildly interesting—"Death Pact," the paper termed it, in red ink, because of a joint letter found near the dead man and woman. Britons and French at Odds Over German Indemnity; Bombing of Black and Tan Police in Ireland; Japan Insists on Yap Mandate; Lenine and Trotzky Putting Down Counter-Revolution. "Mm-mm, all that stuff!" But this —— Goldie stared, then read again: "Manager of Sunbury Picture Theater Flees With Funds. Girl Ticket Seller Also Missing." And the date line: "Sunbury, Ill., Jan. ——"

"Have You So Much as Mentioned Your Mother to This Man Who Is So Interested in You That He Must See You Every Evening?"

So little Maggie Ahern had tossed her cap over the windmills. Maggie was pretty and eighteen. From her own twenty years of experience with the puzzles of modern life Goldie looked down on this drab incident and found it depressing. She could see now the demure little oval face in the ticket booth of marble and glass in front of the Parthenon Picture Palace. Goldie's own pretty face a year earlier had been seen every day behind that same glass. She knew Abe Zorkin, his vanity, his too-expensive clothes and his blandishments; these last she had always taken herself as all in the day's work. Maggie, it appeared, had not so taken them. There would be a mess now; a pursuit and criminal actions and an outcry from Abe's wife. And Maggie would be dragged through all the mire there was—though the shrewd Goldie, sorry as she felt for the girl, reserved both judgment and sympathy. Maggie had been, in a way, out for it; little things she had said, the look in her quiet eyes. She had been set on becoming a picture star; Goldie knew that. The curiously innocent and ignorant elder folk of Sunbury would abuse Abe for a scoundrel—which, of course, he was—and sentimentalize over Maggie, never dreaming how coldly practical in motive a demure little eighteen-year-old vamp could be these days. Such was Goldie's none-too-gentle judgment. Still, it was a depressing business. It came home, somehow, poignantly.

Absorbed, she hadn't seen P. Heigham come in at the gate, nor heard him mounting the stairs. His soft tap-tap at the door gave her a start.

He peeped in before she could speak; a cautious small face, with small features that appeared to be gathered in the middle of it, puckered now into a frown of mild anxiety; a humorless face.

"Come in, Perce. How've you been?"

"Me? Fine. Putting on a little weight. That's being out on the road. I miss the Y. M. C. A. gym."

"You are putting it on." Goldie smiled. "But come on in." P. Heigham was looking nervously back along the hall. "Sure mamma isn't around, Goldie?"

"She won't be home till after six. I gave her tickets for the matinée. Walter Hampden in Hamlet. It was the longest show I could think of."

Relieved, P. Heigham entered and softly closed the door. Glanced covertly at the mirror and pulled down his coat. Sat on the bed. Considered the fact that the sister he hadn't seen for three months was extraordinarily pretty. "Dangerously pretty," was the way he mentally phrased it.

"Well," he began vaguely, "they seem to feel that I'm putting it across. Had a nice talk with Mr. Hibbard this afternoon. Of course business is bad everywhere, but I'm 12 per cent ahead of the firm's average on this trip. Mr. Hibbard told me he'd have been satisfied if I'd only paid my expenses. Nice of him, wasn't it? Encouraging me like that when ——"

"It was nice of him," Goldie quietly interrupted; "and now we'd better get down to tacks, Perce. We can visit later. I want to go over this before papa comes."

"How's he getting on? I meant to ask."

Goldie pursed her lips. "Oh—you know. Nothing much. He's got a desk now in Hoblin's real-estate office. Has a few prospects. It helps his pride. What I'm thinking about is his clothes. He needs a new suit."

"H'm!" was P. Heigham's comment.

"I've listed up the household expenses. It's a lot, Perce. My word, I don't see how some families live these days! Just the grocer and butcher and coal and light and water and rent and all."

She found the paper in her shopping bag, and passed it to him. When his eyes took in the total he whistled softly.

"Mamma's hinting about clothes all the time," she went on. "And the twins go through everything so fast it leaves you limp." She was humorously rueful over the twins. "Did you know that children's shoes cost six to eight dollars now?"

P. Heigham whistled again.

"What's bothering me is, if we fit up the twins for the spring and summer—and we've got to, Perce!—and then get some of the things mamma's set her heart on—she feels now that she hasn't a rag to wear to church, and there's some truth in it—and then pay all these household bills, where's papa's new suit coming in? I'm really a little ashamed of the suit he's wearing. You know I have to keep up appearances myself."

"Of course. See here, Goldie, I have to keep up too."

"Certainly you do!"

"But I could shave a lot of little things closer than I do. Especially when you consider the amount I wasted those first four months on the road. Sometimes, when you're

off in strange cities, living on an expense account around hotels, you waste a good deal—just spill it."

"That's natural enough, Perce." Goldie tapped the end of a pencil against a row of even white teeth. "We've got to work the whole thing out a little better though. For one thing, it's getting embarrassing for me to hand things out to papa. He doesn't say a word, but I can see he's sensitive about it. It would be a lot better to have it come from you."

"I know; if I were only home a little more ——"

"Here's what I've been thinking, Perce. We'll make up a budget for the household every month. We'll run a special bank account, you and me, for papa to draw on. Papa's honest, you know, and he'd be overcareful. You put in all you can the first of each month, and I'll do the same."

"But you'll still be putting in more than your half of ——"

"Now, perhaps. That's all as it may happen. It'll take every nickel we can dig up anyhow. And you're doing well. They'll be raising you. It'll all come in handy."

"It's more than square of ——"

"Let's leave the sentiment out, Perce. This thing's a battle, far as I can see. We've got to put up a fight for it. Now listen! You explain the thing to pop. To-night. Make him feel as easy as you can. Tell him to go ahead with this checking account, and talk things over with you when special problems come up. And tell him to buy a decent ready-made suit. To-morrow. He won't be hard to fit."

"But I haven't ——"

"I can slip you enough for that."

"Gee, Goldie, you're ——"

"Try to look at this business sensibly, Perce! He's got to think most of it comes from you. Heaven knows I'm not generous. It's just practical sense. I'd like to hang on to my money. But I can't see the fun of letting the whole damn family go on the rocks. We can't let papa and mamma starve. We can't let Andy go on the loose or turn the twins out on the street. Whew! Some speech!"

They figured for a time.

"Goldie," P. Heigham broke out, mournfully studying the totals, "can we do it?"

"Sure, Perce! Got to. We'd better begin right now." She wrote a check.

P. Heigham, the check folded in a tightly clasped hand, paced the floor. He felt Goldie's cool eyes on him, and tried to smooth out his knotted face; but in a moment it was knotted again. He wished Goldie wouldn't draw up her knee that way and clasp it with her pretty hands. She was unconscious enough about that sort of thing, of course, but—she was too darn pretty. That was it! Working in that big Beach Hotel all day, talking familiarly with all sorts of men. Those dashing girls of to-day had no reticence, no modesty. It was the same even in the country towns. It was like a rebellion. They seemed to be in some mystical sort of wireless communication, all girls everywhere, with their scanty clothing and their bold ways and their appallingly free ideas. Goldie was generous, of course, no matter what she might say; and she was smart as the devil; but —— He couldn't stand it.

He broke out in a voice that quivered with an emotion that was partly irritation and partly fright, "Oh, Goldie, I wish to heaven I could make a strike somehow and carry all this burden myself, and take you out of that awful hotel!"

Her face clouded, very slightly, and only for a moment. Perce was a pin-brain, of course. She knew that. But all this emotion—just the sort of thing that usually started their nervous brother-and-sister quarrels. She mustn't let it get in on her.

But he wasn't through; had something to get out of his system.

"You sold your flivver, Goldie?"

"Three months ago, Perce."

"That money would be all gone by this time."

"Sure! All gone."

"Then"—he stood over her; on the very brink of that corrective elder-brother pose—"then, Goldie, how, how do you get all this money?"

Slowly, deeply thoughtful, she relaxed that grip on her knee, stretched out her slim legs, clasped her hands behind her head, and gazed thoughtfully out into the bare maple trees. She simply mustn't get mad

"Partly from the insurance business, Perce."

"Partly yes ——"

"There's a lot of rich people turn up in that note, in the course of a week. All sorts of chances come up I found a buyer for a twelve-thousand-dollar automobile last week, and took a commission. Then there are one or two pretty important men who've given me tips on the market."

It was no good. Her life had become complicated in a way that Perce would never, never understand. She looked out again.

"Here's papa now," she remarked quietly.

"Oh—of course you understand that it's my responsibility as your brother ——" P. Heigham gazed down through the window at the thin, somewhat bent figure that turned in at the gate. "He looks a lot older. The way he walks. I didn't realize ——"

"Remember, Perce, you've got to do the talking. Tell him you're doing better all the time with your job. That's the truth. And say I'm going to help as I can. Not now though. See him this evening, when I'm not around. Make him feel it's just between you two. Here, Perce, stick these estimates in your pocket! Open the door so he'll see we're here."

II

"WELL, Percy," remarked Mr. Green, in the doorway, "it's nice to see you home again!"

P. Heigham could not be regarded as an observant young man; indeed his own earnest, twisted little ego habitually absorbed nearly all his thoughts; yet even he sensed the change in his father. During seven months of traveling he had very nearly forgotten the crisscrossed wrinkles, the deepening little scowl that was more of a helpless perplexity than of any unkindliness, the increasing vagueness about the eyes. For nearly thirty years, without particular ability—with, indeed, only a patient industry—papa had carried the burden of a growing family. He had never, as we say, succeeded; had merely plodded along until the strain of the war, the worry of constantly mounting expenses and the insistent pressure of the next pursuing generation had in a measure broken his will. Now at last, however, his children were taking hold, shouldering the major share of the burden. You could see by his very vagueness—which was, in a way, relief—that he had at last given up.

Percy felt this now; and it frightened him. His own mind was much like papa's, neither discerning nor constructive. The alarming Goldie, now, through some happy accident of heredity, could see and build imaginatively. She didn't seem frightened. She had had to sell her little car—the first flaunting badge of her success—yet didn't seem to take it as a serious setback. You felt, almost annoyingly as a matter of course, that before such a great while she would have another and better car. She didn't flinch under this heavy family burden. Even the patent fact that papa could never resume it, that it was on the two of them for good, seemed merely to rouse a hard-fibered fighting instinct within her and an uncanny detachment of mind.

But an inner voice whispered vaguely to P. Heigham that he was leaning, helplessly, like papa, on his little sister. He mustn't do that. He must somehow maintain his recent headship of the family. Somehow.

Papa's greeting had an evident if obscure jovial intent. Thing was to seize on that and keep it going—desperately.

"It's nice to be home," he heard himself saying.

"Better come in, papa, and shut the door," broke in the practical Goldie.

Mr. Green meekly complied; sat on the bed beside his son.

An embarrassing pause was broken by the girl:

"It's about Andy, Perce."

Anderson Green was the second son, a gangling, noisily useless and preoccupied adolescent, at the moment in his junior year at the high school. The most that could be said of Anderson thus far was that he threw and batted rather well, but was none too alert on the bases.

Goldie went on: "Mr. Hickson complained to mamma about his work at school. He seems to be headed for a general flunk. Papa and I have talked it over."

"Your mother thinks ——" began papa, perhaps, like P. Heigham, feeling that he should assert a mild authority, without, however, any attitude of mind at hand on which to base it. At any rate, he didn't finish the sentence.

"Mother feels"—Goldie again—"that Andy ought to be made to go on with it."

"Of course ——" murmured P. Heigham, beginning a something that failed to find expression.

"Your mother feels"—Mr. Green—"that one of the children should receive a thorough education. I—I've always been sorry that I wasn't able to ——"

"I think we'd all"—Goldie—"feel like backing him all the way through—college, even, if he really wanted it. But I can't see that he does. He's getting nowhere. Absolutely unproductive.

"There's a job right now, Perce, in Illingworth's drug store. Behind the soda fountain. Eight dollars a week. It would pay for his clothes and things. And he'd have a good enough time. Girls coming in, and all. Better put him at some sort of work than let him stand as he certainly does now, a total loss."

Papa cleared his throat. "Of course," he began vaguely, "if things had worked out with me as I hoped ——"

"It's a serious decision." P. Heigham's brows were knit. "We ought to think it over very carefully. The boy stands at the crossroads of life. On the one hand lie education and opportunity. I've realized of late how much a college education would have meant to me. Not only the knowledge you get but the friendships and business associations. It puts a man into the upper class, to start with, as nothing else does."

Goldie was relieved that he neglected to explain what lay on the other hand.

"It seems to be one of the matters that we've got to talk over all together and decide," she said.

She had swung her chair away from the window. All three were absorbed in the little problem; and the two men were, besides, absorbed, temperamentally, variously, in themselves. Not one of the three heard the click of the gate or the closing of the front door below or the slow tread on the stairs.

The door opened and mamma stood on the sill, looking questioningly at the flushing, unmistakably guilty faces of her spouse and her son, and then settling down reprovingly on the startled eyes of her daughter.

Mamma had a little mouth, which drooped at the corners as a result of more than forty years of brooding self-pity, and eyes that popped somewhat. She was fat, with wide hips and a triple chin; and with an air of being about to grow fatter. Her plump hands seemed in danger of bursting through the gray suède gloves. Her best suit, of gray stuff trimmed with a fur known euphemistically in the trade as squirrel, had plainly been made during a less obese phase. Even her turban, which was trimmed with that same dubious gray fur, appeared outgrown.

Goldie was the first to recover.

"Come in, mamma! We're talking things over a little."

"What things?" Mamma was suspicious.

"Well, my dear"—papa speaking—"I happened to—I mentioned what Mr. Hickson said about Anderson, and we were ——"

"Goldie seems to feel ——" P. Heigham began, but at that point caught his sister's eye, and dropped in pitch. "I think we all feel that so long as Andy doesn't appreciate the opportunity he's had to get an education he'd be much better off at some work or other. Now there's a ——"

"I notice," mamma broke in plaintively, standing, still, uncompromisingly in the doorway, "you didn't seem to think, any of you, of my wishes in arranging this conference."

"Oh, yes, mamma!" cried Perce.

"Do come in and sit down," said Goldie.

But mamma set herself the more firmly on her solid feet.

"How do you feel about the matter, my dear?" asked papa cautiously.

"Of course if anybody cares about how I feel ——"

"You know we do, my dear!"

"It seems to be nothing to you, his father, that my boy should have an education."

"Of course"—this was P. Heigham—"if you really ——"

Mamma's face was beginning to work now. Father and son exchanged a perturbed glance. Goldie studied the three of them. The situation was unfortunate. Mamma usually was tractable enough because of her indolence. But on occasion she could be stirred; and such occasions were experiences to be lived through as shrewdly as might be. It looked as if they were in for it now.

"I see that this little meeting has been arranged without my knowledge." Her nose twitched as always when she was about to sniffle. "You don't any of you feel that my advice is of any value. Even as regards my own children. Indeed, I seem to have been overlooked entirely. Even Percy had no greeting for me—after three months."

P. Heigham sprang up at this and kissed a resisting cheek.

"We had it in mind to consult you, of course, my dear, before we ——"

This unhappy little speech of papa's confirmed mamma's suspicions. She turned abruptly and went down the hall to her own room. But she didn't shut her door.

Papa, wholly dispirited, got to his feet, stood uncertainly looking out into the hall, said in a mumbling voice, "It seemed best not to oppose her too strongly; not just at the moment."

"You'd better go in there," said Goldie.

Papa, knowing as well as his daughter that every moment of lingering in this hostile camp would have to be explained, did so.

III

P. HEIGHAM spread his hands. "Well," he remarked under his breath, "she's going to make an issue of it."

Goldie nodded briskly. "When you're going over those estimates just move Andy's clothes from the income side over to expense."

"But, Goldie, all this just comes down harder and harder on you. Honest, if I—— It's no good trying to explain to mamma. Not now that she's taken her position. I wish I could see how we're going to put it all through."

"We don't have to put it through to-night, Perce." He was pushing the door to, very softly; but she stopped him. "Don't shut it! She'd hear. It would be just one more grievance. Listen! I'm going out to dinner, and there's just about time to dress. You run along. Be sure and have your talk with papa to-night. It'll buck him up some."

He lingered at the door in some confusion of mind.

"Goldie, where're you going?"

She caught that familiar tremulous note in his voice, but answered calmly, "Over to the hotel."

"Oh, Goldie, is it one of those—men?"

"It's certainly a man."

"Don't think I want to—— I wouldn't mind if it was one of the boys we know, but these rich automobilists You mustn't mind my wanting to protect you. If you knew what I've learned about men since I went on the road ——"

Papa came softly along the hall and slipped into the room "Goldie," he said with an effort at dignity, "your mother would like to speak to you. She feels that you sent her into the theater on purpose to get her out of the way. I explained that of course you never ——"

"I'll see her on my way out. Really must dress now."

And Goldie closed her door. She felt all nerves. As she laid out her pretty evening frock and the silk stockings and satin slippers she fell to thinking about the men who handle large business affairs. They had to endure the most intense strain at times. And they did endure it, the really able ones; were surprisingly cool and easy about it They managed it, of course, by escaping. She was glad that she could escape too. That was the secret.

And it was a relief that her host of the evening was one of the able ones. A really big lawyer in the city, a man with a constructive brain, interested in all sorts of things, stimulating. And best of all, a bachelor; a man she could meet openly in the hotel; dine and dance there with him. She'd had enough of the furtive sort of thing. Perhaps he would advise her how to make a little money quickly, if she handled him with skill. And on that point she had sublime confidence in herself.

She considered going to one of the motion-picture companies and having a test made. She studied her face in the glass and tried to visualize it made up and before the camera. One little star of her own age, with only a year or so of experience, was reported as drawing eight thousand a week. But such a success as that had to be an amazing chapter of accidents. She'd have to go either to New York or to California in order to begin fighting for it. And thousands of girls as pretty as she were already on the ground. She might never stumble into the lucky chance to prove herself; might fade out unheard of as an extra girl. Nothing in that. It would have to come to her first.

"It'd be a better gamble to roll the bones," she mused regretfully but with decision as she did her abundant and pretty hair into a smooth coiffure.

She stood at length before the long mirror she had bought out of her early profits from the insurance agency. In those days she had spent, with thrills, on herself. It was lucky, in a way, now, that she had. These pretty evening things, for instance, were no small part of her capital. They were subtly stock in trade. They must have an effect on Mr. Walter B. Graston this very evening. He hadn't seen her like this. He had drifted into the habit of pausing at her desk to chat. On two occasions she had had luncheon with him in the grill room. He had taken her in to see the Follies, but on a rainy evening, and she had sensibly worn her suit This, to-night, she reflected as she smoothed her gloves and drew her long wrap about her shoulders and surveyed in the mirror the really charming result, was the climax. Somehow, and promptly, Mr. Walter B. Graston, if he but knew it, had to help.

And thus, a smoothly radiant young creature, she paused in mamma's doorway

Mamma lay, in her wrapper, on the old lounge between the windows. A wet handkerchief across her forehead and the heavy scent of camphor in the air told of nervous developments during the half hour.

Mamma's first question, as planned, was to have been "Have you nothing to say to me?"

But instead she stared with rising indignation at the irritatingly exquisite costume, and particularly at the thin, scanty skirt and the slimly pretty legs that were visible where the wrap swung open.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Over to the hotel, for dinner."

"With a man!"

"Of course"

"Is it a friend of ours?"

"You may have seen his name in the papers."

"What is the name?"

"Walter B. Graston" It was a relief to be able to tell!

"Oh!"

Mamma had seen the name. She sat erect. The wet handkerchief fell unnoticed into her lap

"How do you know how such a man regards a girl like you?"

"I can only hope he's interested." Goldie was dangerously demure, sensed it herself, and fought mentally for her balance. "I'll be spilling the beans," she thought, "if I'm not careful."

"What do you suppose he thinks of you—going out alone—dressed like an actress—meeting him at a public hotel? And what do you suppose he thinks of me for letting you go? A man like Walter B. Graston knows that a nice girl would bring her mother with her at least."

This wholly new line of attack startled Goldie. She stood motionless, nearly breathless. What if mother should ——

"Suppose I were to say you couldn't go?"

This, too, was a new sort of shot. The worst of it was, mamma never got an idea without developing it morbidly and fully. The saving fact had always been that she so seldom became really stirred up. But now ——

She observed the handkerchief in her lap and remembered her rôle; lay down again and pressed the handkerchief to her eyes. "I have a headache," she said mournfully. "I can't eat any dinner myself. Perhaps a little tea and toast. I wish you'd tell Sophie to bring it up. I suppose you don't care to tell me when you'll be home to-night."

"I haven't an idea." Goldie's indignation nearly slipped the leash there.

"I suppose Mr. Walter B. Graston doesn't know that you have a mother!"

But Goldie fled. She had put her foot in it when she uttered that name, for mamma had read the society columns religiously every day of her adult life.

Walking briskly downtown, the cold air crisping her nostrils, she considered the difficulties that might arise were mamma to indulge that alarming notion of following her out into the pagan world of to-day. Goldie's adjective for this bewildering new world was "modern." For mamma didn't know. She didn't dream. Lacking altogether the

(Continued on Page 41)

She Became Aware That He Was Leaning Over the Table, Still Frowning, All Sober Man of Business.
"I'm Going to Ask You Some Pretty Plain Questions," He Said

ADDIO

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD L. CHASE

"Get Out From Under, Bud. Here's Somebody Tryin' to Get on the Train"

THE red-haired child was male, small, and plainly pretending that he was a restive horse. He cavorted on all fours ahead of Noel, saying "Yuff!" repeatedly and getting in Noel's way. Noel slowed, burdened with his suitcase and fishing rods and entangled in the chain of his terrier. Several men watched his progress down the platform, grinning, and from the rear a woman ordered Bud to get out of the gentleman's road. But Bud galloped on, shedding green candy pellets from some pocket in his faded pink garment, and butted his head on the leg of a young man in a conductor's cap. Then he wept.

Persons in blue shirts leaned from the windows of the blistered coach and spoke kindly to Bud, who howled until a red-haired woman marched up and righted him with two slaps. She had a baby tilted over her shoulder and she told Bud: "You're an awful nuisance. I got a mind to put you on the cars and send you home to your papa."

"Sure," said the conductor, "I'll fetch him off down to Addio. Get out from under, Bud. Here's somebody tryin' to get on the train."

Bud made a distinct attempt to follow Noel's dog up the steps of the smoker, but was repressed. The tourist sank into the first dirty plush seat, dropped his burdens and looked through the window at Bud's mother, who was pretty. She was the prettiest woman he'd seen in two hours' stay in the torrid city of Olean. She wore no hat and stood talking in a sweet drawl to the conductor while Bud sniffled, sitting on the platform. Two large men in overalls strode up the aisle and descended to shake hands with her.

She drawled: "Yeh, Mr. Carlson's lots better. But the folks at the hospital say he'd ought to stay here mebbe a week. Hey, Charlie"—she spoke to the conductor—"you tell Addio his pa's gettin' on all right and feelin' good but awful weak. Now, Bud, stop cryin' or I'll send you home to papa right off like a shot."

Bud observed that he wanted to go home to papa. The men laughed and one asked: "Hey, Sally, what's it feel like bein' a millionaire's wife?"

"Get out," said the pretty woman. "Millionaire nothin'. The lawyers write it'll come to 'bout sixty-seventy thousand dollars. But it'll be months before we get it. They got to sell off Mr. Moretti's store and all. Hey, Charlie, tell Addio to send up baby's other bottle. He's busted two."

The conductor said "Sure," and halted a move on the part of Bud to crawl under the coach. The engine languidly whistled.

Bud's mother withdrew her son, wailing, up the platform and called back: "Hey, Charlie, tell Addio I bought him some new und'clothes 'a morning. And you fetch up baby's bottle to-morrow. I'll come down and get it."

The conductor yelled "Sure," the two men scrambled into the coach and the train left Olean. Noel lit his pipe and patted the terrier, which had assumed the weary superior expression of all West Highland terriers in public.

Noel said, "Balliol, we're nearly there, old son," and thought of Bud's mother.

An informal and popular character, certainly. Her family arrangements were too tangled for reduction though, and sweat was trickling from Noel's nose to his pipestem. He wiped his face and pulled out of his cigarette case the chart of this expedition, his friend Sanford Rawling's letter.

He read: "At Olean you hunt up the train to Oil City. But don't go to Oil City. Ask for a ticket to North Juniper. No one announces the stations, so tell the conductor to put you off at North Juniper. Do not be discouraged by the appearance of North Juniper. Telephone me and wait at the station with the stolid courage of your race until I come for you. The agent at North Juniper is a great friend of mine. If you explain who you are he will give you a drink, perhaps."

Noel returned the letter to his case and beheld the conductor near him. Gathering his energies the explorer beamed and said, offering his ticket: "You'd not mind telling me when we come to North Juniper? I get down there."

"Sure, I'll tell you," the official nodded, taking the ticket; "but what the hell do you want to get off there for?"

"I—I'm visiting a—friend who lives about there."

The conductor said affably, "Oh, yeh. The Rawlin' boys, I guess? They're the only folks live anywheres near Juniper you'd be likely to be visitin'. Yeh. English, ain't you? I never seen a Britisher that was black-headed before. Or dark-complected."

Noel shyly told him, "I'm afraid I'm rather tanned. Your American climate. I've been swimming rather a lot and ——"

"Yeh? You folks ain't got much climate in England, by all accounts. Well, it's a hot summer. Got a fishin' pole in that case? Awful good fishin' up at the Rawlin' place. M' kid brother works there—in the sawmill. Sawed his lef' thumb off last Tuesday," the conductor reported proudly; "and two Danes stabbed each other Thursday. Mr. Rawlin's got near a thousand men on the place. Pretty lively this summer. Y'ought to have a good time," the man assured him, and passed on down the aisle. Noel heard him explaining to men deeper in the coach, "An English kid. He's goin' to Rawlin's Hope to visit. Expect he's somebody Sanford Rawlin' met in France."

A furry thin man came from the next coach and bawled down the smoker: "Hey, Charlie, warn't that Addio Carlson's wife you was gassin' at, back at the station? Yeh? Well, what's she doin' in Olean?"

The conductor bawled back: "Old Carlson got took with appendicitis last Sunday. He's in hospital. Sally come up to nurse him."

The furry being now examined Noel, who was awed. He went on, "How much money's this Addio come into off his uncle?"

A chorus answered, "Sally says it ain't more'n sixty-seventy thousan' dollars."

"Ain't that enough?" asked the interlocutor. He retired to the forward coach after another stare at Noel. This railroad seemed more sociable than the one which had brought Noel to Olean. Several young fellows in blue shirts came lounging up to pat Balliol and to compliment the terrier's dignity. Noel smiled and nodded; he was reducing sixty thousand dollars to pounds English at the current exchange. With such a sum banked, it appeared that Addio Carlson's baby might break endless bottles. Certainly Addio Carlson's pretty wife should get some decent frocks and a smart hat. Who was Addio? Some well-known farmer of this wooded valley, of course. There were stretches of bright farmland among the heavy trees. One of Balliol's admirers dropped from the coach at a tiny station and mounted a thick plow horse hitched to a maple trunk.

"Better not let the pup run 'round too loose up at Rawlin's Hope," a lank boy advised. "The rattlers are changin' their skins. They'll snap at anything. Couple of lumberjacks got bit last week."

"Rattlers? Rattlesnakes? Does one find them so far east as Pennsylvania? I thought—Texas, or rather farther west."

The lank boy hauled up his shirt and showed a pair of white marks on a freckled rib line. "Ten years back," he said. "'N' gee, pop filled me so full of redeye I was drunk a week. Yeh, there's plenty rattlers 'round. Addio Carlson was sayin' the woods round Juniper's full of 'em. Says one come in the station and tried to buy a ticket, other day."

An older youth yawned: "Patch of slate right behind the station at Juniper. Rattlers like slate. They lie out on it and get warmed up. Say, is it true they ain't any snakes in Ireland?"

They left the coach at various stations. Other men replaced them. Noel felt himself growing famous. He was an English feller on his way to visit the Rawlin' boys up at Rawlin's Hope. As prospective guest of a lumber magnate he was marked. Balliol had constant callers, and the woods changed to a valley, tortuous, floored by a shallow pleasing river in which lads were bathing under the atrocious sun of this American noon. Cinders filled Noel's collar. When he wiped his face the handkerchief came away grimy. The train went in jerks about bends and the hills rose ever steeper.

At one o'clock the conductor said: "North Juniper's next stop, friend, where you get off. Be there in a minute."

The train clattered around a sharp curve. Noel climbed down the steps to a baked oblong of planks and saw his trunk flop from the baggage car to the end of this empty platform. The heat seemed to flow like invisible water about him. He gasped, blinking, his eyes bruised by the flung glitter of the window, from which a brown fellow jumped into the light.

"Hey, Addio," said the conductor, "Sally was down to the station at Olean. Says you gotta send up the kid's other bottle. Your dad's some better but ain't well yet, and she's bought you some underduds. How y' gettin' on?"

The brown man drawled: "Fine. Hey, you give me a yell in the mornin' and I'll have the bottle ready. Anybody get off?"

"Yeh, this gentleman's goin' up to the Rawlin's. S'long, Ad. Heard any more about your money?"

"Not yet," said Addio, and stepped back as the train rolled off. He stood with his hands jammed into the pockets of soiled yellow canvas breeches and grinned as men hailed him from the smoker's windows. He said, "Hey, Sam! How you, Ed? Hear your wife's got a baby, Carl!" and the high drawl lived against the train's jumbled noises.

He looked after it, then turned his tanned face toward Noel, fixing his prodigious brilliant eyes on Noel's feet.

"You goin' up to Rawlin's Hope? That's kind of crazy, unless they promised to give you a job. They're full up. Been turnin' people away for a month."

Noel said: "Oh, I'm merely going to visit. Mr. Sanford Rawling ——"

Addio cried: "Oh, I getcha. You're that English feller San Rawlin' was talkin' about yesterday. Yeh, c'mon inside and sit down. Come ahead."

He shuffled his red carpet slippers across the planks to the sill of a paintless door, stumbled on it, said "Hell." and ushered Noel into a cell hotter than open air but dark after the sunlight. Here he picked up a telephone from a table where a telegraphic apparatus chattered and commanded, "Hey, Gertie, gimme Rawlin's. . . . Set down on the bed or somewheres. There's ice in the box, there, and the hooch is on the shelf right over. . . . That you, Mike? This is Addio. Gimme San Rawlin', will you? . . . Aw, hustle!" He stared through a window at the brassy river and told Noel, "San's just as likely to be off fishin', but they can send down a car for you. . . . That you, San? . . . This is Addio. Hey, your friend from England's here. . . . Yeh. . . . Sure, I'll give him a drink. . . . C'mon, guy, San wants to talk to you."

From somewhere Sanford Rawling said: "I'll be down as fast as I can get there, Bretherton. It's thirty miles and they've been tearing up the road. Addio can give you a sandwich. His wife's away or you could have a decent meal. I'll be there in an hour. I ——" His grave voice stopped and no sound succeeded it.

"It'll take San a hour or some to get here," Addio remarked from the ice chest by a battered oak bedstead. "You better have some chow. M' mother-in-law sends me things."

A round of roast beef and a pat of butter emerged from the ice chest. Balliol set up an optimistic whine.

Addio lowered his astonishing eyes and said: "Hey, pup, who're you? Your dog? . . . West Highland terrier? Never heard of 'em." He stooped and explored Balliol with his nervous long hands. "One of them low-lyin' hounds, huh? Well, pup, how 'bout a dish of milk?"

He spilled milk broadly on the oilcloth of the floor, filling a saucer. Balliol, an economist, lapped it up before commencing his meal. Addio planted beef, bread and butter on a rickety table at the bedside. A thin erect blue scar between his level black brows stirred as he smiled. He shuffled to the shelf where the whisky stood and knocked down a baby's milk bottle which didn't break as it bounced off Balliol's spine to Noel's foot.

Addio commented: "Lucky, huh? I got to send it up to m' wife in the mornin'. She's nursin' dad up at Olean. He took appendicitis last week. She's got the kids up with her. . . . Hey, there's my call."

He leaned, frowning, on the table by the window and ticked off some response by telegraph. Against the brazen river and the noon his face was sad in profile, but boyish and comely still under the random mop of black hair.

He jerked about his head to ask Noel: "Notice anythin' wrong with the wire while you was talkin' to San Rawlin'? Oil City says somethin's wrong up this way."

"Rawling stopped speaking rather suddenly."

Addio said "Humph!" and picked up the telephone. After a useless clicking of the catch he nodded, "Busted wire, I guess," and tapped off a few words by telegraph. His eyes roved and he shrugged, flexing his tough arms. "Wonder where? Well, let's catch some chow."

Noel sat on the bed, as no other seat seemed convenient, and ate sandwiches of cool beef. Addio dilated the woes of linesmen in this valley. There were landslides in spring from the steep hills, and forest fires. This spring the wires up to Rawling's Hope had been down for three days and the whole plateau of the vast lumber camp had been cut off.

"Dad used to ride up in m' mother-in-law's flivver with messages. He ain't but one leg and he'd stall the car and have to get out and crank her and his peg'd get stuck in the mud. 'N' then the bridge busted down—it's down the river a mile—and m' mother-in-law couldn't send the flivver over -she lives across from here—and there was hell."

"Rather," Noel murmured. The three windows showed no house. He saw a road mounting the slope behind the station. Poles escorted the streak of dusty clay. South, the four rails blazed, curving, and west was the rim of brush that separated the track from the river. He asked, "You've been station master here some time?"

"Oh, it's dad runs the station. Yeh. He's been agent here twenty years. Worked up at Rawlin's and lost a leg. Tree fell on him. Mr. Rawlin' got him this job. It's all right, but kind of lonesome. Be glad to get out. Ain't no one to talk to but folks on the cars, and there ain't but four locals a day. Yeh, we'll be glad to move off. Y' see, m' uncle in Phil'delphia died and left me his money. So, soon as I get it I'm goin' to buy out the old guy that runs the store up at Rawlin's. Bud's pretty near old enough to go to school."

"Oh, there's a village on Mr. Rawling's land?"

"Sure. Five-six hundred people in summer when they're cuttin' trees, and plenty in winter. And there's a movie and a church. Awful civilized." He appropriated a slice of bread for which Noel was reaching, then lifted his head and said, "Somebody whistlin'?"

"I don't hear anything."

Addio closed his eyes and solemnly frowned. Then he nodded, "Yeh. It's m' brother-in-law. Over the river."

Noel saw a figure, a pink point, wading into the shallows opposite the station. He said, "You've awfully good ears."

"I got to have." Addio frowned, hacking beef from the roast. "I bet m' mother-in-law's been tryin' to phone me and couldn't, so she's sent Ed. Funny. In winter, if the river freezes, all they got to do is stand on the other side and say 'Hey, Addio!' just out loud, and I can hear it like they was standin' on the tracks here."

"Isn't 'Addio' the Italian of 'good-by'?"

Addio said, "Yeh. M' mother was Italian. Name of Fiora Moretti Died off when I got born. Dad asked her what to name me. She said 'Addio,' and checked out. Dad bein' a Swede thought it was some kind of name and named me it. Wops are funny. Went down to Phil'delphia to m' uncle's funeral—he run a grocery—and all his wop friends kept talkin' it at me. I can't speak a word of it."

He folded his arms on his ripped blue shirt after tossing Balliol a fragment of beef, and brooded, shutting his eyes once more. Noel finished his iced whisky and timidly noted the tattooed 453 Inf. under crossed rifles on one of the bronze forearms.

Addio mused: "Well, it was awful nice of Uncle Rico to leave me his money. There's Ed."

Ed was a red-haired boy of fifteen or sixteen, bare, wet and annoyed. He leaned through the window from the platform and said: "Hey, Ad, who cut the phone wire? Mamma was tryin' to get you."

"It's busted somewhere."

Ed grunted, "Sure, it's busted. You can see it. 'Bout fifty yards down the track. Mamma's makin' you a cake and wants you to come over 'n' get it."

"Why didn't you fetch it over, Ed?"

"'Cause it ain't done yet. Hey, I pretty near walked on a rattler comin' over."

Addio rose and strolled to the telegraph table. He picked up an envelope and opened it, handing the contents to Ed across the window sill. Balliol went to nose the discarded cover. Ed squinted at the letter and announced: "It's from them lawyers in Phil'delphia. Want me to read it, Ad?"

"Yeh."

The boy perched on the sill and read, singsong: "'*Dear Mr. Carlson:* In reply to your father's letter of July eighth we must inform you that Ottavio Moretti has no claim to any part of your late uncle's estate. He seems to be a remote relative and we are informed by Mr. Cassani, a friend of your uncle, that Mr. Moretti once employed Ottavio Moretti in his store. You need pay no attention to threats or requests from Ottavio Moretti. He appears to be a bad character and is known to the police as a drug addict. He was lately discharged from the service of an electrical company. Like many drug takers he probably suffers from delusions and feels aggrieved ——'" The reader giggled. "Fancy word, huh? '—— aggrieved that your uncle left him nothing. His statement to you that he is the rightful heir of your late uncle is man-manifestly absurd. Should Ottavio Moretti visit you again or annoy you in any way please inform us directly and we will take steps to have him restrained. Yours very truly, Acton and Bland, per'—per someone or other. Is that about the feller that come and talked to you las' week, Addio?"

"Yeh, that's him," said Addio, taking back the letter. He frowned at the ceiling, then drawled to Noel: "Say, I got to go get this cake. San Rawlin' ought to be here pretty quick You don't mind stayin' alone?"

"Oh, rather not," Noel assured him, and watched Addio climb through the window.

The red slippers shuffled over the four rails and into the low brush, speckled with stones of a bluish gray. Addio explained to Ed that this was an English feller going to visit San Rawlin' while he shoved a flat-bottomed skiff from the shore. Ed civilly rowed the boat.

Balliol climbed on Noel's suitcase by the window to observe, his paws on the sill. He barked morosely.

Noel said: "Yes, old son, a very decent sort, Addio is. His table manners are a bit slack and he never looks at one for more than a second. Better write the gov'nor about him. Travel does enrich the mind."

Noel wiped his face, took off his coat and adopted a square yellow telegraph blank. He sat at the telegraph table and wrote: "*Dear Father:* Have just lunched with the son of the station master at Juniper, Pa. He is an Italian-Swedish-American of my age or thereabouts, and appears to be illiterate. However, he has

(Continued on Page 57)

Addio Didn't Move. Noel Aimed the Revolver and Fired Three Times

AN EXILE'S VIEW OF HIS COUNTRY'S FATE

By Baron Rosen

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

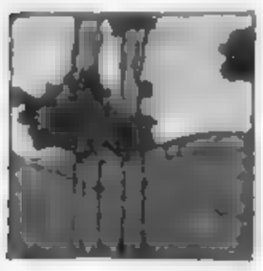
DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

IN VENTURING to give expression on these pages to his view of his country's past, present and future, the writer is fully aware of the discouraging nature of the handicap under which he is laboring as a representative of the Russia of history, the Russia of czardom, of that czardom which in the course of centuries had created one of the greatest empires the world has ever seen, whose exalted rank in the family of nations and whose significance for the millions dwelling under its shelter in peace, security and slowly but steadily developing progress and prosperity seem so unaccountably to have faded from the memory of men since its collapse as a power, once courted as a possible ally and dreaded as a potential foe. He realizes fully that public opinion everywhere has been and is lending its ear less readily to the views of representatives of the Russia of the past than to those of the parties who, some of them unwittingly, some designedly, have been working for her destruction and ruin.

If, nevertheless, and without flattering himself with the hope of being able to correct erroneous impressions or to remove inveterate prejudices, he attempts to convey to his readers the truth as he sees it, he believes that he is fulfilling his duty to the American people no less than rendering to his own country and people the last and only service it is now in his power to devote to their cause.

And when, at the same time, he ventures to remind his readers that ever since the birth of this nation the Russia of czardom has been her steadfast friend and alone of all the great powers of Europe stood by her in the hour of her need when a jealous world was eagerly watching for the disruption of the Union, just as Russia's foes and allies alike favored and partly achieved her dismemberment, he is mindful of the profound wisdom of the advice proffered to his countrymen by Washington in his farewell address:

"There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard."



Also, he does not mean to appeal to sentiment in the hope of any favors to come; he merely wishes to point to a historical fact illustrating the tendency toward mutual sympathy which a certain similarity of conditions, if not identity of interests, is apt to create between two great nations occupying between them a huge part of the Western and Eastern worlds.

Like the United States, Russia might be looked upon as a continent by itself, self-sufficient and independent of the outside world. Wise statesmanship, such as Washington's, should have kept her free from entanglements with any of the powers engaged in the perennial struggle for political and military supremacy in Europe.

The Much-Maligned Czarist Régime

SUCH, indeed, had been Russia's position during the short period of the reign of Alexander III after he had cut loose from the alliance of the three emperors, and before the secret military convention with France—concluded two years before his untimely death—had assumed under his successor the character of an alliance which, by dividing Europe into two irreconcilably hostile camps, constituting a standing menace one to the other, rendered a general European war unavoidable and its outbreak merely a question of time.

A similar catastrophe was unthinkable as long as Russia, whose unsuspected weakness had not yet been disclosed by the outcome of the Japanese War, not being yet committed to the support of either side, held the balance of power and loomed large, very large, a formidable potential menace to any power that might have felt inclined to assume the awful risk of unleashing the dogs of war. And that was the reason why the world, at the bier of the departed monarch, was in all sincerity mourning the passing of him who was universally felt to have been the mainstay of European peace.

What the ill-starred, disastrous and insane policies—foreign as well as domestic—of the various governments which have succeeded each other since the accession to the throne of Nicholas II and down to this hour—what they all have done to prepare, to organize and to complete the destruction of Russia and the ruin of the Russian people is a matter of history and need not be entered into here. The object of the author of the present article is merely to shed some light on the real character, the unquestioned defects and shortcomings, as well as the undoubtedly meritorious and very great achievements of the much maligned so-called czarist régime, vowed to destruction amidst the plaudits of an uninformed or misinformed public opinion in this country; furthermore, on the nature of the unpatriotic, subversive and revolutionary propaganda against that régime conducted by some of the political parties; and lastly on the conditions which might permit the casting of a tentative horoscope of the future presumably in store for Russia.

To begin with, the so-called czarist régime is a régime for which the sovereign of the hour is no more responsible than is the President of the United States for the régime which invests him with personal power immeasurably greater than that of any constitutional monarch. It is a régime indigenous to the soil, hallowed by traditions of centuries; it is best suited to the mentality of the people and to the state of their cultural and political development; its perfectibility, as far as perfectibility is possible in human affairs, has been amply demonstrated by the slow and gradual, sometimes halting, but ever forward-pointing development of the country; it has created a gigantic empire, whose heterogeneous elements it alone could prevent from falling asunder, like the staves of a barrel upon the removal of the hoops that held them together.

As a matter of fact, the principle of so-called czarism in our days implies no more autocratic power than is possessed by a President of the United States or by a Prime Minister in Great Britain or in France, as long as supported by a majority in Parliament, and such epithets as "the cruel and tyrannous czar," which one sees occasionally applied to the late unfortunate wearer of the crown, are as cruel and revolting as they are undeserved and devoid of sense. Such a kind of autocratic power as was exercised—in spite of Magna Charta—by Henry VIII and Bloody Mary, and is wielded nowadays by the Bolshevik tyrants of Russia, was impossible under the czarist régime ever since the Empress Catharine the Great's time—that is to say, since the second half of the eighteenth century.

And yet the state of the cultural and political development of the masses of the Russian people was then and is even now not far removed from that of the masses of the English people under Henry and Mary in the sixteenth century, which, perhaps, accounts for the patient submissiveness with which they have been for so long a time and are still enduring the odious yoke of their bloody tyrants.

Under the czarist régime the real autocratic power was naturally exercised not by the sovereign himself, but in the sovereign's name by the bureaucracy, which in every modern state of necessity forms a constantly expanding organization, wielding an ever-growing influence. Its power, however, was always tempered by the influence of public opinion and of the spirit of the age, and since 1906 it was considerably curtailed by the limitations imposed by the constitution granted to the Russian people in that year by the Emperor Nicholas.

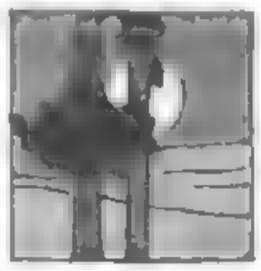
Far be it from me to wish to extol beyond measure the merits of autocratic power vested in a bureaucracy, even when it answers the needs of a backward population or when its introduction is necessitated or perhaps partly justified by supposed requirements of wartime conditions—a state of affairs the doubtful enjoyment of which has been the lot of even the freest among the recently belligerent nations. But it must be conceded in justice that the whole grandiose edifice of the Russian state has been built up in the course of two centuries by the patient, not always efficient, often disastrously misdirected, but ever-unremitting labor and progressive efforts of the bureaucracy, with all its defects and shortcomings. And that edifice, on which depended the very life of the nation—for it guaranteed the reign of law and order—was bound to and did collapse with the elimination of the bureaucracy, its creator, as well as the armature on which it rested—and under its ruins was buried the whole political and social fabric of the state.

Views Based on Ignorance

IT MAY be difficult, perhaps almost impossible, for anyone born and bred in this happy land of ordered liberty to form any adequate conception of the destruction of material, cultural and moral values, so complete, and perhaps for generations so irretrievable, wrought by the Russian Revolution, and of its catastrophal meaning not only for its conspicuous victims, the propertied and educated classes, but for the popular masses as well; or else one would not come across, even in nonpartisan press organs, such expressions of opinion as "After all, the czarist régime was not much better"; or "The Russian Revolution was a real revolution toward human freedom and deserved the enthusiastic reception which its news evoked"; or "With all that it cost, it still is a highly profitable venture for the masses of the Russian people." Similar views entertained by otherwise well-informed writers are the product partly of not unnatural ignorance of real conditions such as prevailed in Russia before the revolution; partly of fragmentary knowledge influenced by misrepresentations in regard to these conditions spread abroad by Russians themselves; sometimes by mere scoffing malcontents or disappointed self-seeking politicians, but always and in an aggravated measure of falsehood by the systematic propaganda organized by our revolutionary socialistic parties.

It would carry me too far were I to attempt to controvert all such misrepresentations, or even merely the most flagrant of them, nor would it serve any useful purpose. Those who are inclined to believe all the accounts of Russian conditions as they have been represented by revolutionary propaganda and a press hostile to the Imperial

Government, or czarism, to have existed before the revolution, would hardly be shaken in their belief by anything a former ambassador of czarist Russia might have to say. All I would incidentally venture to observe in regard to the harrowing tales of the cruelties supposed to have been practiced on political prisoners by the "minions of czarism" is that these tales, spread by our revolutionists and their foreign sympathizers, would seem to be invalidated by the fact that most of the leaders of our revolutionary parties, who are now celebrating their triumph in a carnival of blood and tears, have been at one time or another in the hands of the czarist police, in prison or in exile in Siberia, and appear to be no worse for such experiences.



I might add, although it would seem superfluous, that the executions which took place during and after the repression of the revolutionary outbreak of 1906 under the premiership of Stolypin, which have been made so much of by the enemies of the Imperial Government and which have been alluded to by demagogic orators in the Duma as applications of "Stolypin's necktie," were in each and every case decreed under the law—under such law as governs similar cases in every civilized country under the sun—by regularly established criminal courts, or courts-martial in localities where a minor or major state of siege had been proclaimed, after due trial instituted in pursuance of the prime duty of every government worthy of the name, the duty of defending itself.

The Bureaucracy's Achievements

THE ruling bureaucracy under Nicholas II, before as well as after the constitutional reform of 1906, has had sufficiently grave sins of commission and omission to answer for, not to stand in need of being saddled by its enemies with responsibility for imaginary crimes and misdeeds of which it has not been guilty. Far from wishing to palliate its many shortcomings, the present writer, when a member, appointed by the Crown, of the Upper House of the Russian Legislature, did not hesitate to denounce from its tribune the inept and disastrous policies pursued by the bureaucracy in its insidious attempts at perverting and distorting the meaning and purport of the constitutional reform, and in its dealings with Russia's dependent and subject nationalities, the Poles, the Finns, the Jews, the Georgians, the Armenians, and so on, and even the Little Russians, now masquerading under the name of Oukrainians—"Borderlanders," from "*oukraina*," which is the Russian word for "borderland."

But sheer ignorance or blind partisanship alone can deny that it is the bureaucracy that has realized Peter the Great's ideal of a barbarous, medieval czardom converted into a great empire, the equal of the other great states of Europe, endowed with all the achievements of modern civilization; that it is the bureaucracy that has created and kept going the vast machinery of government needed for administering the immense expanse of territory under its sway and for insuring law and order and security of life and property to the teeming millions of its heterogeneous population; that it is the same much-maligned bureaucracy that, in spite of its many serious failings, had organized a financial administration which, by an ever-scrupulous observance of all its engagements—even in time of war, as in the Crimean War, never defaulting the service of interest to the holders of Russian government bonds in England, then an enemy country—had succeeded in placing the country's credit on a solid basis that even the disastrous war with Japan and the subsequent ruinous revolutionary movement of 1906 could not impair, and which rendered possible Russia's speedy economic recovery and the remarkable development of her trade and industry in the years preceding the World War.

Such were the incontestable achievements of the bureaucracy, thanks to which, in spite of the backwardness of the masses of the Russian people, Russia had been enabled to occupy in the political and economic structure of the civilized world a place now—as a result of the revolution—temporarily vacated by her, leaving behind a void that nothing can fill. But these achievements had been purchased at a disastrously high cost—the gradual and everwidening gulf of mutual noncomprehension separating the numerically feeble propertied and educated classes—comprising also the so-called Intelligentsia of all shades of opinion, liberal conservatism as well as red-hot revolutionary socialism—from the popular masses, who in their almost medieval cultural and political backwardness were unable to keep pace with those who should have been their leaders in their feverish onrush to keep abreast of the latest developments of the civilization of the Western world. That is and has been the curse of Russia ever since the days of Peter the Great, who by his ruthless reformatory—in reality revolutionary—activity, far in advance of the cultural development of his people, had laid the foundation of this fatal estrangement between the very thin upper crust and the enormous bulk of the nation. And that was also the tragedy of the bourgeois classes and the Intelligentsia, fated to become unwittingly the gravediggers of their country.

However, in justice to these classes, it must be conceded that they were victims themselves of the abnormal conditions of Russian life centering in the almost impassable gulf dividing the educated classes and the masses of the nation, which may to some extent explain—although by no means render less guilty—their failure to understand the real feelings of the people, or their determination to disregard them when the very existence of the country was at stake. These conditions were partly the fatal heritage left to Russia by Peter the Great, who was himself perhaps as ruthless a revolutionary as Lenine—with this difference, however, that what he wanted to destroy was stagnant barbarism and what he aimed at was a noble ideal of civilization and progress to which he wanted to uplift his people; whereas Lenine wanted to destroy, not only in Russia but all over the world, the very foundations of the civilization which the human race has gradually evolved in the course of countless centuries, in order to erect on its ruins the crazy Utopia whose utter collapse in Russia in a sea of blood and tears and in the unspeakable horror of a famine such as mankind has never yet experienced, a shuddering world is watching in consternation and dismay. In a word, all the difference between a man of genius and a criminal lunatic whose name will for all time be branded with the execration of mankind.

Krepostnoy

ON THE other hand, it will also have to be conceded that the mere fact of the existence of such a gulf of mutual non-comprehension between the educated classes and the masses of the people could not have been a sufficient reason for either side to seek relief from oppression or removal of grievances, however intolerable, in revolution rather than in peaceful reform. Indeed, the history of Russia in the last century demonstrates convincingly to any unprejudiced mind that the removal of intolerable grievances and oppression by way of peaceful reform was not only possible but had actually been effected to a very large extent, leaving the road open to further improvement and progress.

Russia, like every other European country, had been for centuries laboring under the curse of serfage, which in the Middle Ages had been the only system of regulating the economic relations between men on the land. In Russia it had originally made its appearance in a mitigated form—the Russian word "*Krepostnoy*," used as an equivalent of the English word "serf," carrying merely the meaning of being fixed to the soil. The roving instinct of the Russian peasant—to this hour not extinct in his mental make-up—rendered it presumably necessary to attach him to the soil, and thus he was made a serf, originally for no worse purpose than to compel him to stay at home and till his field. This idyllic condition was bound, of course, to degenerate and to develop all the abuses to which the system of serfage is liable, such as were the prime causes of the French Revolution. It deserved to be called a curse, because, like slavery, it was a subtle poison that affected the soul of the master as well as that of the serf. From its insidious effects the nation has not entirely recovered to this hour.

The abolition of serfage in the various countries of Central and Western Europe had taken place at different times long before it was even thought of in Russia. When the time was ripe the initiative of its abolition came from and was due entirely to the wise statesmanship, firm determination and undaunted courage of the Emperor Alexander II, justly named the Czar Liberator, and it was carried through entirely by the nowadays much vilified bureaucracy with the enthusiastic coöperation of all the best elements in the land, and was accepted in a spirit of patriotic and generous disinterestedness by the overwhelming majority of the landed gentry whose material interests it directly affected. These are historical facts which even the blindest and bitterest partisanship may not deny or question their bearing on the possible prospects of the

(Continued on Page 51)

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 29, 1921

Public Servants

IN THE palmy days of that journalistic phase known as muckraking a series of articles was published bearing the striking title of The Shame of the Cities. It is probable that city government has improved in many respects since that time, and the abuses then declaimed against now appear less menacing. But shame, like other qualities and attributes of government, may take on new forms with passing years, one evil following hard upon another. So to bring the story of the cities' shame down to date account must be taken of that species of terrorism which prevents so many distinguished and competent citizens from entering public life.

In one of the great cities but recently in the throes of a mayoralty election an honest and competent reform or coalition candidate was pitted against a machine opponent, distasteful, to say the least, to most of what might be considered the better element. But the reform candidate could not by any stretch of imagination be described as a really eminent man, and when a stranger within the city's gates asked one of the reform party managers why someone of great distinction could not be found to run he received this cynical but no doubt literally truthful answer:

"It is almost impossible to find a man who is distinguished and eminent who is not in some way directly or indirectly connected with business, and that is fatal. The yellow press will at once say he is connected with the money power, and that is the end of him. The man who should have been nominated, splendidly equipped in every way for the position and of delightful personality, married a niece or cousin or something of that sort of one of the country's leading bankers. He can't be elected to any public position because the yellows will go after him."

Of course if the residents of our great cities want the gradual deterioration of public spirit and public service that is sure to follow the elimination of fit and able men from public life, they will get what they want. But the pity of it is that the fit and able men are eliminated not so much by the voters themselves at actual elections as by the preliminary terrorism of yellow newspapers, the owners of which apparently take the delightful position that all successful men other than themselves and their immediate associates are criminals.

Certainly the average voter cannot be such a pinhead as to ignore the fact that business success, though not always, is usually a guaranty not only of ability but of an even more important qualification, integrity. The head of a small banking firm recently called upon the head of one of the richest firms in the world to inquire about a certain young man who had formerly worked there and had just applied for a position with the smaller house. The great banker spoke highly of the young man.

"But I want to know," said the caller, "whether he is of partnership caliber."

"Yes," was the reply; "and the fact that he has money makes him more so. He will not be tempted to go into any get-rich-quick enterprise. He will be above many other forms of temptation also."

Fortunately there are many poor men as well as rich who are above temptation; but anyone who is familiar with the lives and habits of those who have attained conspicuous success, who have arrived far beyond the necessity of striving, know that more than ninety per cent of their time is devoted to nonprofit-making work, to straightening out tangles, to keeping things going right, to helping out. For most of them—there are always some misers—money has lost its charm. Accomplishment is the end in view.

The great boast of this country is its progress in industry. Business men are the real leaders. Where formerly the brightest members of college graduating classes looked forward to teaching and the ministry, they now prepare for positions in banks and corporations. This tendency may have gone too far, and it is said that no good can come from starving the ranks of the clergy and teachers. But the very complaint that such is the case is eloquent proof of the caliber of those who go into business.

Now the greatest single interest in the country is the sum total of Federal, state and local governments, what is called the public service, and it is starved more than any profession. The pull toward private business is strong enough in all conscience. To make it artificially stronger by preventing men whom success has put above the enticement of political graft from devoting their time and energies to the most important of all industries is worse than a shame to the cities. It is unutterably silly.

The National Income

IF THERE is one subject that is sure to stir the fighting blood of both radical and conservative it is the distribution of national wealth and income. To the radical a correct answer to the question of Who owns America? would be John D. Rockefeller, and perhaps as a very special concession, Morgan, Armour, the Astors and Vanderbilts; certainly he would descend no lower in the plutocratic scale. When the same question is put to a conservative he at once envisages a horny-handed son or daughter of toil, a wage earner, a laborer, or rather about forty or fifty millions of them. These own America, he says.

Now it is known for certain that a comparatively few very rich men do have exceedingly large incomes and fortunes, that several hundred thousands have fairly large incomes and fortunes, that several millions have moderate-sized incomes and certainly some property, and that still more millions have rather small incomes and a somewhat undetermined amount of property. The general impression held by all except extremists is that at the top are a few of the very rich, at the bottom a much larger but still comparatively small number of the very poor, and in the middle a vast number of persons ranging from competence to bare comfort.

It is known also that there are times when many people are out of employment, but likewise it is known that even at such times many millions own homes, farms, automobiles, life-insurance policies, savings and other bank deposits, bonds, especially Liberty Bonds, stocks, and still other property. It is generally observed that a better standard of comfort and even of luxury seems to spread over any substantial period of time to even larger circles of people, and that as compared with any other country, and probably any other historical period, the people of this country are indeed fortunate.

But these generalities are about all that we do know as regards the distribution of wealth and income, and any earnest effort to ascertain fundamental facts as accurately as may be is welcome, even though it proves far from final. The recent publication of a book entitled Income in the United States, Its Amount and Distribution, by the National Bureau of Economic Research, whose board of directors represents many divergent shades of economic opinion, again calls attention, despite the exhaustive details furnished, to the paucity of real information in this field. Although four experienced economists and statisticians devoted a year to the work and present to the reader a more complete and probably accurate result than in any previous study, they nevertheless are obliged to report that as regards small incomes which fall below the income-tax minimum:

The task of collecting data was like that of reconstructing an extinct animal from a handful of teeth and a section of the spine. When such a procedure has been carried out as conscientiously as possible, the final result inevitably contains a very large element of conjecture.

No effort is made to compute the ownership of wealth. Only income is considered, and therefore no reference is made to the widely repeated statement that 2 per cent of the people own about half the wealth. The report estimates that 12 per cent of all persons gainfully employed receive about 40 per cent of the annual national income, and that the remaining 88 per cent receive 60 per cent of the income. Roughly speaking, these 88 per cent are those who receive incomes of $2000 or less, and thus constitute what might be called labor. It is shown that in numerous of the more important industries, such as railroading, water transportation, mining and manufacturing, labor receives up to three-quarters of the entire income or product. But taking all persons whose incomes are $2000 or less it is estimated that 60 per cent of the entire national income goes to them.

Assuming that the same percentages hold good of the entire population, which simply means adding to the persons gainfully employed their dependents, juvenile and aged, and housewives who are not paid money wages, we have an upper layer of 12,600,000 people receiving or dependent upon incomes above $2000 a year and receiving 40 per cent of the entire national income, which certainly demolishes once and for all the superstition that Mr. Rockefeller and a few other plutocrats get nearly all of it. As for the 92,400,000 who receive incomes of $2000 or less, or who are dependent upon those who do receive them, it is true that many are paid or are dependent upon pitifully small money wages. But then a large proportion of all who receive $2000 or less are little more than boys and girls who are just coming into industry.

The conclusion is reached that if deduction be made for the inflated price level during and after the war, the per capita income of the country has increased from $331 in 1909 to $358 in 1919. It was considerably higher than that, however, in the two exceedingly prosperous years of 1916 and 1917. The book shows that both the total national income and the per capita income are far in excess of any other country, nearly a third larger than Australia and Great Britain, the only competitors within sight at all.

It is recognized by the report that any estimate of national income is open to question because of possible disagreement on the subject of what constitutes income. Is it money, commodities, services or satisfaction? A city dweller may not own a farm, but the farm helps to satisfy his hunger. A clerk in a store may not own any great works of art, but if he goes to a loan exhibition at the city art gallery he may derive as great satisfaction therefrom as the legal owner of the pictures. A farmer may have a smaller money income than a clerk in a bank, yet be better off as regards eggs, butter, milk and vegetables.

No work of statistics, no matter how monumental, can ever determine to what persons go most of the benefits and welfare that any country affords. Who benefits most from existing institutions, or who would benefit most from other and different institutions, is not to be settled by poring over bank clearings, railroad earnings, ore production or even wage figures and income-tax statistics, important as they are. Happiness will ever defy such methods. But many a useless argument and baseless harangue will be saved when there is anything like complete knowledge of the national monetary income, its amount and distribution. Nor can economic and industrial reforms proceed as intelligently without as with such information.

The Comedy of Americanization

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

LET it be said at once that the writer of these comments pretends in no degree to expert knowledge of the methods or the results of the Americanization process that is headlined in our daily press. In any case, expert knowledge, when it gets into print, is apt to express itself either in anecdotes or statistics, and neither is illuminating. "Americanization," however, is a term that Americans ought to be able to understand, and a fact about which any American is entitled to an opinion. It is not like chemistry or metaphysics or eschatology. The layman is not disqualified. If you are an American of the old rock you are *ex officio* able to tell something of what an American is. If "Americanization" means making Americans out of non-Americans, we who are Americans already should know something about the requirements. Plain common sense, ordinary powers of observation, and the simplest processes of reasoning qualify us to speak. We may not know the best way to turn a Slovak, a Sicilian, a Russian Jew into an American; but it is we who must be the final arbiters of whether the stunt has been pulled off.

Anglo-Saxon Feeling for Liberty

THE mere word "Americanization" is an admission that there is, recognizably and definably, such a thing as an American. The fact that the word has become a slogan proves that "American" has more than a purely legal meaning. The man who has taken out his naturalization papers may still be in need of Americanization. It does not suffice to abide by the law of the land. Something like transmutation must take place. To this end a large amount of time, money and presumably brain power is being spent by accredited persons. There are classes, there are meetings, there are demonstrations and experiments of various kinds, all with the purpose of achieving that transmutation. Since, in order to be considered Americanized, it does not suffice to reside in this country, to obey the laws of it, even to become naturalized, there must be some ideal, moral or intellectual, conception in the minds of the Americanizers. And here is where we—mere Americans—come in. If we do not come in, then the slogan is unfair.

"Americanization" during the war meant, I take it, a very special thing; meant expounding the causes of the war to the drafted man, from the point of view of the United States Government, and imbuing him with an eleventh-hour enthusiasm for the Stars and Stripes. Americanization of women meant getting them to abandon inherited prejudices in the matter of food, so that they would be willing to eat what Mr. Hoover wanted them to. In time of peace it is another, perhaps less difficult but certainly more complex, matter. It cannot mean simply teaching people to obey the laws, for the police are there to take care of that, and these experts are not needed. In a legal aspect it can at most mean only teaching them why the genius of the American people led them to make laws of a certain kind: getting them to feel that if they had been privileged to make laws they would have made that kind themselves: getting them to feel that if they had been Alexander Hamilton and his associates they would have written that Constitution. That is where the joke really begins.

For it is a commonplace of every historical and constitutional disquisition that the Anglo-Saxon has developed a peculiar sense and definition of—if not a peculiar gift for—liberty, not to say justice. I can remember being lectured to in college about the Habeas Corpus Act as if it were the Holy Grail. Though they had sold the field of Runnymede—the morning paper assures us that they have not—Magna Charta would still be the inalienable heritage of every Anglo-Saxon. To define is not necessarily to glorify; and the Frenchman may have done as well by liberty as we have done. But he has done differently. When we write learned books we like to point out the difference between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon conceptions of law, justice and freedom. When we Americanize, on the other hand, we insist that, overnight, you can amalgamate the traditions of Turk, Slav and Jew.

Yet you would think that if British and French are so different, Turk, Russ and Jew would be more different still. A thousand years are as yesterday, apparently, in the sight of Americanizers, if that be—as I suspect it is not—what they call themselves. Clever aliens, no doubt, encourage them—like Mary Antin writing of "our ancestors" who made the Declaration of Independence. The plain fact, of course, is that Mary Antin's ancestors did not write the Declaration of Independence, and that no man with a thousand years of Eastern Europe or Asia behind him is quite the same thing as a man with a thousand years of Northwestern Europe behind him. To say that it is is to belie every scientific, every anthropological fact. Is "American" alone to be so vague an epithet that mere residence enables one to lay claim to it? The fact is not, I repeat, that we are better than other people, but that we are something; we have an individuality among tribes, like anyone else; and there is no more sense in the Turk's suddenly calling himself an American than in the American's suddenly calling himself a Turk.

A Process of Centuries

WESTERN Europe very distinctly and definitely made us in its own likeness; our institutions and our traditions were made and transmitted by an ethnically and socially homogeneous group of men and women. The only way you can Americanize the remoter alien is to allow some hundreds of years to the process—give his skull and his instincts a chance to change. What is coming of the melting pot no one knows. No one can yet say that it will not be better than what is now legitimately called "American"; but no one can pretend that it will bear any likeness either to English Puritan or to English Cavalier—even to English convict. To accept the spirit of American institutions in a legal sense is the first step, no doubt—to look upon the Constitution and, intellectually, find it good.

But even that does not suffice for the transmutation process. "Institutions," in that sense, are the self-expression of a people. Our institutions may express us, but they do not express the Slovak, the Armenian and the Hindu. If they did those peoples would have evolved similar documents and similar points of view. The counter-cry of oppression will hardly avail. Conquerors had their way with us too. We reacted differently because we were different. We are only one in the fellowship of nations; but we are one in that fellowship, and something more than a political formula.

We Americans know that you cannot, accurately speaking, Americanize under a few hundred years, without a great deal of intermarrying. To those who point out the different strains that entered into our heritage during the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, one need only reply that they were, on the whole, assimilable strains. The Dutchman, the French Huguenot, the Swede, the German, for example, were neither ethnically nor spiritually unlike the general Anglo-Saxon stock. Even so, it

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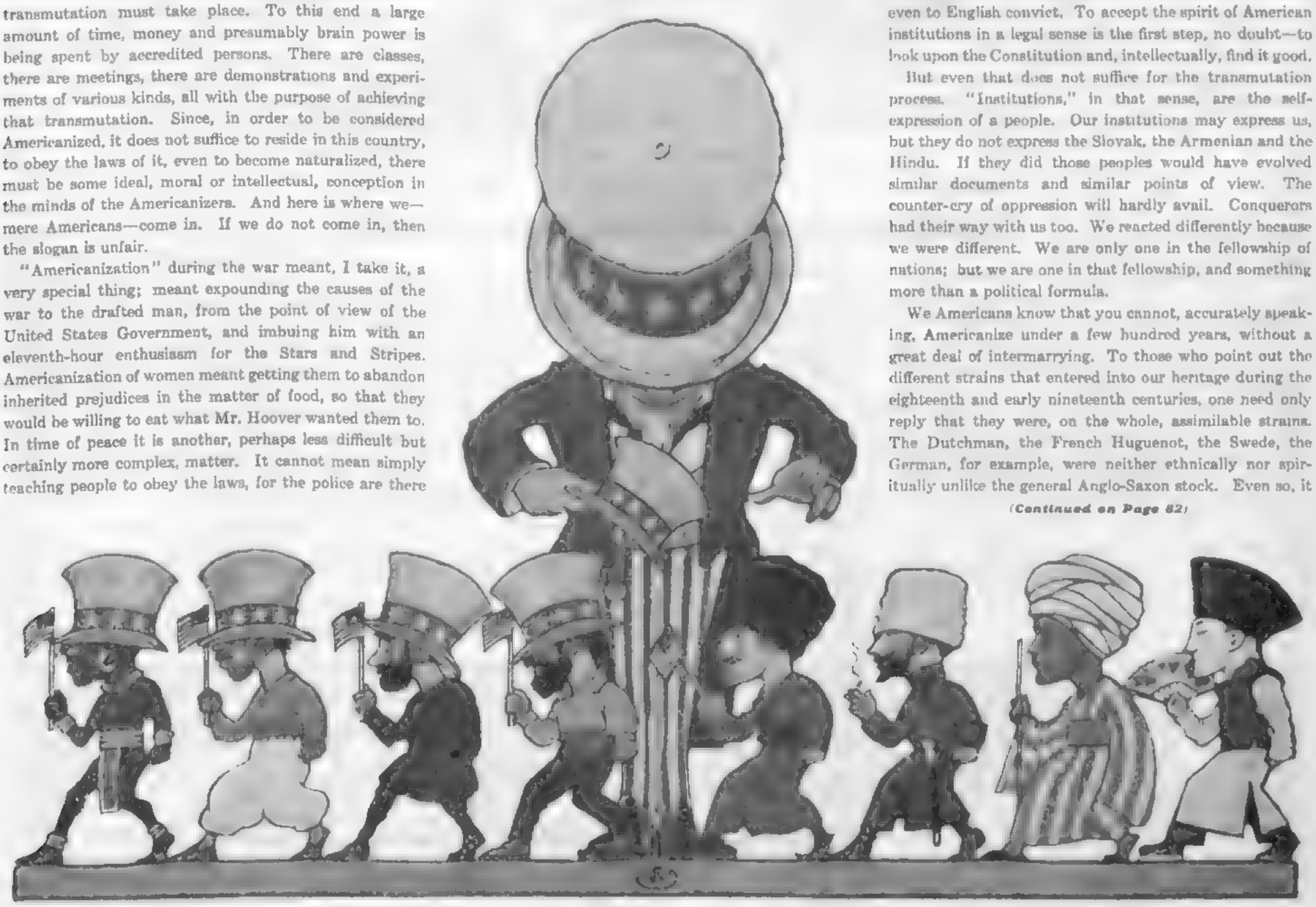

THE CANYON OF THE FOOLS

"Which Mine are You Rustling?" Mr. Clint Wanted to Know, and I Told Him That I Was a Total Stranger

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

V

THERE'S no doubt I was eliminated. I was awfully surprised, and more than a little jarred, too, to find myself sprouting there in the cinders, and the caboose tailing away down the track. No bones were broken, however—I must have been too young for that—and as soon as I had had a chance to look the situation over there at Long-Legged River I took heart. It was a relief, for one thing, not to have Sydney mooning in my face all the time.

By late afternoon I had hooked up with another tadpole very much in my class—a study in migratory adolescence. We went the round of a couple of agencies together, and at one of them a chance to ship out was offered us for a dollar apiece. On consultation we were willing to embrace it. True, I had not the dollar; but my tadpole was either generous or lonesome, and he had it for me. He had other money also.

We were taken on as section hands, I think. It doesn't really matter. By this time I had come to look upon these mysterious shipments as not even conditioned on toil. I applied at the agencies with detached calm, and showed as much aggressiveness as if I had been doing business with a regulation ticket office.

While the agent was filling out our blanks a thought occurred to him.

He halted his pen in midair and said: "I suppose you boys know it's pretty tough down there."

Yes, certainly we did. We stood watching him, grave and subdued, with candid, work-willing eyes. Faces of honest resolve turned towards that distant section, that streak of rust in the desert. We gave that man to understand that we were aching to throw our lives away in the service of the railroad, and we evinced a strange loyalty to the wraith of work beckoning across those yellow reaches.

But he had a damaging interrogation in reserve for us. He wanted to know what baggage we had. We told him eagerly that we had none, thinking it would please him to learn that we traveled light. On the contrary, he informed us that some form of baggage was imperative.

"Blankets, for example. Blankets will do for baggage," he suggested hopefully.

We had no blankets.

"Can't ship you without blankets," the agent said, and he slipped the pen back of his ear, and back we went flop into the great undifferentiated as far as he was concerned. His orders were strict.

Do you know, in some strange way a blanket out there had become the symbol of a man's honesty and of his respectability. If he had a blanket he was a man of property and a salable citizen capable of making a contract in his own behalf; but if he had no blanket he was a man without a country; he was a tramp, a parish.

You can't very well complain of the tyranny of social usages, can you, when lines are drawn as fine as that in the desert? What do you suppose was at the bottom of that requirement of a blanket? Something to draw over your bones after you had given up the ghost over there against the sky line?

On investigation we found that "blanket" was a broad term—a genus, in short, of which one of the species was "quilt." Two quilts were equivalent to one blanket, just as three mink skins used to match one beaver in the fur country.

I advised my tadpole to buy himself a blanket, but he nobly refused to leave me out in the cold. He had only money for one blanket. I joshed him and got him by degrees into a junk shop where we bought an immense quilt, one of these New England sunshine-and-shadow affairs. The dealer at first refused to bring it out. He said it was dirty.

But I said, "Well, just how dirty?" and he showed us.

He knew the shape his goods were in, but in spite of everything we bought the quilt. Can you imagine it? Seeking transportation under the ægis of a quilt!

You may be interested in the idea that had visited me. I had suddenly remembered having passed an alley leading to the stage entrance of the opera house, where a concrete walk was being laid. As we were going by the men were knocking off, and I saw eight or ten huge cement sacks lying about empty.

These sacks were really the nubbin of my idea. We repaired to that alley, filched seven or eight of the sacks and rolled them in our quilt. We found odds and ends of muddy rope and tied these sacks in with many curious and finger-nail-defying knots. We even cut holes in the quilt and rove the ropes through and through. We fairly wove that bundle together, until it seemed to us that Job himself would tire and quit before he could get down to the mystery of those sacks.

When all was ready we broke the brush off an old broom, and thrusting the handle through the top of our mass of quilt and sacks we staggered off towards the agency like men carrying treasure. Wasn't that a blithe intrigue? Think of men having the temerity to assail the great American desert with a quilt!

Nevertheless, it was by means of this bundle that we convinced the agent that we were men of substance—our tangible properties rolled into one. He issued tickets to us, and orders to report at the station at midnight.

As it got towards midnight my tadpole began to lose his nerve a trifle. Did you ever execute in the dark what you had planned by day? There is something about night that unhinges resolution—don't you think so? The blood stream slackens then, I'm told. Something uncertain and chimerical lurks in the shadows. There's something flintlike and voracious in strange faces seen in a gas flare; something hideous in the shifting countenance of chance, too, when you come to think of it.

It certainly was lonesome. You know, when you are traveling like that, and have to watch each face for some

(Continued on Page 24)

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Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

sign of kindliness or some sign of weakness, and when settled communities breathe on you the breath of an iceberg it isn't to be wondered at altogether if you get that sensation of being junked—scrap metal. There's nothing shameful in being forced to concede that at such times the wine of romance ebbs fast out of your blood.

There wasn't a scintilla in mine when I saw that agent emerging at a late hour from the rear door of the work train. He had a blazing face, bulging arms. He was a heavy breather, too, and drops of coffee were sparkling on his mustache. He was harsh, harsh. He looked through us, ripped us apart and laid bare that lie ticking in our pulses.

"That your baggage?" he roared, shoving back his hat.

"Yes, sir. That's both of us."

We had thrown that scandalous quilt into an immense pile of quilts and blankets.

"Both of you, hey? Well, now, let's see. Let's look into this."

He began to untie the knots.

"Pretty careful how you tie up, ain't you, hey? Now we'll see. I've sent too many hobos down the line already. What I want is section hands."

Section hands! Men with quilts! Wasn't that quaint?

We stood at gaze, perspiring and watching him perspire over those knots and whisper death into his mustache. Suddenly he roared out like a man in torture and reached into his pocket for his knife. He was going to cut the Gordian knot! He was going to send only men with two quilts apiece into that desert or perish miserably in the attempt. Yes, by George, it was a point of honor with him to guarantee that streak of rust, that cactus-ridden platform or water tank, whatever it was, nothing but men with two quilts apiece—good moral men, in short!

That human comedy was too much for us, and we swiveled round and ran for it. We stumbled through the dark, broken-hearted, into the West, towards that remote promise of intellectual day.

What do you suppose motivated the precious pair of us? Why had we left home and what did we expect to find here? Not work, that's certain. For my part, I had an ambition, outside of my pursuit of May, yet how to formulate it I didn't know. I can't formulate it now with any skill. I suppose, though, that nothing would have gratified me like getting to the top of the heap without any of the usual grinding preliminaries. That's the sum and substance of it. Can you merge with me in stuff like that?

I could fairly vision myself side-stepping all this fuddy-duddying that young men nowadays have forced on them by obtuse elders; seeing a hole wide enough to drive a cart through and plugging it like an enterprising back-field artist. Drive through, and out into the pure serene, away from the grind of canvas, nothing but the goal standing up ahead of me and insensate yells on every hand. Yes, I am willing now to concede that I had laid my plans to take advantage of some surprising shift in the economy of things which would let youthful audacity take the place of trained skill and plodding intelligence.

I wanted to be rich and famous, I grant you that; but rich through some unusual stroke of policy, famous in an eyewink—like the famous Mr. Byron, wake up one morning and find myself famous—and thirsty; thronging memories and hot coppers; a made man, and not handmade after one of these dusty uphill pulls which leave a man minus hair and enthusiasm, but after one wild night, in the first blush, in the hot pulse of youth; the world at my feet by reason of something I had done the night before on impulse.

I had always felt, from a child, in my bones, that large capacity for accepting everything that fame and money implied—leisure, for example—and along with that went a craving for knowledge. Knowledge was power; knowledge was silk pajamas and four-bit cigars; it was rising at ten and knocking off at three. I craved it—what young man doesn't?—but I wanted it tilted into my head through the spout of some educational oil can, while I slept, after putting in a whale of an evening somewhere in some brilliant gathering.

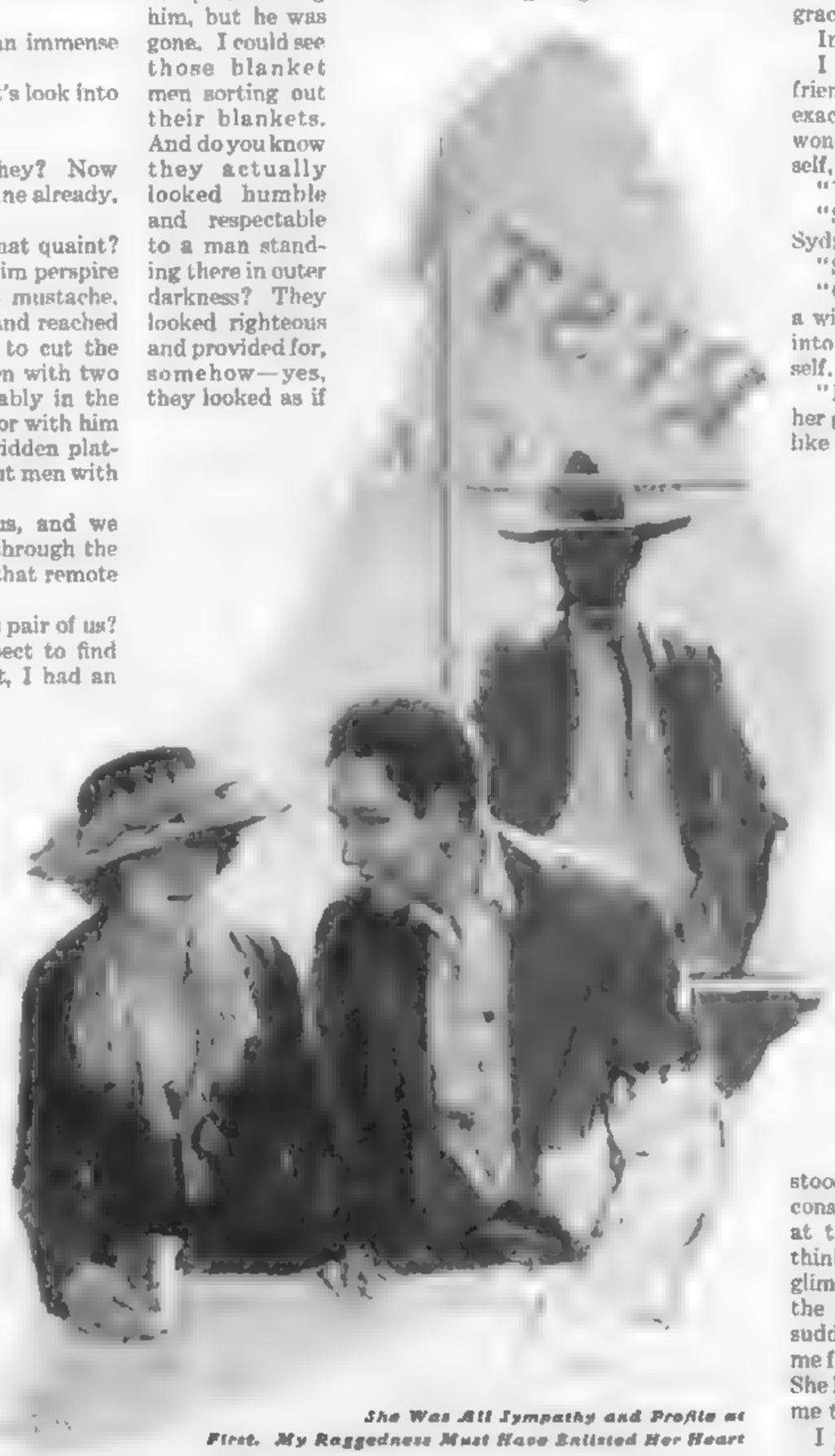
Queer, isn't it, that the secret spring of ambition—that thing which drives men to work themselves into early graves or dishonorable alliances, as like as not—should be this cankerous desire to take it easy later on? And that's only one of many mocking ironies.

My tadpole and I had lost our quilt, lost our shipment out, lost our nerve; lost everything, I take it, except our capacity for going hard. Every second I thought I was going to stumble over some of those short targets that control the switch frogs, but I had thrown caution to the winds. Speed was life. I don't suppose I should have pulled up before daybreak if I hadn't felt the rails quiver, and looking back, affrighted, saw a great clanking mogul with a rudimentary stack glaring upon us and coming to a grinding stop on its papier-mâché wheels.

The Western Flyer—and five hours overdue. One glimpse of that magic train of cars and my resolution was formed. I got my hand on the tadpole's shoulder and yelled: "Look here, I'm going back!"

I think that was the last I saw of him. He couldn't have viewed going back with my hopefulness, that's certain. Poor little devil, I've sometimes wondered how it fared with him.

As a matter of fact, I don't suppose that agent had taken three steps in pursuit. He was satisfied with having showed us up. When I got back into the light again I looked for him, but he was gone. I could see those blanket men sorting out their blankets. And do you know they actually looked humble and respectable to a man standing there in outer darkness? They looked righteous and provided for, somehow—yes, they looked as if they had made a middling success of life, prospered, become owners of quilts. Does it seem absurd to you for me to say that I actually had a lump in my throat from lacking a quilt? In my eyes, then, it had the dignity of a sheepskin diploma or a birth certificate.



She Was All Sympathy and Profile at First. My Raggedness Must Have Enlisted Her Heart

Well, life is only a confusion of symbols, isn't it? Things hung out to signify something else. A man must have some sort of badge or decoration, you know; something that classifies him as one of a group; something that evidences moral quality. Not a doubt of that, I suppose.

Weakness had made me desperate by this time. I was weak, partly from that recent fright, partly from lack of food, and I felt as if one way and another I had lost out a good deal of sawdust.

I was gathering my forces to go back and brace that agent, confess my iniquity and beg to be let off one quilt, when I smelt coffee in the air.

I was right off the lunch room. The odors commingling and fraternizing there as they came gushing out that window made a wide hole in my reserves of sang-froid—I know that. My nose twitched like a rabbit's. I stopped dead, glared through that window at the radiance of a steaming coffee urn, and then at the back of the young woman perched on a stool to the right with a cup of that ravishing brew half raised to her lips.

There was something appealing—more, there was something strangely familiar in the shoulder slant, in all the implications of that girl, and I raised my eyes to her hat.

You've guessed now, surely. It was the hat with the heckle feathers—and May Gowdy under it.

I said "May!" in a delighted whisper that probably sounded hoarse as a raven's croak from where she sat. She was round in a flash.

"Bobolink!" she faltered.

"Let me see you outside," I said rapidly, "when you have finished that sandwich."

She came out with it in her hand, as a matter of fact.

"You?" she cried happily, wringing my hand. "Of all men! Where did you drop from?"

"Out of the everywhere into the here," I said with a graceful gesture.

Imagine the pride in my bones!

I blessed every chance of the road, Syd Hecker and his friend included, that had enabled me to materialize here exactly in this way. And May, between laughing and wondering, begged me to give a rational account of myself, and not be such a tease.

"You look awfully draggled," she said.

"So would you," I said, "if you had been living out of Sydney Hecker's pail of gingersnaps."

"Sydney!" she breathed. "So you've actually "

"Oh, Sydney," I said, "was one too many for me. He's a wild lad when away from home. But it brings a lump into my throat to talk about Syd. Let's talk about yourself. How are you making it?"

"I'm just dead from homesickness," she said, tightening her grip of my hand. "Worse every mile too. I never felt like this before. I feel—you know—gaspy."

I did know.

"I've just wired Jim to meet me," she said with a pale smile. "I got to thinking what a fix if he shouldn't be there when I arrived, and I gave up that idea of walking in on him. Look here, Bob! I wish you'd come with me as far as Haggett Junction and get me started right."

Pale sorrow must have looked out of my eyes then, and she saw it and went on glibly: "It's worth it to me—honest. Wait! I'll get the ticket."

"Never!" I said. "Never in this world! Not with your money!"

"Bobolink, you boob," May said, staggered, "you wouldn't actually refuse!"

"Wouldn't I? I do refuse!" I cried. "Look here, little girl! I don't want to antagonize you, but your train is starting right away."

The maddening fact was that there wasn't a moment left us.

"Do come!" she pleaded, and a sudden notion pierced my skull.

"I will come," I said. "I promise! Count on me!"

"This way then. Here, hold this for me," and she just thrust that sandwich into my hand and jumped up the steps of the big vestibuled car.

I held back, and the door closed and the inside platform was flapped back and stamped on. I stood there staring at that sandwich, and I felt as if it was consecrated. She had taken a bite out of it. I stared first at that and then at that long line of lighted windows, thinking I might catch a glimpse of her, perhaps my last glimpse. I was in the old heroic mood, the mood of faith, the mood for miracles and undiluted moonshine. And suddenly I understood that she had left that sandwich with me for good and all. It wasn't simply to be held in escrow. She had mistrusted that I wouldn't come inside. She meant me to eat it.

I put my teeth into it like a wolf, and the tears were coming into my eyes fast. She had saved me again. I began to think of her in the light of a guardian angel, and I cogitated a thousand ways of paying her back in her own exalted coin. There might be a train wreck, and then I could be instrumental in holding the coach away from that dear body by bearing its weight on my own back, and then being half crushed beneath it after they had got her safely out—and she could nurse me back to life, and mayhap kiss me while I was unconscious.

These were mere feverish by-products of my central idea; the idea I had had in the instant of promising to come with her to Haggett Junction. I meant to ride the top. You see what a loadstone that girl must have been. I had all the love of a whole skin that the normal male animal comes into this world with, and yet I was going to ride the top.

I looked up at those tops yearningly. They had come through a shower of rain, and they glittered and looked bad, looked cold and slippery and snakish and aërial. Could anything have been more fantastic than that mad resolution I made to haul myself up there after the train began to move?

I tell you it takes art and science in one embrace to make the roof of a moving train. It's very unlike hopping freights, I assure you. It calls for training and schooling,

(Continued on Page 26)

Vuelta Arriba

What have these Spanish words to do with Robt. Burns?

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Vuelta Arriba supplies every leaf of tobacco used in the fillers of Robt. Burns Cigars.

Vuelta Arriba of only the best selection is used. This tobacco costs as much per pound as any filler tobacco grown in Cuba. Last year it cost more. In other words, the filler of your Robt. Burns costs as much as the leaf which is used in much more expensive cigars.

Let the Vuelta Arriba filler of Robt. Burns Cigar (plus special curing) show you how mild a fine Havana-filled cigar can be!

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INVINCIBLE
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Robt. Burns Cigar

(Continued from Page 24)

like any other imaginative calling. A novice has no business meddling with it.

I started running down the track in the shadow of a string of empties, and it was as plain as a pikestaff that there were a lot more traveling men who were just as sick of Long-Legged River as I was myself. Every block of shadow out there was jammed full of prowling figures. I heard a whisper or two, gruntings, and I caught a wild flash of eyes and was aware of a huge concentration of attention on the length and breadth of that train.

What was going to happen? There seemed to be power enough in those mysterious shadows to overthrow it by assault. All seeking outside berths too. I was desperate, right. If I had once stopped to ask myself what likelihood of success I had in competition for place against those expert battalions lurking there I might have been lost. But I didn't stop. I was a man in love, a romantic, and I ran like mad; and suddenly I heard the engine cough, and a play of bellows was set up between vestibules.

And then in a twinkling that concealed army of overlooked travelers flooded across the tracks in a mad charge. They came up like ants out of sand, they swarmed like locusts. I saw confused intertwinings of legs and arms, grotesque bodies going through the air as if that train had been a strong magnet in its operation on human flesh.

Square in my path was a man in a conical straw hat. Lunging forward left and right, he checked me. He was drunk, and he had the drunk's inspired faculty of blocking the road of sober people. I put the flat of my hand between that man's shoulder blades and pushed—and he was gone, evaporated, shredded out of my young life like a toy balloon. I haven't the faintest idea what actually became of him. I didn't look behind—hadn't time. I simply looked up and jumped, catching at anything and everything; lunged into space like a man in love with stars.

I made a noise coming against the side of that train about like a June bug lighting on a screen, I imagine. I felt like that. I had got hold of two cars by the window frames of their vestibules by great good luck, for that is literally the only place where the ascent is possible, and then I had caught some kind of projection from that steel underbody with my toes.

I sprawled there for a few seconds, breasting the bellows, and the train began to sway and produce those clippering sounds that testify to speed, by George! I got my fingers into the steel frame of the vestibule and drew up my lank body inch by inch, catching my toes on what I could. It was riotous. If it hadn't been for the added ounce or two of strength that sandwich of May's had generated in me I should have dropped off, I'm certain. Those vestibule bellows were puffing and sighing like an accordion, and now and again the two coaches butted together with a bad sound like mangled tin.

I couldn't lean out the least fraction of an inch, either; but to cling close was to run a risk of being pinched to death. By dint of close inboard work I got my head level with the top of the coach, and by shifting my weight carefully I got one palm after the other up there, hollowed, so as to produce a kind of suction on that wet surface of sloping steel. And then I shut my eyes and muscled myself up there by tilting up my elbows. You could practice that in a gymnasium for years and years and never suspect the exhilaration there might be in it under right conditions.

Just as I thought I had made it at last, and was straining towards the center line with a feeling of triumph, my head came smack up against a hard cloth-covered object. You have three guesses. No? Well, it was the head of the hobo who had been coming up on the other side all this time.

Can you imagine it? We leaned together and shoved opposite ways, and every fiber in me was yearning to slide that exasperating and tenacious skull back down the way it had come. It was fierce. My body had absolutely no mercy and no sympathy with the predicament of the other fellow at all, and my brain had fled. I was nothing but a bug imperfectly adapted to the roof of a passenger coach.

Well, we both survived. Providence had taken care to equip the pair of us with round heads, and they slid past each other ultimately. We locked shoulders, we seized on each other and sighed and shuddered like long-separated lovers who embrace without daring to look at each other in the first rush of gladness. Our position was too equivocal for speech, as far as that goes, and when we released each other we crawled opposite ways.

I remember squirming over rows of bodies, and presently opening my coat, in imitation of what I saw going on all round me, and buttoning it around a steam pipe so that in case I fell asleep I shouldn't roll off. That train top was nothing but a litter of heads and heels

How in the world had they all got up there? Mystery! I can only ask you to bear in mind that they were expert-picked men. They furnished no answer to the question. They were silent in unknown tongues, lolling there exhausted by the Herculean ascent. Do you begin to see the nature of outside transportation? You hear it talked of as a facility—transportation facility. I failed to see the appropriateness of that term. I achieved it because I was an exceptional man. So were we all—all exceptional men—and with one exception we were all landed in the borax mills. Let me tell you how that was.

At a certain point in the desert beyond Long-Legged River stands an arc light which hangs higher than the roof of the train. If the train stops under that light it is the instinct of those who hold outside berths to roll off the roof forthwith, like water off a duck's back. And lo, they drop into the midst of a sheriff and a bunch of deputies, all heads of families and all business men too. At the same time all the available train crew joins in the chase.

Do you begin to discern dimly now the reason for the absence of all opposition at Long-Legged River? These men who are bagged there by that arc light are formed in squads and marched away to the borax mills. The court sentences them for vagrancy, and they toil there for months on end, with King Alkali sitting on their lungs—in the middle of a desert from which escape is hard too. Because, don't you see, as soon as you have worked out your sentence there's nothing to do but to try to move on. You are recaptured, sentenced on the same charge, and after a while numbered among the incorrigibles.

Charming prospect, wasn't it? Wouldn't you suppose that borax would form a powerful antidote to the nomadic poison? Well, I escaped those mills, I believe, only by having buttoned myself too securely to that steam pipe. While I was wrestling madly with my coat I heard a noise of falling bodies and, immediately after, sounds of yelling and herding up; cries of "Stand still!" and "Halt!"

I simply wilted down on that roof again. What was the good of planking myself down into the midst of a bunch of sheriffs? What I did succeed in doing was this: I rolled off that ridge and jammed my body up against that line of ventilators and lay there as snug as a sandbag along a window sash. The train was a good many hours late, and it was unlikely there would be a detailed search of that top.

I heard a faint voice cry: "All-l-l right!"

You see? Somebody away in the rear had simply sighted down that line of tops and seen that they were bare. The train began to go ahead with a sound like incidental music. Gad, I felt buoyant! I went back to my steam pipe and lay there and sent wild yells ringing up. The only survivor! The one man left out of that collection of experts! Can you imagine how I felt?

There they were, marching away to manufacture borax, however it's done: and here was I, lying high, swaying along, with May Gowdy maybe in an upper berth not three feet under me. I lay there grappling with the metal of that train top, and it was nearly the same thing as if I had taken May to my heart.

Little would she dream what had taken place out there. What woman in her senses would credit a man with that mad folly? But there I was. I had made good my promise, and I lay there examining my ego and thinking of the many ways I meant to make it up to May for parting with that ham sandwich in my hour of need. And all the while, with a gusty roaring, the Western Flyer went dipping into unseen valleys brimming with spicy warm air, and anon, without warning, went charging up into another range among a lot of cruel, cold peaks, and I would find myself shivering against that steam pipe with one warm streak along my chest and belly and my right leg. A charge into the unknown and a serene challenging of destiny. I say it in all seriousness—I have never had a more romantic mount than that same iron horse.

And I can state frankly that calm recognition on my part of my own greatness wasn't lacking. My mind was haunted by rich images, and it was my cherished conviction that Fortune herself must have been riding the wind that fled over those tops. I heard the clashing of her musky wings, and I began to think all this portended good luck for me in the Canyon of the Fools. May and Jim would come to want most likely and make it possible for me to play the part of a mysterious benefactor whose name didn't appear in the transaction. And then Jim would take sick and refuse all nourishment and die!

Once I saw a shaft of light a long way to my left, and a string of dim windows, like a queer serpent with splotchy scales of tarnished gold, winding through the sand, with a long stream of yellow fire fanning back from its head. It howled by like a pleasant delirium. I felt its hot breath and fell asleep still buttoned to that steam pipe.

VI

AT DAWN we slowed into Haggett Junction, and I rolled off the top and hit the dirt with an uncomfortable jar that reminded me disagreeably of my own hollowness. I was hungrier than ever. I picked myself up and stared about me. It was beautiful level country, garnished with a huge pink mountain that jutted up like something on a platter. All the analogies that occurred to me on the spot had to do with food.

I took time then to reflect that there wasn't a soul here except May Gowdy who knew that they made wooden minnows back in Dowagiac, and even what she knew was hearsay. And for another thing, there wasn't a soul here who knew what it was like to ride the top of the Western Flyer, and they had seen it fuming down from the mountains all their lives too. This singular achievement was mine and I felt consecrated to a life of hardship and unsung heroism.

I couldn't help smiling, and involuntarily I applied that smile to a hairy man who stood over a gang of men who were digging a hole out back of the station. A ring of wondering people had gathered around this threatening crater of industry. I felt as if the spirit of work or some dire plague of energy had broken out just there and they were trying to hem it in. "What's all this?" I said to the hairy man in crisp accents.

He gave me a bitter scrutiny, and came back at me with: "What are you doing here?"

I kept on smiling. I may not have been accoutered like a citizen. I very likely looked out at elbow, physically and spiritually, but that fleeting meeting with May Gowdy had endowed me with a beautiful shining armor, and I thought I was a young god and impregnable to attack by mere whiskered mortals.

(Continued on Page 73)

PHOTO. BY BURDET-BLANCO PICTORIAL COMPANY. COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

Bryce Canyon, Southwestern Utah

ONE fine thing about the Hupmobile is that the qualities for which it is most noted do not grow less with long use.

For instance, it has an unusually smooth, eager pickup when it is new, and it has exactly the same thing when it's old.

Again—nothing ever seems to diminish the flood of power it pours out for a long, hard pull.

The reason why the Hupmobile gives so much more in these respects is easily explained.

Hupmobile engineering is not only sound and sane, but the construction of the car is so rugged and thorough that its uncommon qualities are bound to endure.

THE KING

(Continued from Page 7)

It is because I prophesied correctly concerning Number Eleven. Bah, my friend, I tell you that was a certainty—that was simplicity itself! How much did you win?"

"About two hundred thousand francs," replied Stephen, and waited for some expression of amazement or pleasure.

"Very good, my friend! Very good, indeed!" observed Monsieur Capet calmly. "You did well, and I am very grateful to you. You have, as you may imagine, rendered me a valuable service; but I shall not insult you by offering you a share of the winnings. Rather, I shall, I hope, honor you by inviting you to dine with me and to meet my daughter. Shall we say seven o'clock at Ciro's? Or no; for, since we are taking the express, we shall not dress. Come to my hotel—the Palmiers. There one is quiet."

He stood up, laid a friendly hand on Stephen's shoulder and was about to walk away, oblivious apparently of the bank notes which Stephen had won for him.

"Wait!" said Stephen. "I haven't given you your winnings yet." And he drew a sheaf of notes from his breast pocket. Monsieur Capet took them, bowed, murmured his thanks and without deigning to count them thrust them carelessly into his frock coat.

"Do not forget—Hôtel des Palmiers—seven o'clock," he said; and, leaning a little on his cane, went slowly across the gardens and down the hill toward the sea.

"He's a mad old bird," commented Stephen to himself. "I wonder what his daughter's like—poor girl."

II

AT SEVEN o'clock he found out what Mademoiselle Capet was like—that is, he was permitted to study her surface qualities. These he found good—oh, amazingly good!

What impressed him first was the regality of her manner. She was a slim little person of less than average height, but she held herself as straight as the straight stem of a flower. Since they were dining in her hotel, she wore no hat, and by this happy chance Stephen was vouchsafed the sight of her hair—abundant brown hair, with copper high lights in it, twisted simply and smoothly round her small head according to the fashion of the year.

She was young—possibly one and twenty—but in her face there was nothing of the child except perhaps her wide green-gray eyes. Her nose, for instance, was small but distinctly Roman; her mouth was firm to the point of being imperious; and it was only when she smiled—which was not often—that her dimples and her sound white teeth betrayed her extreme youth. In flagrant contrast to the dark copper mass of her hair was the pallor of her face; and so white and transparent was her skin that, like Mary Stuart, when she drank red wine one thought to see the glow of it pass down her slender throat.

When Monsieur Capet presented Stephen to her she extended her hand, palm downward. Now Stephen was no courtier, but some instinct warned him not to grasp that hand, saw it up and down and mutter, "How d'ya do? Glad to meet you." Instead, to his surprise, he found that he had bowed over it and kissed her fingers. But when he had done so his democratic spirit reasserted itself, and he looked hastily around in fear lest some compatriot of his had witnessed the shameful action. No American likes to be seen displaying graceful homage to a woman—or to anything, for that matter.

She, of course, accepted the salute as the only possible correct form of greeting. It was completely evident that she had been brought up to have her hand kissed rather than shaken.

She said very simply: "My father and I are grateful to you, Monsieur Holmes. I am glad of the opportunity to thank you." Then they went in to the dining room.

It was a shabby, forlorn little hotel, trying to hold up its head amid the gold-and-white palaces in its vicinity; and it was a shabby, forlorn little dining room. But Monsieur Capet and his daughter paced across the stained carpet to their corner table with the dignity of royalty going up to the throne, Monsieur Capet in his blue frock coat and Marie Thérèse in simple black with a touch of excellent lace at the throat and wrists.

Conversation was adroitly manufactured until the entrée, at which point Monsieur Capet took matters completely into his own hands. He began by raising his glass of champagne—he had ordered the Krug '98 as nonchalantly as if accustomed to nothing inferior—and he drank to the health of his new friend, Monsieur Olms.

"Before we proceed further along the path of friendship," he continued a trifle floridly, perhaps because of the Krug—"before we proceed further, I say—and it is my hope and wish that further we should proceed—it is well, I think, that you be informed of who we are and what we are. You will understand, my friend, that the revelation I am about to make is one which it is given to few to hear; one which, because of its very nature, must be known only by those in whom we place our confidence. Monsieur, may I, as a formality, request your word of an American gentleman that you will share our secret—our glorious secret—with no one?"

Stephen, inwardly both amused and puzzled, gave his American gentleman's word; and in hope of detecting in the attitude of Marie Thérèse some clue to govern his own attitude, he studied her expression diligently, and not without pleasure. But he derived no hint from her, except the negative one that she apparently saw nothing risible in the situation. She sat with her wide eyes fixed on the rococo molding of the opposite wall; but it is doubtful if she saw the hideous molding at all. There was no trace of a smile at her narrow red lips—indeed, there was little trace of interest in her expression.

It was as if she was prepared to listen to a serious tale, but a tale which she had heard often before. So might Stephen have set himself to listen to a reading of the Declaration of Independence.

But Monsieur Capet, after another sip of the champagne, continued in a low, earnest voice.

"So be it, monsieur—you have given me your word. In return I give you my confidence. I put into your keeping—and, monsieur, I do it without fear or misgivings—the safety of myself and my daughter. Yes, I repeat—in your hands I place our lives, or at least our freedom."

"It is a great honor," said Stephen politely.

"Yes," agreed Monsieur Capet, "it is, as you say, a great honor."

"Monsieur has deserved it," put in Marie Thérèse.

Then for a brief moment she unbent, and Stephen, ever watchful, caught from her gray-green eyes a glance in which entreaty and gratitude were curiously mingled. It was as if she had whispered: "Please bear with us a while longer, you who have already done so much to help us."

"I've done nothing," said Stephen, unconsciously replying to her unspoken words. And he added bravely, with his eyes on Marie Thérèse, "I'd only be too glad to be of some real use to you."

She flushed a little—the slightest quickening of her pulse was visible beneath her white skin—and murmured, "Thank you—you are kind."

Monsieur Capet nodded his head slowly and ruminatively.

"It is possible," he said—"it is possible. Everything is possible. You are young and doubtless venturesome. But we shall see what we shall see. When you have heard and digested what I am about to tell you, then it will be time to consider whether it would be advisable to enlist you in the cause."

The cause? To Stephen the word sounded very mysterious and not a little ominous. What in the devil was all this leading to, and why in the devil did he find himself mixed up in it? The old gentleman, of course, was mad—that much was apparent—but mad or not, the old gentleman had a couple of hundred thousand francs tucked away somewhere in his blue frock coat. That was more than most sane people could win at Monte Carlo in a lifetime.

And Marie Thérèse? Surely she was not mad! The old fellow's keeper perhaps? No—most vehemently, no! Just look at her, man—just look at that small, exquisite head tilted forward under the weight of the copper-colored hair! Look at those slim long hands of a patrician! Look at that fine profile—yes, even to the reproduction in miniature of the nose with which the Lord stamped the Bourbons! Look, man, and—oh, well, calm yourself!

Once more the voice of Monsieur Capet thrust itself in among Stephen's rather riotous thoughts.

"You will remember, monsieur," the Frenchman was saying—"you will remember that in the gardens to-day you were gracious enough to volunteer your name. In return I informed you that I was called Monsieur Capet. You remember? Good! Know then that I told you at the time the truth, but merely half the truth. Does the name 'Capet' mean anything to you? Think, my friend—reflect a little. Capet—Capet! Have you not heard of it before?"

Stephen, as urged, endeavored to reflect a little. Finally he ventured: "Louis XVI was called Citizen Capet by the Revolutionists, wasn't he? That's the only connection I can make with the name."

The old gentleman nodded his satisfaction.

"Precisely!" he said. "Precisely! You have been educated, I perceive, monsieur."

"No more than I could help," disclaimed Stephen modestly.

"Amply, my friend. Well, then, we continue. Louis XVI, as you recall without doubt, was guillotined by the barbarians—by the rabble—by the scum ——"

"Father," interposed Marie Thérèse, "please, not so loud."

"I thank you," he said graciously, and moderated his voice. "I repeat, however, by the scum of Paris. His wife, the glorious Marie Antoinette, and his two children—a boy and a girl—were cast into foul dungeons in the Temple. Soon Marie Antoinette, in her turn, was led, proud and smiling, to the guillotine. The boy, who had fallen grievously ill, was removed and put in the charge of some people called Simon. Presently it was reported that he had died. It is true that a boy of his age and appearance—a deaf-and-dumb boy who could neither hear questions nor answer them—died in the cell of the dauphin; but, my friend, it was not the dauphin—it was not His Majesty Louis XVII."

Monsieur Capet paused impressively. It was evident that he expected comment of some sort, and Stephen endeavored to satisfy him by saying, "Really? How very interesting!"

"Yes, my friend, you may well say so. There are many who would be interested to know that Louis XVII did not die in his prison. I am revealing it to but a few chosen associates whom I can trust, and among whom, monsieur, I have the honor to include yourself."

Stephen inclined his head.

"So he escaped?" he asked.

"Yes," said the other, "he escaped. Loyal friends enabled him to flee to America, where he matured and married and died. May the saints cherish his soul!"

"You seem to have followed his career very closely," observed Stephen.

"And why should I not have? Am I not his grandson?"

"His grandson!" cried Stephen; and he added, not very flatteringly, but with unmistakable surprise, "You!"

"Yes, monsieur, I am the grandson of His Majesty Louis XVII. I, monsieur, am the King of France!"

III

AS MAY be imagined, it was not wholly the jolting of the express to Paris that kept young Stephen Holmes awake that night. The jolting, of course, had something to do with it; so also had the shrill treble of the locomotive whistle—so different in pitch from the deep-voiced, menacing roar to which Americans try to accustom themselves; and the snoring of his compartment mate in the berth above him was not without its effect. But had he laid himself down in the Elysian fields themselves I doubt whether sleep would have come to him.

His day had been filled to running over with emotions. Unto few, I venture to say, is it given within the brief space of five hours to win two hundred thousand francs for a stranger, to dine with the stranger and his amazingly charming if enigmatic daughter, and finally to be informed of the fact that the stranger is none other than the King of France. At the age of twenty-three one does not expect much more than that from five hours; at thrice that age one does not expect that much from a lifetime.

So he lay in his berth, wide awake, striving to put his chaotic thoughts in order. When the train reached Sens and a haggard dawn crept in beneath the window shade, he gave up the attempt as hopeless and turned his face to the wall and slept.

The guard who awakened him at Melun was forced to shake him violently by the shoulder before he could be aroused; and it was a sleepy, heavy-eyed, unshaven young Bostonian who tottered into the restaurant car and fell into a seat across the table from the King of France and the Princess Marie Thérèse.

"Good morning, monsieur," they greeted him in unison.

"Not so good," answered Stephen wearily. "I didn't sleep. Did you?" His question was addressed to Marie Thérèse, but the king undertook to answer it.

"I slept well," he said. "It is something that I have trained myself to do in the most unpropitious circumstances. When one must have a clear brain for the labors of the day, one must permit nothing to interfere with one's repose. We have our responsibilities."

Undoubtedly this last was the royal use of "we." The king had assumed at least the minor trappings of his rank.

Marie Thérèse, cool, fragrant and immaculate, toyed in silence with her chocolate and rolls. She was as well groomed as if she had stepped from a boudoir instead of from a compartment in a *wagon-lit*, and Stephen felt like an unkempt boor beside her. Yet had he but noted and interpreted the brief glances with which she favored him from time to time he would have been assured that in them there was nothing of contempt or disdain, but on the contrary a little of sympathy and even admiration. Young Holmes, at his worst, was not uncomely.

"My friend," said Monsieur Capet when he had paid the bill and brushed the bread crumbs from his gray trousers—"my friend, you have our address, and we shall be pleased to receive you in our modest apartment at any time. But if you care to enter further into the matter on which we touched last night—the matter of enlisting yourself in the cause—I suggest that you come to us on Monday, Thursday or Sunday at five o'clock. I do not care to explain in more detail. It is sufficient, perhaps, to say that on those days and at that hour we entertain our loyal friends; and if the entertainment is not entirely social, it is nevertheless interesting. From gatherings where the hearts of all beat in unison, where the minds of all are intent on the same—how shall I say it?—the same objective, where the hands of all are laboring in the same great work, you will derive more stimulation than from those purely social affairs which rely on a string quartet or the tango for their zest."

"I adore the tango," observed Marie Thérèse musingly.

Monsieur Capet frowned on her so severely that his monocle dropped from his eye and fell into his coffee. When he had retrieved it he managed to achieve a smile—an indulgent smile such as one would bestow on a charming intractable child.

"She is young," he explained to Stephen with an apologetic wave of his hand. "She is very young. What would you? The young cannot always be serious."

"I should hope not!" agreed Stephen. "There's plenty of time for seriousness later—at least that's the way I look at it. I'm not so very old myself, you see, and I hope before I'm much older to have the honor of dancing many tangoes with mademoiselle.

"Monsieur Capet, I shall be at your apartment on Thursday at five."

"Good! I am very glad," answered the king. "*Au revoir*, then, until Thursday."

He stood up, shook Stephen cordially by the hand and was about to go when Marie Thérèse detained him for a moment by saying: "Father, would it not be well to ask monsieur for his Paris address, in case on the day of the meeting we find that the surveillance is active? You remember that twice we have been forced to postpone our—our entertainment from fear of being interrupted."

"Of course—of course! You did well to remind me, my child. If monsieur does not object ——"

(Continued on Page 30)

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release

Oct. 1, 1921, to Jan. 1, 1922

Ask your theatre manager when he will show them

Elsie Ferguson in "Footlights"
By Rita Weiman, directed by
John S. Robertson.

Thomas Meighan in "Cappy Ricks"
By Peter B. Kyne

George Melford's
"The Great Impersonation"
By E. Phillips Oppenheim
Cast includes
James Kirkwood and Ann Forrest.

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"Experience"
With Richard Barthelmess as "Youth"
By George Hobart.

William DeMille's "After the Show"
By Rita Weiman; cast includes
Jack Holt, Lila Lee and Charles Ogle.

Ethel Clayton in William D. Taylor's
Production "Beyond"
By Henry Arthur Jones.

William S. Hart in
"Three Word Brand"
A William S. Hart Production

George Loane Tucker's
"Ladies Must Live"
With Betty Compson
By Alice Duer Miller.

"The Bonnie Brier Bush"
By Ian MacLaren
A Donald Crisp Production.

George Melford's Production
"The Sheik"
With Agnes Ayres and
Rudolph Valentino
From the novel by
Edith M. Hull

Jack Holt in "The Call of the North"
Adapted from "Conjuror's House"
By Stewart Edward White.

Thomas Meighan
"A Prince There Was"
From George M. Cohan's play and
the novel "Enchanted Hearts"
By Darragh Aldrich.

Ethel Clayton in
"Exit—the Vamp"
By Clara Beranger.

Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson
and Elliott Dexter in
"Don't Tell Everything!"
By Lorna Moon.

Gloria Swanson in
"Under the Lash"
From the novel "The Shulamite"
By Alice and Claude Askew.

A William DeMille Production
"Miss Lulu Bett"
With Lois Wilson, Milton Sills, Theodore
Roberts and Helen Ferguson
From the novel and play by Zona Gale.

Betty Compson in
"The Law and the Woman"
Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play
"The Woman in the Case"
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production.

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Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 28)

"Not in the least," said Stephen quickly. "I shall go to the Hôtel Continental and wait there for a letter of credit from home. That will take about ten days. If I move after that I'll let you know."

"I thank you," said the king; and, taking his hat and his ebony cane, he started away down the aisle.

Marie Thérèse deliberately lingered behind, fussing with her gloves and furs.

"Monsieur," she said in a low voice, "I asked your address for a reason. Do not be surprised if you have word from me before Thursday, and if you do I beseech you to follow my instructions. It is better to dance the tango with one's feet on the floor than to dance it with one's feet in the air and one's neck in a noose. *Au revoir*, monsieur."

She finished buttoning her gloves, threw her fur piece about her shoulders and departed, leaving behind her a fragrance of violets. Stephen stumbled back into his chair. He found that he was not unpleasantly excited. Before him, he reflected, lay the prospect of high adventure—danger evidently, or at least the zest of impending danger; love possibly, or at least the exhilaration of potential love. It was typical of him and of his nationality that the fact—or the alleged fact—that Marie Thérèse was a daughter of the pretender to the throne of France never entered his mind as being an obstacle insurmountable to the ambitions of a Holmes of Boston and the Back Bay. He had entered the best clubs at Harvard. Why then should he not aspire to the best royalty left in France? Besides, he wasn't so sure that they were royalty—he took this royalty business with a grain or two of salt.

He was young, but he hailed from Boston, where even the young are taught to be suspicious of pretenders.

The train rattled into the Gare de Lyon, rousing him from his meditations and anticipations, and he hurried back to his compartment, where he was vouchsafed a view in broad daylight of the gentleman who had snored so vehemently above him in the upper berth during the night. He was not a very prepossessing gentleman—one would not have paid admission to inspect him—and he did not seem to be in a genial mood. It was apparent that he was bent on being the first passenger to leave the train, a desire in which he had been frustrated by the indifference of the guard, to whom he had given no larger tip than had anyone else. Beyond noting that he was short, fat and angry and that he toed out to a point where it became laughable, Stephen paid him little attention. But when next he saw him he was, nevertheless, able to recognize him with ease by the ludicrous manner in which he placed his feet. Agents of the police, if they wish not to be remembered, should have no outstanding characteristics.

Stephen, when he had declared that he had no matches, cigarettes or tobacco in his trunk, summoned a taxi and instructed the chauffeur to take him and his luggage to the Hôtel Continental. He saw nothing of Monsieur Capet and Marie Thérèse, but presumed that they had got away before him. He did, however, catch a glimpse of his compartment mate whirling off in a great hurry and apparently spurring his chauffeur on to even greater efforts.

"There must be a wonderful peach waiting for that pot-bellied cuss," he thought, and dismissed the incident from his mind.

At the hotel he bathed and shaved and arrayed himself in dark gray and fine linen, and then, feeling more capable of looking the world in the eye, walked over to the Brighton in the Place Vendôme. There he knew he should be able to borrow from a former classmate of his—one Roger Merwin—enough money to tide him over until assistance, in the form of a new letter of credit, came from home.

As he had expected, he found Roger still in bed, nursing himself gently along with the aid of headache powders, orange juice and Vichy. Roger was doing Paris in a manner not recommended by Baedeker.

"Hello!" he said. "When did you get back?"

"This morning."

"Make a killing? Broke the bank—what?"

"I made a killing," Stephen explained, "but all I got out of it myself was a good dinner. I lost all my own money."

"Of course," said Roger unsympathetically. "You'd done better to have stayed in Paris and spent it instead of giving it away to the Prince of Monaco—what? Good Lord, what a head I have!"

He ran his fingers wearily across his forehead and through his straight black hair; and then, rousing himself, reached out and filled a glass with Vichy, which he drained at one eager gulp.

"Well," he inquired, "what are you up to now? Want to go out this evening on a party? I've got two friendly chickens in tow and need another man—what?"

"No, thanks," said Stephen. "I've come to borrow your money, not your chickens."

"All right. Look on the bureau. There ought to be something left."

There was something left—a little more than a thousand francs in rumpled notes and scattered gold and silver. Stephen helped himself to all but the silver.

"I'll leave you enough to pay your taxi to the bank," he said generously.

Roger groaned.

"You're a nice friend, you are!" he complained. "Now I suppose I've got to get up before the bank closes, and I was looking forward to a quiet, restful day in bed too. For heaven's sake, don't stand there grinning like a poor fish! Run me a cold bath if you can't think of anything better to do, and pull up the shades. Is it daylight yet—or still?"

"Still," said Stephen as he let in the sun.

He stood by in critical silence while Roger shaved himself with an unsteady hand.

"The man who invented the safety razor saved you from cutting your throat daily," Stephen observed when the operation was more or less successfully accomplished.

"Look here," said his friend, "what are you trying to do anyhow—cheer me up? Because if you are, that isn't the way to go about it—what?"

"No," answered Stephen, "I'm trying to get you into a receptive mood for a little proposition I was going to make. But I see you're too nervous. I'll call again."

"Hold on—hold on! What's the idea?"

"Oh," said Stephen airily, "I thought you might like to enlist in the cause."

"In the what?"

"In the cause."

"In the what?"

"I said in the cause."

"Go on—don't stop!"

"I don't suppose you're eligible, though," said Stephen musingly. "They probably wouldn't accept you."

"They wouldn't, eh? They only want confirmed gamblers like you—what?"

"Well, they need clear heads at least. No, seriously, Roger, I think I may be able to let you in on a little excitement. I'm not sure—don't know much about it myself; but I'll let you know Friday. You stay in bed Friday until I show up—and don't make any dates for the future."

Roger paused with one foot in the cold bath. His face, even under the streaks or what was left of his shaving lather, registered astonishment.

"Say," he said slowly, "you're in earnest, aren't you?"

"I don't know. It may be all a farce, and then again it may not be. But we'll know by Friday. Good-by—I'm off. Thanks for the thousand."

Leaving Roger sputtering and thrashing in his bath, he returned to the Continental, and there the *concierge* handed him a letter. It was addressed in a feminine handwriting—a handwriting unfamiliar to him; but, judging by the elaborately formed capital letters, that of a Frenchwoman. He tore open the envelope hastily and read:

Monsieur: It is of the most supreme importance that I speak to you before you come to us on Thursday. I shall be in the Salle des Sept Cheminées on the first floor of the Louvre at three o'clock Wednesday—to-morrow. Do not fail, I pray you, to meet me.

MARIE THÉRÈSE CAPET.

Stephen read it twice through and then with a low whistle of perplexity not unmixed with pleasure thrust it carefully into an inside pocket.

"Bad news, I hope not, m'sieu," said the *concierge*, who had been regarding him with the curiosity of his race and profession. "A lady stopped to leave it but a short half hour ago."

"What did you say? Oh, bad news? No, not at all, not at all. Fine day, isn't it?"

"But yes, m'sieu. Certainly it is a fine day. It is as if it was spring. But m'sieu does not know Paris in spring perhaps? *Ah, le beau printemps!* It is then that the heart beats faster and the eyes of even the most cruel little women grow soft."

"You're a poet," said Stephen.

The *concierge* raised his hands toward the vault of the colonnade.

"Ah, no, m'sieu! I am like all men merely. *J'aime les petites femmes.* The lady who left the letter said that it was very important, so I charged myself with it and waited to deliver it to m'sieu as soon as he should enter. The lady gave me five francs, so I have been at great pains to take care that m'sieu obtains the letter immediately."

"Oh," said Stephen, "I understand." And he handed the man a louis.

"*Merci, m'sieu! Merci bien, m'sieu!* Perhaps it is that m'sieu has not need to wait until the spring. I will see to it that all other messages reach m'sieu at once."

"All right," said Stephen a little brusquely, "see to it. And don't draw too much on your imagination."

As he went up in the elevator to his room he repeated to himself, "Wednesday at three—Wednesday at three." And he added, "I wonder just what kind of a show will start on Wednesday at three."

IV

WEDNESDAY proved to be one of those gray, misty days that come often to Paris in mid-November. A cold sun rode slowly up the sky behind the haze that robbed it of its fire, and the air was chilly and heavy with moisture.

When Stephen, at half past two, stepped out of the Continental he shivered a little, turned up his coat collar and sighed for the sun of Monte Carlo. Turning to the left at the Rue de Rivoli, he followed the arcades opposite the Tuileries until he came to the Place du Carrousel. There he crossed over and entered the Louvre at the door of the Pavillon Denon. He had not the slightest idea, of course, as to the whereabouts of the Salle des Sept Cheminées, but an obliging attendant, too well-mannered to laugh at his Harvard French, piloted him up the stairs and, pointing with a grimy but benevolent forefinger, informed him that the room he sought was situated across the Rotunda of Apollo and just beyond the Salle des Bijoux. Then, eager to air his knowledge of English before an Anglo-Saxon, he added: "Ze Vaynewa off Meelo ees beelo on ze groun' flor. Eet ees vairy fameuse."

"Thanks," said Stephen, and with a gesture that was rapidly becoming mechanical produced a franc from his pocket.

He found that the Salle des Sept Cheminées was deserted, and he correctly supposed that Marie Thérèse, foreseeing the likelihood of this, had chosen it on that very account. The Salle des Sept Cheminées contains no great drawing card, with the possible exception of David's portrait of Madame Récamier, and so the sensation-loving public flock to the Salon Carré to admire the Mona Lisa and the Raphaels and the Velasquezs, or to the Escalier Daru to wonder at the drapery of the Victory of Samothrace, or even to the Rubens Gallery, where the less sensitive of the herd apparently find nothing gross in the Flemish artist's fat, naked cooks.

Accordingly, Stephen was left unmolested, with fifteen minutes in which to contemplate Madame Récamier and the Rape of the Sabine Women.

Promptly at three he saw Marie Thérèse coming across the Salle des Bijoux to meet him. She was dressed, as before, in black; and her admirable hair was almost completely concealed by a small black velvet toque. But nothing hid the splendor of her wide gray-green eyes. When she saw him she smiled a little in recognition and, advancing quickly, extended her white-gloved hand.

"It was good of you to come," she said seriously; "and it was very impertinent of me to ask you. I have but one excuse, and that is that it was for your own sake that I asked you."

"For my sake?" he repeated. "Anything that brings us together again even for a minute is, to my mind, its own excuse."

She flushed a little at his directness, and lowered her eyes; but he fancied that he detected the genesis of a smile playing at the corners of her mouth.

"Americans," she said, "are refreshing people. Do they always mean what they say and say what they mean?"

"Sometimes," answered Stephen, inwardly surprised at his own gallantry—"sometimes they do not dare say all that they mean."

"I hope so," she remarked, and with a flutter of her eyelids she looked up at him once more.

"Let us be serious," she continued, "since the affair is serious and my time is brief. Moreover, I believe that I have been followed from our house. A short fat man that toes out—watch for him. We will stand in the middle of the room, whence we can see anyone who approaches from the adjoining rooms; and if you should see such a man as I have described you will be kind enough to take my arm and discuss loudly with me the portrait of Récamier."

"Fine!" exclaimed Stephen. "You say this fellow is short and fat and toes out?"

"Yes, at right angles."

"It seems to me I've seen just such a creature somewhere lately, only I can't think where. What was the dog doing—trying to pick you up?"

"I beg your pardon? Trying to do what? I do not understand."

Stephen laughed and paraphrased the slang.

"Oh, no," she said; "you misunderstood. If that were all I should not be distressed. He is not an admirer. He is, I fear, a spy."

"Ah-ha! So that's it!"

"Yes, that is it, as you say. We—my father and I—are being watched. Always there is a man in the street opposite our house, and always when either of us goes out someone follows us. At least I believe that someone follows us, although of course it is difficult to be certain, especially if the man is clever. But this man who toes out is fortunately far from clever. He is, indeed, most stupid. I think I eluded him in the Hôtel Meurice by going in the front door, mounting in the elevator, walking down the stairs and going out at the back door. It was so simple that it was almost laughable; but I am not completely sure that I was successful. And now perhaps you are beginning to understand why I have come to warn you that you must not attend the meeting at our house to-morrow."

"You mean it's been called off?"

"No," she said, "it's too important to be called off. I mean that you will put yourself in danger if you come."

"Well," observed Stephen, "so will you and your father and everyone else put themselves in danger, won't they?"

"Of course; but with us it is different. The cause with us is very close to our hearts. It is worth any sacrifice we may be called upon to make. It is worth our liberty—it is worth even our lives. But with you—ah, no, what does it matter to you if France be governed by a king or by a president? It matters nothing. Doubtless you would prefer a president if you had any preference. Your traditions are all republican; you regard kings as tyrants; you fought your Revolution against a king and his tyranny. Am I not right?"

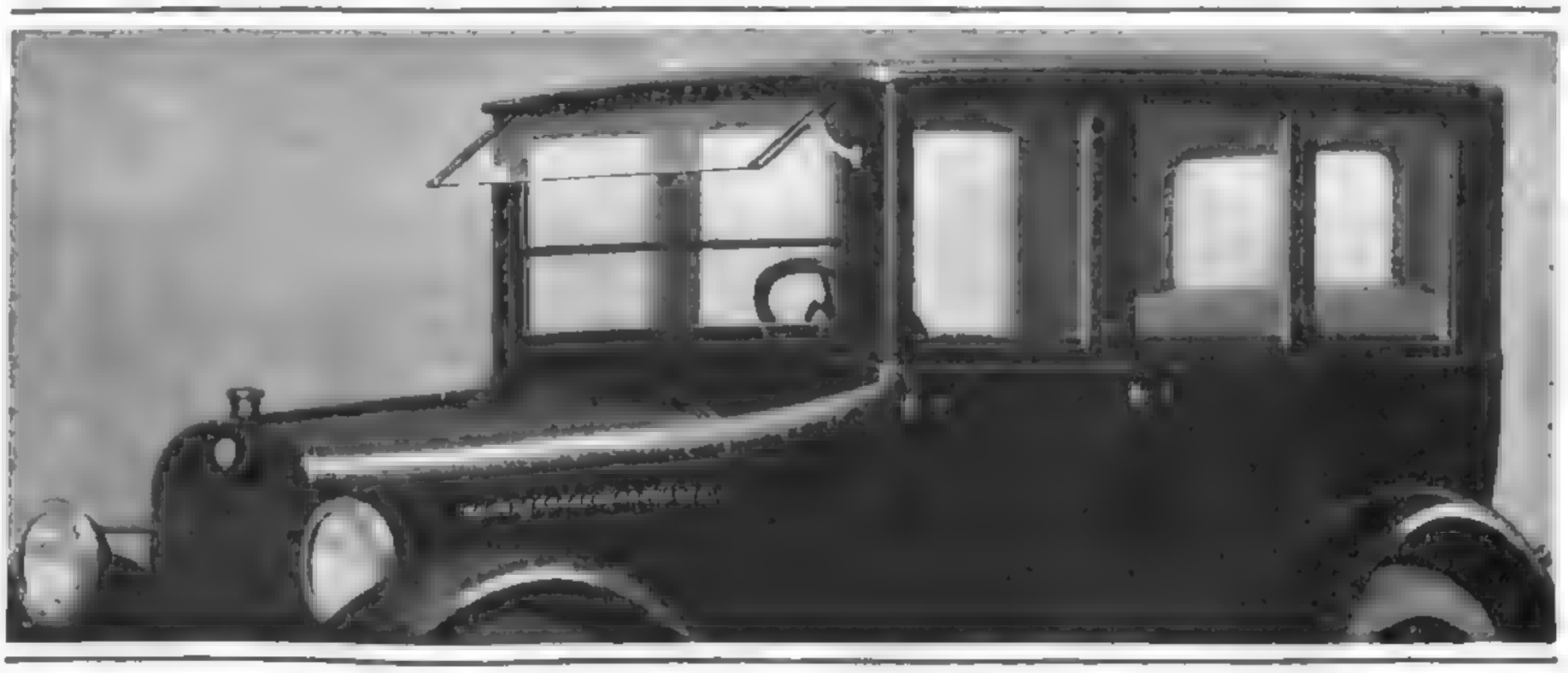
"Your facts are right," answered Stephen slowly, "but I'm not so sure that your inferences from them are. America is a democracy, of course; but I don't know any people in the world that bow down more readily and humbly to a title, no matter how shabby and second-rate the title is. Now your father's a first-class king of a first-class country—at least if he were king he'd be a first-class one—and, to tell the truth, I'd like very much to see him land the job. What's more, I'd do anything in the world to help you. That cause, anyway, is very close to my heart; and so, mademoiselle, if I am allowed, I shall attend the meeting on Thursday."

"No, no!" she exclaimed quickly, and for emphasis laid her hand on his arm. "You must not come! Indeed, you must not! You do not know what we plan to do! You would not approve! We plan destruction! It is necessary that we destroy in order that we may rebuild. As you know, all violent changes in forms of government demand bloodshed, and we are prepared to shed blood. There is no other way. I myself was opposed to it, and I am still opposed to it; but I am only a woman, and I was overruled. Nevertheless, I shudder when I think of what we are about to do; and I—oh, I am very miserable! Life is so difficult!"

"Yes," he said gravely, "I understand. But I'm only all the more determined to be in on this. If you're going to be in danger I want to be hanging around near you. Besides, between us we might be able to think up some way to accomplish your purpose without staging a slaughter. Napoleon III put over a coup d'état, didn't he, and didn't spill much blood as I remember?"

"That was different," she affirmed.

(Continued on Page 33)



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"Oh, yes," he agreed easily, "it's never twice the same. But it seems to me there ought to be some way of putting a king on his throne without first killing off all his subjects."

"Not all," she protested; "only the deputies and the cabinet."

"Whew!" he whistled. "That's a good many!"

"You see, you are repelled. Instinctively you draw back. So do I, too, in spite of myself. But I am bound to the cause; I must go forward with it. For you there is no such necessity. Therefore I repeat most earnestly you must not come to us on Thursday."

"Not at all," he explained. "I'm bound to any cause that you're bound to. Therefore I repeat I shall certainly come to you on Thursday."

There followed a short silence. She was thinking deeply, her brows knit in perplexity. Presently he was surprised to see the pallor of her face and throat flush scarlet.

"Monsieur," she began nervously, "I do not know how to say what I feel I should say. It is embarrassing for me—it is very embarrassing. It—it makes me appear to be taking a great deal for granted. I shall seem conceited and at the same time unmaidenly. But at the risk of being misjudged by you I am forced to tell you that when my father shall have gained the throne I have promised to marry the Duke de Chamfort, one of our most loyal and generous adherents. I know," she went on hurriedly, "that that is to you a matter of no importance whatsoever, but—but I thought it well that you should be informed of it."

Stephen bowed in silence. Alarmed at the mere mention of marriage, his romance had of a sudden flown out of the window. He cursed himself for a fool. Surely anyone but a fool would have foreseen that a royal princess could not mate with even a Holmes of Back Bay.

When he did not break the silence she ventured to raise her eyes to view the havoc she had wrought. She saw him plunged in gloom, and something within her unaccountably rejoiced and exulted a little and was glad that he was not glad. She wondered at herself.

Suddenly he straightened up, said "Ha!" loudly and grasped her elbows with his hands.

"Do you love this—this Duke de Chamfort?" he asked her sternly.

She hesitated just long enough to reassure him.

"I admire him," she said, "and I respect him. That is ample."

"Ha!" he said again. And then he added, "Mademoiselle, I shall certainly come to you on Thursday."

There came a tapping of footsteps across the marble floor of the Salle des Bijoux, and a short fat man who toed out stood in the doorway beside them.

Stephen linked his arm in that of Marie Thérèse.

"Yes," he said, "I think that the portrait of Madame Récamier is David at his best."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE RESTLESS RIATA

(Continued from Page 11)

"Then," explained Matthew with a patience I shall always admire, "suppose you went and told the editor about it, Bill. Don't you think he might write a piece? That would make talk. Then you might find out where they have cached her."

I took off my hat to Matthew and a new hope burned in my heart.

"Let's go," I said. So we went.

When we reached the city editor's room of the Mail, who should greet us at what I mistakenly thought was a kind of reception desk but the Baron Herbert von Pell. My buddy ranged up behind me, and before the baron could move far enough away from his desk to prevent it I had him firm by the hand of fellowship.

"Wind of heaven!" I said, looking into his cold blue eyes and clapping my left mitt firmly on his shoulder to hold him steady. "Dew on the grass! Angel of welcome! It is my star that has brought me to you in my trouble. Baron," I whispered so that all the boys at the typewriters in the room could hear, "have you bought up this outfit? Do you own it? Is it all yours?"

I own that it was not the way in which I should have addressed him. I confess that there was a kind of bitterness in it. But I always disliked this baron; I suspicioned him from the first day I met him; and the trouble in my heart turned to gall and wormwood on my tongue when I saw him sitting there.

"Mr. McCarthy," he answered, looking straight into my eyes without a flinch in his, "I am a special writer on the staff of the Mail. I am glad to meet you and your friend. If you will release me I will show you some of my work."

I did release him, and he picked up a copy of the Mail, later than the one Matthew had shown me. On the front page there was a story, The Need of a Great American Army, under a four-column red heading—by the Baron Herbert von Pell—and there was his picture in the left-hand top corner of the story. Then he opened the paper and showed me inside where he had another story with a five-column head and his picture bigger than it was on the front page, Society in the Great Capitals of Europe and Society in This City Compared—by the Baron Herbert von Pell.

"I do two articles like that efery day, my friend, Mr. McCarthy," he explained to me. "And they attract a great deal of attention—a very great deal."

"Baron," I said to him in another confidential whisper, "how long have you been riding this range?"

But he didn't answer that. He didn't like answering questions anyway. He once told me that we asked too many questions in this country. That was when he was a guest of Old Man Bailey on the Bailey ranch up to Green County, and I queried him why it was that he, a tenderfoot, could ride a cow pony so well. So he didn't tell me how long he had been with the Mail. But he was always polite, I give him that.

So he murmured to me gently, with that social smile of his: "Well, and is there something I can do for you and your friend, Mr. McCarthy? This is the greatest newspaper in the world. You can see that for yourself when you read the front page, where it is printed every day. It is the greatest newspaper in the world and it can do anything."

"Why, baron," I answered, feeling, I admit, that he had beaten me to good manners, "I wanted to talk to the boss a piece, whoever he may be."

"The boss in this room," the baron explained, "is Mr. Wall, the city editor. I shall haf pleasure in introducing you to him, you and your friend." And he did.

The city editor told Matthew and me to take chairs, so we sat down. He was a roundabout man, with a bald head, a good jaw on him and a strong voice and gold-rimmed spectacles which he wore not on his nose but up on his forehead. Those spectacles fascinated me, and I was staring at them when he caught me and made me feel like a fool kid.

"What's your name?" said the city editor to me.

"Bill McCarthy," I answered.

"Huh!" he grunted. "There are about ten thousand Bill McCarthys in this country. Which one are you?"

And guessing I had him there, I answered quite pertlike, "Well, I reckon I am not any of the others."

At that the city editor hoisted his spectacles down from his forehead and rested them on his nose and looked at me as though I was a picture in his newspaper.

"Why," he rumbled at last, "I know you! You're the cowboy who won the bronco-busting contest at Cheyenne last year."

"The same," I confirmed.

"Shake!" he responded, and we shook.

Then he questioned, "Who is your friend?"

"Him?" I answered. "Oh, he's just my buddy."

"Thanks," commented the city editor; "much obliged; but what's his name?"

"Well," I informed him, "his name is just Matthew Hale O'Leary."

Once more Mr. Wall hoisted his gold-rimmed spectacles onto his nose and looked at Matthew as though he was a picture in his newspaper, just like he had looked at me previously.

"I know him too," he rumbled at last. "He's the fellow who won the steer throwing and roping contest at Cheyenne last year."

At which kind words of identification Matthew astounded me by speaking up in quite a loud voice. Nodding his head toward me, he ejaculated clearly, "Pardners!" Then he subsided into that silence which has driven me, in self-defense, into being what you might call a loquacious man.

"Now," inquired the boss of this newspaper outfit, "what is it you want, Bill? Tell me."

And I told him. I told him that me and my buddy was with the Hudson outfit in Western Colorado. I told him how I had met Miss Nancy Melhsh, the schoolmarm, up to Sweetwater that fall. And I told him how it had happened that me and Matthew had taken her home in a blizzard which had caught her when she had been riding alone and clean lost her way. And, of course, I told him how I had fell in love with Miss Nancy and she had fell in love with me. And how we were to have been married that morning and I was to start a small ranch of our own, as I had a piece of money saved. Also I told him how I had gone that morning to Old Man Todd's place in Sweetwater, where Miss Nancy was living, and I had took the parson with me and Matthew for best man, and we had found my affianced bride had been kidnaped, against her will—I added that on my own account, but I was sure of it—and taken into the city by her father and brother so as to prevent her marrying the man of her choice. And I assured the city editor that Miss Nancy's heart was breaking and mine was a hissing fire; furthermore, that we did not know where Miss Nancy was hidden and imprisoned, and she and I—for I could speak for her as well—was imploring the help of him and his great newspaper to find her and rescue her and restore her to me, her true lover.

Mr. Wall called a boy and gave him a slip of paper on which he had written something and told him to take it to what he called the morgue, and the boy shot away out of sight and then shot back again and laid two envelopes on the desk. The city editor opened the envelopes and showed me that one of them had several pictures of me in it, bronco busting, and several cuttings from the newspaper about me; and the other had a picture of Matthew and cuttings from the newspaper about him. Then Mr. Wall called out the name Holland as if he were talking to somebody in the next street, and a tall, thin young man came up.

The city editor introduced me and my buddy and told Mr. Holland all about us, and what I had told him and then some. Then he said to Mr. Holland:

"Now, Jim, this is how I figure the story out, and understand that I think it is a big story—good stuff: You find this girl somehow and where she is hid and rescue her from her vile duress and bring her here to the local room. We'll get Parson Uzell from the tabernacle on Larimer Street and have some flowers—I guess the boss will run to that—and the marriage will be celebrated in this sanctum. It's a beat, Jim!" he enthused, warming up quite suddenly, his voice rising from a rumble to a kind of thunderstorm with lightning crackling through it. "It's a bear! It's a big thing! Wind yourself up for it, my son, and find the girl."

This roundabout man with the spectacles on his forehead didn't rise from his chair, so to speak, when he emitted this unexpected storm. He didn't move a muscle of his face. He didn't wave a hand. He went on looking over a bunch of typewritten sheets as he talked, and he seemed so little concerned with what he was saying or the noise he was making that it might have been somebody else. I calculated that it was his way of putting pep into his men.

"Before you go out take these boys and talk to them," he concluded, subsiding to his ordinary rumble.

So me and Matthew went to talk to the reporter. Of course you can guess how much talking Matthew done. I told him my story all over again, and he asked me all kinds of questions; and then he called over

Jim Henry's Column

Is Mennen's a Success?

I know that sounds like a silly question, considering that Mennen Shaving Cream is on display in practically every drug store in this country with sales just about doubling each year.

Yet, as it happens, I ask it seriously.

From my point of view, Mennen's is a long, long way from being an unqualified merchandise success.

As closely as I can figure from government statistics, there are still 4,672,000 prosperous Americans who have never even tried Mennen's.

Just think of it—almost five million self-elected slaves to shaving customs of the past—with a tube of Mennen's just around the corner in your drug store!

Sometimes I lie awake for hours worrying and puzzling about those five million men. What is the matter with them? What peculiar psychological force keeps them chained to habits they could break? Why will human beings keep on doing the wrong thing when it is just as easy to do the right thing which will bring joy and deep satisfaction into their lives?

Take yourself, for instance. Doesn't the lather of your old-fashioned soap turn to flaky powder half way through the second lap? Aren't the tough, rooty areas just as bristling and unrepentant as ever? Doesn't your hide feel like salt-rubbed parchment after—and look like a skinned rabbit?

Couldn't you, just once, forget your doubts that anything is what it is claimed to be, and open the door of your mind just a crack to the thought that maybe Mennen's is what I claim—that it will soften your beard so marvelously that shaving becomes just a happy rite—and that afterwards your face will be a smiling testimonial to the virtue of trying the better way?

and afterwards-Mennen Talcum for Men-it doesn't show

My demonstrator tube costs only 10 cents by mail.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

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NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

"It Clamps Everywhere"

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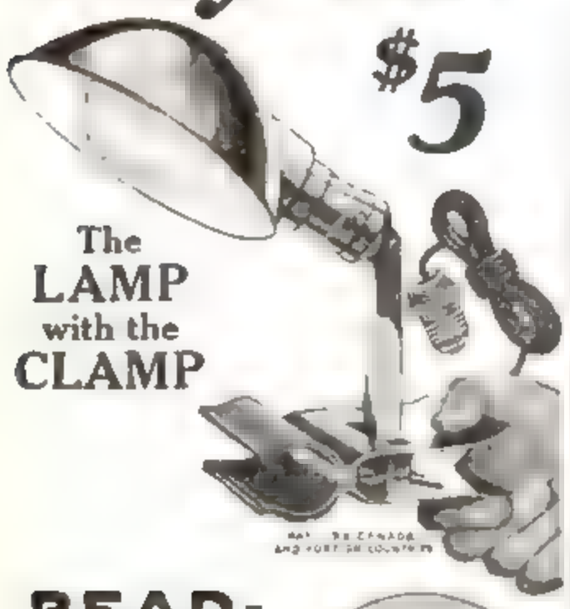

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TRADE FARBERWARE MARK

a reporter who, it seemed, had lived and worked in Kansas and questioned him as to what he knew about the Mellish ranch. He went into a booth and stayed there nearly fifteen minutes telephoning. He came out looking hot and stifled and smelling of tobacco and talc powder. He told us that he had tried every hotel in town and had drawn blanks. However, he said he had a hunch and that he would go out with the hunch, and he thought it probable he would bring Miss Nancy back with him, and I was to wait there. But that was only Friday night, and I asked him if they didn't close shop, but he said no, that they brought out a morning edition of the Mail and that it was all right.

Before departing with his hunch Holland spoke to the city editor, and the result was that the city editor told off a young man to beguile our weariness by showing us over the plant. The young man told us that the plant was conspicuously complete. I remember that well.

Inside of two hours Mr. Holland returned with his hat over his eyes and a kind of hangdog, disappointed look about him and beckoned us to go with him to Mr. Wall's desk. He told the city editor he couldn't find hide or hoof of the Mellishes.

Well, Jim Holland's chief seemed to take his disappointment very quietly. He dismissed his reporter with a few kind words of consolation. He seemed to be considering what he should do next when his gaze lit upon the neat and dapper figure of the baron, who had quite mysteriously and suddenly appeared in the vicinity of his desk. I have used those words "mysteriously and suddenly" on purpose. I felt sure that the moment before I saw the baron I was looking at the very place where, next moment, he was standing. And it didn't seem to me that there had been time for him to walk from his desk, where I had observed him a minute previously, to that spot. However, there he was.

"Hey, baron," said the city editor, "didn't you tell me that once you had done some secret-service work for the German Army?"

The baron flushed at that question, and then his face was quite composed again. He bowed in his positively superb manner.

"Yes, Mr. Wall," he answered, "I did tell you that, and it is so; but I did not expect you to—what you call—tell the world."

"Aw," countered the city editor, "what does that matter? We tell the world everything on this newspaper. If you have any family secrets this is the place to bring them. Give them to us and we give them away. Here's the idea, baron," he resumed, returning to what he called the matter in hand.

Then he told the baron who I was and who Matthew Hale O'Leary was, with all the trimmings about us being champions in that walk of life to which it had pleased kind fortune to call us. Also he expounded fully about my sad marriage morning and the villainous abduction of Miss Nancy. In fact, the city editor was telling the baron how to write the story, inspiring him for his task.

"Now it seems to me," he concluded, "that with your secret-service experience you may be able to find this young woman, and your positively superb manners may induce her to accompany you to this office. I want you to get the idea clearly. It is this: Bill McCarthy here is the champion bronco buster of the West. He rescues a pretty schoolmarm in a blizzard and takes her home in safety. She falls in love with him. They are engaged to be married. They were to have been married this morning. This morning, in accordance with arrangements previously made, Bill McCarthy, the champion bronco buster of the West, and a parson and Bill's buddy, Matthew Hale O'Leary," indicating Matthew, "who holds the championship of the West for throwing and roping a steer, and who went as best man, all appeared at the place where the young woman was living for the marriage ceremony. And they discovered in the way I have told you that the father and brother of the girl had got ahead of them and abducted her and brought her to town in their motor.

"Now what you have to go on as a lead is this: Mellish must have a tourist's license for his car. You ought to be able to get that from the police department. In the next place," Mr. Wall continued, "Mellish is a wealthy man and has probably rented a house for the season instead of taking rooms or a suite in a hotel. Also, he may have left his name with the motor club, and the name of his son may be on the visitors' list at the University Club, because young Mellish is a graduate of the University of Kansas. That's about all. Now, baron, do you think you can do anything? It's a great story. I want you to find out where the girl is and help her to escape somehow, and bring her here. Then amidst what you might call éclat the marriage ceremony will be performed. Joe Sanger will take a flashlight of it. Front-page story, baron, with an eight-column head and your signature—by the Baron Herbert von Pell. Do you think you can do it, baron?"

For answer the Baron Herbert von Pell looked affably at the city editor and smiled confidently. He buttoned up his coat, doing it unconsciously, and stood, slim and erect, like a soldier on parade.

"I am certain," he asserted, uttering his words with clearness and precision, "that I can find Miss Nancy Mellish for you within twenty-four hours."

"Go to it!" was the brief response, and the baron, wheeling about, marched away.

Then, being told to return next morning, me and my buddy gathered in Jim Holland and took him out and lit him up for consolation. The world was wet in them days. We was not living on Mount Ararat and the waters had not subsided from the earth.

I remember that next morning very well. Indeed I can, at my good pleasure, so to speak, recall every incident of that fateful day, every hour that passed, every scene I witnessed and every place I set my foot upon. In my leisure moments I can rest my back against some shady place and close my eyes and see, as in a movie, the exciting and dramatic story in which I, Bill McCarthy, took a leading part. It was not a star part that I took, as you shall hear, for another and a nobler spirit filled that rôle. But sometimes I like to close my eyes, as I have said, when in the mood for it, and view again that stirring spectacle. The thing I like best is the thrill at the end of it. What with cow-punchin' and a little card playin' and rovin' about the world in an adventurous spirit, and the war, I have been in some tight places—in some tight places I do confess—but the thrill at the end of that eventful day was the tightest place I ever got into, or out of.

The mornin' broke fair and bright. Me and Matthew arose and dressed and went down to breakfast. Despite my bitter disappointment of the day before, I still had an appetite. And I will say for Matthew, speaking by the facts, that his had not diminished. What a thing is health! How it can make tuneful the funereal drumming of a broken heart and turn it into a march of triumph, as the reporter, Jim Holland, said, who helped me and my buddy to cheer up the night before. He was a jovial spirit. He poured 'em down as if strong waters was merely passing thoughts, and when we spoke of my sad story and the mission of the baron he lifted up a sonorous voice and spoke a piece at us like this:

I shall always remember my Anna,
I shall never forget her smiles,
But I'm sorry I introduced her
To the Duke of Seven Dials.

And I remembered the words of that poem when me and Matthew sat down to breakfast the morning after. It was some breakfast—sausages such as I had never seen before—a dishful of them; hashed-brown potatoes, banked up and rounded at the top—a dishful of them too; buttered toast—lashings of it; and coffee—silver pot full for me and another silver pot full for my buddy. My eyes opened with surprise when the waiter set out that feast without a word from me, and I caught a furtive look in the eyes of Matthew as I set to work.

"Matthew Hale O'Leary," said I, during a pause in the feast, "I conclude that this is your doings, and I congratulate you."

"Well, you see, pardner," he apologized in what you might call a paradoxical spirit, "I did expect yesterday that I should have breakfast alone this morning."

So, knowing that any hope of further conversation from him was useless, I proceeded on my way. And then, lighting cigarettes from boxes which the waiter brought us, Matthew and me directed our footsteps to the office of the Mail.

It was, as I have said, a fine morning. I had a feeling of contentment within me. My mind was at ease. As we walked I began to reflect upon the events that had passed, and there came into my thoughts, like the ripple of a distant stream on a cool summer evening, the contented notion that things might be worse.

Almost without knowing it, as we walked along, I found myself actually considering and criticizing the way in which Miss Nancy had left Old Man Todd's house. There hadn't been no force used; Todd wouldn't have stood for that. He always did seem to take an innocent pleasure in hearing that friends of his were in trouble. But he was truthful and honest and honorable. Had Miss Nancy left a word for me, a message, he would have said so. Had she left a letter he would have delivered it.

But she had left no message, no letter, no word of any kind. Well, I couldn't blame her. How on earth she had ever fancied herself in love with me for even a month or two was more nor I could understand. It was occurring to me in an unconscious way during these ruminations that she had gone away contented, when the infrequent voice of Matthew Hale O'Leary brought me back to myself, so to speak, with the worldly and distracting observation, "Mighty lot of good-lookers in this burg, pardner."

"For the Lord's sake, buddy!" I ejaculated, and I turned to look at him. His wooden old face was positively beaming. But it happened, fortunately, that we was just at that psychological moment, as they say, at the entrance of the Mail. So I took Matthew firmly by the arm and we walked in.

That was at ten A.M. Mr. Wall was at his desk. He greeted us by a wave of his hand.

"Came down early to be ready for your story," he explained, leaning back in his swivel chair. "I haven't heard from the baron yet. It's early, of course, but an ordinary reporter would have called in just to keep in touch with me. However, the baron isn't an ordinary reporter. He's a star, the baron is—a special writer. He's the newest star in the all-star staff of the Mail. They blaze in our firmament, Bill, these stars; they glow and shine; they outshine; they blind us with their brilliance; then they fall and fade and splutter out, and the firmament is dark. And down here on the earth, Bill, these toughs of mine go on covering the city and pounding out copy. But in the end, Bill," he concluded, swinging back to his desk again and ending his sudden soliloquy, "it's the reporter who gets out a newspaper."

He fingered through a batch of what he called copy that lay before him and I preserved a respectful silence. I liked Mr. Wall. I reckoned him to be a man. He was a good boss of the newspaper outfit. He would have been a good boss on a ranch. Judging by my late experience, I guess he would have been a good boss of the Army. He was one of the steady, roundabout men who can keep their feet in the stirrups or their feet on the ground as occasion demands. He would have been a good boss of anything, and he was mighty friendly to me before it was all over.

"Bill," he suggested at last, looking up from his desk, "I may not hear from this baron of ours for another hour. If you would like to, you and your friend might go for a walk and come back at eleven."

I glanced out of the heel of my eye at Matthew Hale O'Leary, who stood beside me, silent as usual. But the smile was still on his face, to my great surprise, that had been there just before we entered the building. So I said to Mr. Wall, "If it's all right with you, sir, me and Matthew will remain in this vicinity." And we remained.

I learned a good deal that morning and afternoon about how a newspaper is got out, for we remained there until lunch time, and then returned and remained again in silent observation of that scene until news began to break from the baron. I know that I remained in silent and interested observation of it. I don't know what Matthew was thinking about. I didn't inquire.

It was a curious room. There were rows of typewriter desks, up to which young men seemed to walk nonchalantly and occupy intermittently at various intervals and hand in what they had written to Mr. Wall and then go away again in a preoccupied manner. Over each of the desks hung a drop light and over each electric bulb there was a green shade. I began to notice that these green shades had words printed upon them in very bright yellow letters. I began to read some of the things written on the shades, without attracting too much

(Continued on Page 36)

See it—Ride Today—

Get a New and Joyous Thrill in Motoring

Think of a light, economical, moderate priced car that does these things:

That is so fleet and smooth in its response to your will you are never conscious that it is a piece of machinery.

That is so easily operated you can guide it for hours through crowded city traffic or send it across country for a whole day's run without the usual fatigue to driver or passenger.

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Old Essex drivers sense the difference as soon as they take the wheel.

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More Economy Than Ever

From the first Essex appealed to men because it does what costlier and larger cars do and at small-car cost in fuel, oil and tires.

The New Improved Essex adds gasoline mileage. Oil economy is greater, although old Essex cars averaged around 300 miles to the quart. Its tires often gave 10,000 to 15,000 miles of service. Now cord tires are standard equipment and greatly increase tire mileage.

Old Essex owners hardly understand how reliability could be increased. Many—hundreds, in fact—report upwards of 30,000 and 40,000 miles of service, with incredibly small repair bills as judged by the usual requirements of motor car operation.

But the New Improved Essex lengthens the period of that service. Simple and inexpensive ways to replace parts as they wear are provided. Thus the tight, squeak-free and rattle-free qualities and lively performance of the Essex when new, may be retained throughout the life of the car. And how long an Essex may be relied upon to serve, needs more years for proof than opportunity has yet provided.

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All the advantages of the original Essex are retained. The pride of ownership is greater. You can turn it in narrow streets. It finds room in small parking spaces. It is small and light and yet commodious, safe and comfortable.

The New Improved Essex expresses the new-day meaning of refinement—of reduced weight—freedom from unnecessary bulk, and the finest mark of motoring luxury.

When Essex is considered, size and price do not mark the standard of car quality or value.

We want you to know that—a ride will prove it.

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Yet it has been "raised" from a few dollars to thousands by one of the simplest methods, which is also one of the most difficult of detection.

Are your checks safe against this growing peril? It will cost you only a two-cent stamp to find out. Fill out the coupon below, pin it to your firm letterhead, mail it to us today, and receive your copy of "The Double-Line Menace"—explaining this new and startling danger and showing how you can get absolute protection.

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Please send my copy of "The Double-Line Menace." I am attaching this to our business letterhead.

Name

Position

Address

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attention to my curiosity. I remember that some of the things written on the shades ran like this:

The Mail, it's yellow.
The Mail, it's true blue.
The Mail, it is owned by the people.
The Mail; a paper with a heart and a soul.

I was observing all this during the morning hours, when a lady came quickly into the room without a hat. I lamped that she had a lot of fair hair all loose and wavy and carelesslike, and that she was rather tall and what you might call buxom. She came in trilling a song and saying howdy to all the boys and went along to Mr. Wall's desk, giving us a genial once over as she passed. She was electric. She had a compressor kind of effect upon the atmosphere that made me and my buddy sit closer into our chairs, as it were. She was introduced to us by the city editor as Miss Sally Watters, the great star lady writer of the Mail, who was going to do a feature about us for the afternoon paper. I overlooked Matthew and saw with satisfaction that the smile which had disconcerted me on the street below had left his features; they had resumed their aspect of silent, sad unintelligence.

Being interviewed by Miss Sally Watters was easy. Even I had no talking to do, and Matthew, of course, didn't try. Miss Sally Watters talked for all three of us. She knew all about me. She was acquainted with the fame of Matthew. She touched and admired his fine horsehair lariat that he had brought along to wear in the picture of the nuptials—the flexible instrument with which he could do such marvels that it seemed to become alive in his fingers.

Finding her interested in this idol of his heart, his old mahogany phizog became positively luminous, and without a word he unlooped the line from his thigh and exhibited one of his pet tricks for the entertainment and amazement of Miss Sally Watters. He made a two-foot noose at the end of the lariat and laid it on the floor. Then, turning his back and trailing the line between his feet, he paid it out slowly with his fingers until the loop was actually ten feet away from him on the floor and the lariat lay along the boards to where he held the coil, without a kink, as straight as a sunbeam. He kind of grunted my cue to me, and getting up carelessly I walked along until one of my innocent feet was within the noose. Instantly and without seeming to look over his shoulder the expert gave a little swing and twitch to the line, and there I was, with my right leg lassoed as neatly as you like and Matthew turned about and hunkered on the ground, straining on the rope and looking as expressionless as an Indian god.

The lady cheered my buddy—who silently wound up his lariat—and uttered many words of praise and astonishment; but she was too full of herself and her own story to give much time to a trifling miracle of patient skill like that which she had just witnessed, and she quickly resumed the interview. To be precise, she commenced to talk to us again.

She was right up to date concerning Miss Nancy. She knew all about the abduction and all about the quest of the baron.

"He's a star," she breathed ecstatically. "He's our baron."

She twisted her lead pencil in a curling way and thrust it suddenly above our heads in the air, so that me and Matthew looked up at it suddenly to see if it would catch on fire or something.

"He has gone up!" she whispered, while her great eyes glowed upon us. "He has gone up, up, up!"

She ceased whispering. She released her fingers from the pencil. It fell. Matthew caught it. He handed it to her.

"Yes, marm," I murmured, feeling like a man inspired by something bewildering. She sure was electric.

"And, lo," she concluded in a deep contralto, "one day he will come down!"

She sat and looked at us and we sat like we was mesmerized

"You poor darlings!" she cooed, and patted me and Matthew right on our cheeks. "You look as if you both needed a mother." And me and buddy drew closer together.

Then she commenced to trill a song again, and got up suddenly and patted her hair, which only made it the fluffier, and said absent-mindedly, "Thank you, boys; come again." And she was gone.

I turned and looked at Mr. Wall and he beckoned us over to him.

"Took your breath away, didn't she?" he queried with a kind of silent laugh. "I'll bet she did! But she's the right stuff, Bill. She's a genius. You wait until you see her story in the Two o'Clock. There'll be a picture. Yes, while you were talking to her Joe Sanger took a snapshot of the three of you. Sally Watters doesn't waste time. You wait until you see her story."

I did wait. It was in the two-o'clock edition all right and it started on the front page. They gave me and Matthew each a copy. The illustrations was wonderful. So was the story. I didn't know I could talk so well. And when I read the way she had made Matthew talk I swear I had to go outside the local room to laugh.

I took my seat again and began to think that Matthew was committing Miss Sally Watters' story to memory, for he was still reading it, when Mr. Wall brought me up standing by hanging up the receiver of his telephone and booming to Holland, "Oh, Jim! Here's the baron calling at last; take him in the booth."

My buddy folded up his paper immediately and packed it carefully into the right-hand hip pocket, where usually he carried his armaments, and quite unconsciously he patted my knee.

Very shortly Jim Holland came out of the booth—but I noticed that he hadn't hung up the telephone—and went to his chief's desk. The boss nodded to me and I joined them.

"The baron says he has found Miss Mellish," the reporter was saying. "He says that he is now about to arrange an interview with her."

"Ask him where he is now," the city editor ordered crisply. "Get his present telephone number. Ask him where Miss Mellish is; what her address is. Tell him to call in in thirty minutes, anyway."

Holland returned to the booth and shut the door. He seemed to be angry and exasperated. He certainly gesticulated with his right arm. Once he struck with his fist the flat shelf upon which the telephone stood. In the end he hung up the receiver with a vicious jab and almost flung himself out of the booth and up to the city editor's desk.

"That guy's the limit," he almost wailed. "He's the limit. I gave him your message, sir; I repeated it to him three times to be sure he would understand it, and all that I could get out of him was that he had been detailed on that work and that he would report again within his own discretion, and then he hung up. He wouldn't give me the number of the phone he was using. He wouldn't give me the address of the girl. He wouldn't say how long it would be before he would call in again. He wouldn't say where he would call from."

"Well, I don't know of any way to make a conceited fool into a man," the experienced philosopher reflected. "So we'll have to wait until we hear from him again."

And we did wait. So far as me and Matthew was concerned we waited patiently, and I must say that we could see no signs of impatience coming from either Mr. Wall or Jim Holland. Except for us four and a second reporter, who, I was told, was "on the dog," the local room was empty at five P.M. Holland said the boys wouldn't return again until 7:30, when they took their night assignments and things were getting ready for the Sunday morning paper; but Mr. Wall waited and kept Holland there specially to get further word from the baron and set the stage for the big story.

Me and Matthew and Mr. Holland went to a quick-lunch counter next door to the Mail building for supper at 5:30 P.M. Mr. Wall ordered his supper sent up and remained on the bridge, as he put it.

At seven P.M. we was all getting impatient, and a little later the boss was actually arranging to send out me and Matthew and Holland and the police reporter in a taxicab, when the city editor's telephone rang, and I was so wound up that the little bell made a noise like a fire gong.

"Yes," the old chief spoke into the transmitter in his steady voice. "Yes, this is Wall. Now listen, you! Listen! It's noisy here and I want to talk to you in the booth. Hold the wire until I get switched over."

He got up from his swivel chair and, shaking himself like a lion roused to unwilling anger, went to the booth and shut himself in. The four of us watched with silent suspense as he talked. We saw him making some pencil notes on a scratch pad. He gave no signs of excitement or impatience

After all, I thought, it was all in a day's work for him. It might be a big story, but looked at in another way it was an old story to him. I had been concerned, but I found myself getting more and more unconcerned, only for the moment everything was so exciting that I couldn't tell why. Sometimes in life if the cards don't fall your way they just don't, and that is all there is to it. So remembering the excited way Jim Holland acted in the booth when he was talking to the baron I found a comfortable satisfaction in observing this boss of the outfit at the same job. He was sure a good man. Steadfast.

The city editor was quite a time in the booth. He made notes on other pages of the scratch pad. While he was there two boys in snappy uniforms brought in some cardboard boxes and opened them and brought out flowers—carnations and snapdragons—and piled them up in yellow and red and pink and white masses on one of the desks. Flowers for the nuptials, I thought to myself, as if it was the marriage of somebody else to be celebrated; flowers for the nuptials. I supposed that the parson—another parson—would blow in shortly. There would be a marriage, and me and my buddy would have to say good-by. Well ——

A silence had fallen into my mind, as it might be, by the appearance of the pile of flowers and by these few thoughts, and it was a kind of silence that seems to set you all alone for a time. It was only an instant, of course, but it seemed a long whiles that I stood there saying good-by to Matthew, and then the silence was broken and I was, so to speak, on my feet again, for Mr. Wall quit the telephone booth suddenly and returned to his swivel chair.

"Listen!" he exhorted me and Matthew and the two reporters all at the same time. "I have been talking with that baron fellow. He has found Miss Mellish. She is now in the home her father has rented for the season on Chestnut Street. The baron is there too. He has talked with the girl and with her father and with her brother. But he is as stubborn as a mule, and refuses to phone the substance of the conversation. He says he will be here at eight. He is mysterious as to whether the girl will be or will not be with him. He says it will be a great story," the editor growled protestingly; "but what does he know of a story? I wouldn't trust him with a story as far as his typewriter."

The old man sighed and paused.

"Boys," he murmured reflectively, "I'm getting old. I'm getting tired. Jove might nod, but a city editor can't afford to." He tapped his broad, square forehead disconsolately. "There was nobody home when I gave that popinjay, that lummox, this assignment," he lamented.

"Mr. Wall," said I, "if you don't object I'll go right up to this place on Chestnut Street straight away and bring Miss Nancy down with me, myself."

The city editor swung back quickly in his chair and looked me in the eye.

"No, Bill," he replied in a very quiet and decisive way, "I guess you won't do that. I guess it will be better for you to wait here until the baron comes in. I guess that will be better."

He paused. Then he questioned, "Are you heeled, Bill? Is your friend heeled?"

For answer Matthew and me went close to him so that he might frisk us.

"Then that's all right," the city editor agreed. "You and your friend wait here, and remember, there must be no trouble. You promise me that, Bill?"

"I promise, Mr. Wall," I answered, "that so far as I am concerned there won't be any trouble." I added, thinking it necessary, "It won't be me that will start it."

Upon that assurance Mr. Wall sat considering things for a few moments. Then he spoke to Jim Holland.

"Take the desk, Jim," he instructed, rising from his chair, "until I come back. There's the list of assignments. There's nothing special. If anything breaks let me know. The managing editor won't be down until ten, and I'm going to his room with Bill and Matthew to wait for the baron. When the baron comes in tell him where I am. Say that I want him at once. I phoned Parson Uzell and asked him to be here at eight, so when he appears make him comfortable."

After concluding these orders Mr. Wall lit a cigar, and me and Matthew followed

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him to the room of the managing editor. The baron did not keep us waiting very long. He appeared at eight, neat and slick and shining as usual. His face and hair always looked as if he had come fresh from the barber's chair. He carried his cane, with a silver dog's-head handle, and he was wearing a beautiful panama fedora cocked just a wee trifle to one side. His white buck shoes were spotless.

His light gray suit was without a flaw or a speck. The soft silk collar of his silk shirt and the soft navy-blue tie, with a beautiful small ruby stick pin, were what you might call exquisite.

As this immaculate phenomenon of manly beauty entered the room Matthew rose from one of the three chairs which it contained, and without seeming to see him sauntered to the door.

I was standing with my back to the wall which faced the entrance. The city editor occupied a chair in the corner on my right. Seeing that I was standing, and judging that I preferred to stand, he occupied with his feet the chair which Matthew had quitted and he smoked contentedly.

The baron came in jauntily, and after inspecting it to see if it was free from dust placed his hat and cane on the top of the roll-top desk. This desk was in the middle of the room and was so placed that any person sitting at it could look over it and out of the door.

The Baron Herbert von Pell half sat upon the desk, after disposing of his hat and cane, swinging his left leg easily. He pushed the swivel chair which belonged to the desk to one side and then changed his position by dropping his left foot to the ground, thereby standing and appearing with what you might call a little more austerity of demeanor.

While the latest star of the Mail entered and disposed of himself in this way neither Mr. Wall nor I had uttered a word; not a word of inquiry or greeting. Following the cue of the wise old boss, I waited for the baron to speak. Of course, the whole thing had only taken a minute, and he spoke immediately.

"Good efening, gentlemen," the baron said agreeably. "I find you waiting for me with expectation."

For answer Mr. Wall tossed away the butt of his cigar and slowly blew the last of the smoke from beneath his grizzled mustache.

"Baron," he said curtly, "what have you done about the assignment I gave you last night? Where is Miss Mellish? Why haven't you brought her with you? I'm in a hurry. Get down to business, please."

"I shall do so at once," was the smiling answer. "And when I have finished I am sure, Mr. Wall, that you will agree that I have acted as only a gentleman could under the circumstances."

"Never mind the 'gentleman,'" was the acid retort. "Give us the facts."

Von Pell rested his right hand on the desk and waved his left as he bowed to the editor.

"At once," he said, "I will. It has been this way: I located, as you say, the home rented here by Mr. William Mellish, the father of Miss Nancy Mellish, by inquiries made, at your suggestion, through the University Club. I introduced myself to Mr. John Mellish. I talked with him about this case. I explained my mission. He introduced me to his father, Mr. William Mellish. He is one of your robust citizens, sir. I talked with him, also, about this case. Him, as well, I told of my assignment from the Mail. Being satisfied with me socially" he smoothed his slick hair with his left hand—"they invited me to dine with them to-night at six o'clock and there to meet Miss Nancy Mellish. They spoke about it at supper. Charming and unaffected people they all proved to be—father, son and daughter."

He drew a gold case from his vest pocket with his left hand, and opening it he took out a cigarette and lit it. He snapped the case shut and laid it on the desk beside him without inviting me to participate.

I looked at him directly, then, more in surprise than in anger, for I had been gazing at nothing in particular on the floor before that, and I noticed, with a kind of unthinking astonishment, that he was watching me with a furtive but cautious steadiness. My mind, as you know, moves without much speed, and so I merely looked him over slowly from head to foot by way of retort. It was during this inspection I observed that the waste-paper basket, which had been standing between the standards of the desk when the baron came in, had been mysteriously removed. But as Matthew still lolled against one of the jambs of the door with his back to the room and no one else had entered, I presumed that I had suffered an optical illusion and that there had been no basket there at all. I concluded that I thought it was there because it would be there in the usual matter of course. So my eyes roved upward again until they met the baron's.

"Go on," Mr. Wall grunted, for the baron had paused, either to watch me or to enjoy his cigarette.

"I will," he responded. "The rest of the story is brief; all too brief, I fear, for my friend, Mr. William McCarthy. This is it."

He paused, in a studied insolence, to puff at his cigarette and to irritate either me or the city editor.

"I dined, or supped, at six o'clock to-night with the Mellishes—Mr. William Mellish, Mr. John Mellish and Miss Nancy Mellish," he resumed, speaking very slowly, with a wait between each word, like a man who thinks in one language and translates it into another. "I told them of my position on the Mail. I told them about myself and my family. I explained my mission at length, and I said that you, Mr. Wall, were most anxious to—what you call—pull off this story to-night. I enlarged upon the beauty of this story from your point of view. I spoke about the abduction; of the quest for the hiding place of the kidnaped lady; of the discovery of the lady; of her rescue and restoration to the arms of her affianced husband, the distinguished Mr. William McCarthy, champion bronco buster of the world. I thought it my duty, as a gentleman, to refer lightly and merely in passing to the social difference between Mr. McCarthy and Miss Mellish. And do you know what they did, Mr. Wall? Do you know what they did, Mr. McCarthy? Can you guess?"

He dropped the stub of his cigarette at the last of these questions and placed his heel upon it, smiling at me as he did so.

I guessed that he meant there should be a kind of allegory, as you might say, in that action, and I allowed my eyes to rest slowly and consideringly upon the foot beneath which the cigarette lay crushed. At the same time I observed, without showing it in my immobile features, that the noose of Matthew's lariat had in some mysterious manner found its way underneath the desk and was now—so slowly that it was imperceptible—moving closer and closer to the white buck shoes of the Baron Herbert von Pell.

Yet when I raised my eyes again, gradually, to this highbred gentleman's bitterly smiling face, there stood Matthew, as before, lolling against the door jamb with his back to the room and to all appearances doing nothing but rolling and burning up what you might call contemplative coffin nails. A good man, Matthew; not exactly loquacious, but a good man.

"Go on," said the city editor once more. "Go on and get done, please."

"I will," the baron chuckled gently. "I will. I asked you both, gentlemen, what you thought my hosts did when I told them my story and explained my purpose. Well, I will tell you what they did. They laughed at me, or, to be exact, they laughed at my mission. They laughed at the Mail."

His eyes flashed, but never quitted watching me with fierce intentness. His voice rose a little; only a little. There was a new tone in it, though. It concluded with a note of a bugle call to battle.

"They laughed at the Mail," he repeated sneeringly. "They called it yellow. Miss Mellish said that she had seen the error of her ways. I commended her for that. I thought it proper to do so. And they laughed at something else," he snapped defiantly. "They even laughed at you, Mr. McCarthy."

The blood rang in my ears at that challenge. I moved forward a pace, making ready to spring at him. Instantly, quicker than I moved, his right hand slipped into his coat pocket and he called sharply, like a man giving quick orders in a battle, "Halt! You're covered! If you move I'll fire! And Matthew," he snarled, warning my buddy, "I can see you in a mirror on the wall in this room. If you turn about or move away I shall shoot your friend and I shall shoot to kill."

He had me stalled. That lump in his pocket pointed straight at my midriff. I guessed it to be a .38 automatic and I knew that he would use it.

The voice of the boss of the local room broke into the fray at that moment, but it wasn't of any use.

"Silence!" the baron flashed at him. "This man dies if he moves! No swine like him shall ever touch me and live." His eyes held mine as steady as steel.

"Stand back against that wall!" he ordered. "Right back! Stand against it! Don't move! If you move or if your friend Matthew moves I will shoot!"

I backed up against the wall. The small mirror was near my right shoulder. I was trying to breathe steadily, wondering all the time what would happen next.

The baron lifted his chin triumphantly. There was a light of victory, as well as watchfulness, in his eyes. He became more erect and soldierly. He moved forward slightly from the desk. I pivoted my eyes just a hairbreadth downward and saw that he was actually standing now within the loop of the lariat!

That slight step forward of Von Pell's had given my buddy his chance. A good man, Matthew; not exactly loquacious, but a good man.

To occupy my mind and still my heart, which was stampeding, so to speak, with words of admiration, and to stop myself from, at least, smiling I wetted my lips, as if about to expostulate.

I saw that my buddy was still lolling against the door jamb, silent and apparently obedient, as ordered by the baron. But I knew—what this foreign despot did not, having been taught the same by my experience in a few trifling arguments where every puncher had his gun out—that a man can't watch another very intently, as the baron was most intently watching me, and at the same time keep close tab on a second gentleman by means of a mirror. I guessed that Matthew was most slowly paying out the lariat backwards between his knees with cautious, unerring fingers and ducking just a little now and then, like a flash, to get the bearings of the white buckskin shoes he was angling for.

Unconscious of the doom that was being prepared for him, the baron spoke again, with a higher croak of hatred in his voice:

"You haf laughed at me sometimes, Mister Bill. Because you are a bigger man you haf laughed at me. Well, this efening I had the ineffable pleasure of listening to a pretty girl's merriment as she laughed at you."

That was too much. I couldn't stand it. Gun or no gun, I couldn't stand it. I couldn't even wait for Matthew. I didn't crouch to spring, but I felt the impulse to crouch and spring, and my enemy saw the impulse making my muscles quiver. I knew that, live or die, I couldn't stop myself.

"Halt!" his voice crackled. "Halt, or ——"

The lights in the room went out. Somehow Matthew had managed to snap the pearl cap of the electric switch in the door jamb. I slid to the right and collided with the chair on which Ezekiel Wall was still sitting. I expected to hear the bark of Van Pell's automatic and to feel the sting of its bullets.

I felt sure he would draw it and fan the wall against which he had pilloried me. But instead I heard, as the lights went out, a quick brutal kind of thud and an anguished groan as of a man in terrible pain and dismay, and at the same time in a most uncanny way the shrill, sibilant note of a human animal, blood hungry, whistling through his teeth. It was all happening together, so to speak, simultaneously and in a tremendous instant.

Then before I could even commence to think of the character of this change in the situation of all parties concerned, and while I was still quivering with my own passion and the burning strain of my own muscles, the light was snapped on again.

And there on the floor, roped and tied from shoulders to ankles, like any thrown-and-roped steer, white in the face, with the gray whiteness of packed snow, and not yet come back to consciousness, was the Baron Herbert von Pell.

And standing at the desk, smoking one of the baron's cigarettes and holding out the baron's gold cigarette case for me to help myself, was my buddy, Matthew Hale O'Leary.

My anger vanished instantly as a sense of contentment flowed into my heart.

"Matthew," I said, smiling into his old-mahogany countenance, "alone you done it."

"Pardners," said Matthew to me.

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

TONE

(Continued from Page 15)

reasoning faculty she drew no deductions from the newspapers. She was unaware of the revolution in social thought and moral attitudes as reflected in many British and some American novels of the decade and more just past; a tendency with which Goldie herself had been made acquainted by hotel acquaintances. Of the general new freedom in thought and talk mamma wouldn't even have heard. It was to be doubted that she had even seen modern dancing. It was, indeed, hard to perceive just what was to be done with parents. Even if you honestly wished to be frank with them you couldn't. Not possibly. They'd create issues, and stand on them, pat. They'd fight for a world that didn't exist any more—if it ever really had.

IV

IT WAS a nervously keen Goldie that met Mr. Graston in the spacious lounge of the hotel, strung high, a quick light in her eyes. She liked success; in a healthy enough way, worshiped it. She liked the big pretentious hotel; and above all liked meeting the particular man in the particular place. It was an experience that gratified her instinct for quality, for what she thought of as class. Here was her escape. It was a pleasure to walk coolly beside the distinguished Mr. Graston into the enormous dining room with its fat columns of yellow marble, its mahogany beams and gilded panels overhead, its little army of calmly superior waiters, its snowy linen and glittering silver and glass. And the music stirred her, a jazz orchestra that was not too roughly dissonant for the cultured North Shore; her slim shoulders moved just a little with the gay rhythm of it as she walked.

Mr. Graston was tall, grave, pleasantly thoughtful. He never indulged in what Goldie thought of as wise cracks, in which respect he stood superior to nearly every other man she met. It was easy to picture him at his desk in town giving thoughtful attention to each of the many important problems that passed his desk and arriving logically at decisions that would be final. Goldie enjoyed picturing that.

And he had the controlled voice and the soft Eastern *r*'s that she liked to hear and imitate. He was, in a word, a gentleman. By way of answering the inevitable question as to the nature of his interest in herself Goldie surmised that she amused him. He had a trick of studying her quizzically and then smiling about nothing in particular. She became aware of that not unkindly smile whenever her speech slipped back, as it did on occasions, into the slangily picturesque vernacular that had been her native tongue. Not that the age-old irritant of sex attraction wasn't there. It would be, of course; distinctly was. But in no uncouth aspect. He wouldn't be persistently trying to drive her up the shore to a road-house dinner. He seemed to have no thought of making her drink. He wasn't even subtly lacking in respect toward her and himself—for here they were, large as life, in the big dining room! Only so shrewdly realistic a girl as Goldie could know how rare such a man friend was in the current year of our Lord.

And the way he planned their dinner was wholly gratifying to her eager young spirit. It wasn't all steak and potatoes; it was a savory *petite marmite*, and roasted very young turkey with a vegetable, and heads of lettuce with Roquefort dressing, and an ice that wasn't stuffy, and a demitasse. Between courses they danced out on the central floor; and this was the realest pleasure of all. He danced well; was easy to follow.

Later they sat and talked. When he offered her a cigarette she shook her head. "On the wagon," she explained. "Let's me down too much for business."

She enjoyed making this point; noted the quiet approval in his eyes; studied him soberly while he lighted his own cigarette.

"How did you ever get into the insurance business?" he asked.

"Oh—the chance turned up. Before that"—she chuckled softly—"I sold tickets at the Parthenon Picture Palace. Out in front, in the booth on the sidewalk."

This clearly amused him. Or was it her own attitude toward her brief if spirited career?

"You've certainly moved up."

"Oh, yes. I like business."

"I can see that. You're just a kid, of course."

"Twenty."

"What a start!"

"I suppose that's so, one way of looking at it. But I've missed a lot—education and all."

"That's not bad so long as you know it."

"I ought to be reading things. How about history? Doesn't that help you to understand people?"

He inclined his head. "I'd be glad to send you some books. What you're after is background. Wells' Outline of History is good for general perspective. And it's just as well to read other sorts of things—even poetry."

Goldie nodded eagerly. "I wish you'd give me a list."

He caught her point, but said with not too heavy personal emphasis, "I would like to send you the Wells. May I?"

"Of course. It'll be awfully nice. I've been such an oil can about all this."

He looked away and smiled, and she found herself coloring slightly.

"What next?" he asked a moment later.

"Next?"

"In the business way. From ticket seller to successful insurance agent at twenty—you're hardly stopping there."

"No. But I've got a good deal to carry. And the next steps will take capital."

"A good deal to carry?"

"Oh, just family things. My poor old dad's about through."

"Are you the only child?"

"Heavens, no! That would be easy."

He smoked for a brief time, rather thoughtfully observing the dancers; then asked, "What next steps have you in mind?"

"Oh—daydreams. There's a good opportunity right here in Sunbury to-night. But I haven't the backing to take it on."

For a moment after she had said this Goldie's breath seemed to stop. She hadn't known a moment before that she was going to say it. She didn't know even now, just after it, that she was exhibiting in a small way the sort of imaginative business instinct that has built America. She was aware only of that sudden shortness of breath, and a fine wild thrill that was settling, as her breath returned, into a sense of power. For she had not only caught the interest of Walter B. Graston, she knew now with all her naturally cold and clear brain that she could hold that interest. The power was there, native, strong; the gift of perception, and the sort of quick constructive thinking that swept the exceptional man up into the seats of the mighty while all the others, the papas and Perces, toiled wretchedly in the shallows and miseries of life. And she wasn't a man; wasn't even twenty-one! Only one advantage was hers, that the present, so plainly, was the great age for girls.

She thought again of that dimpled picture beauty and her eight thousand a week. Yes, it was the great age.

"What is the opportunity?"

"Oh—queer thing. The manager of the Parthenon skipped yesterday with the ticket girl, Abe Zorkin. He took all the loose money with him." She felt like a hunter who faces his first big game and knows he can shoot. "There's more money to be made out of the Parthenon than Abe ever saw."

"How?"

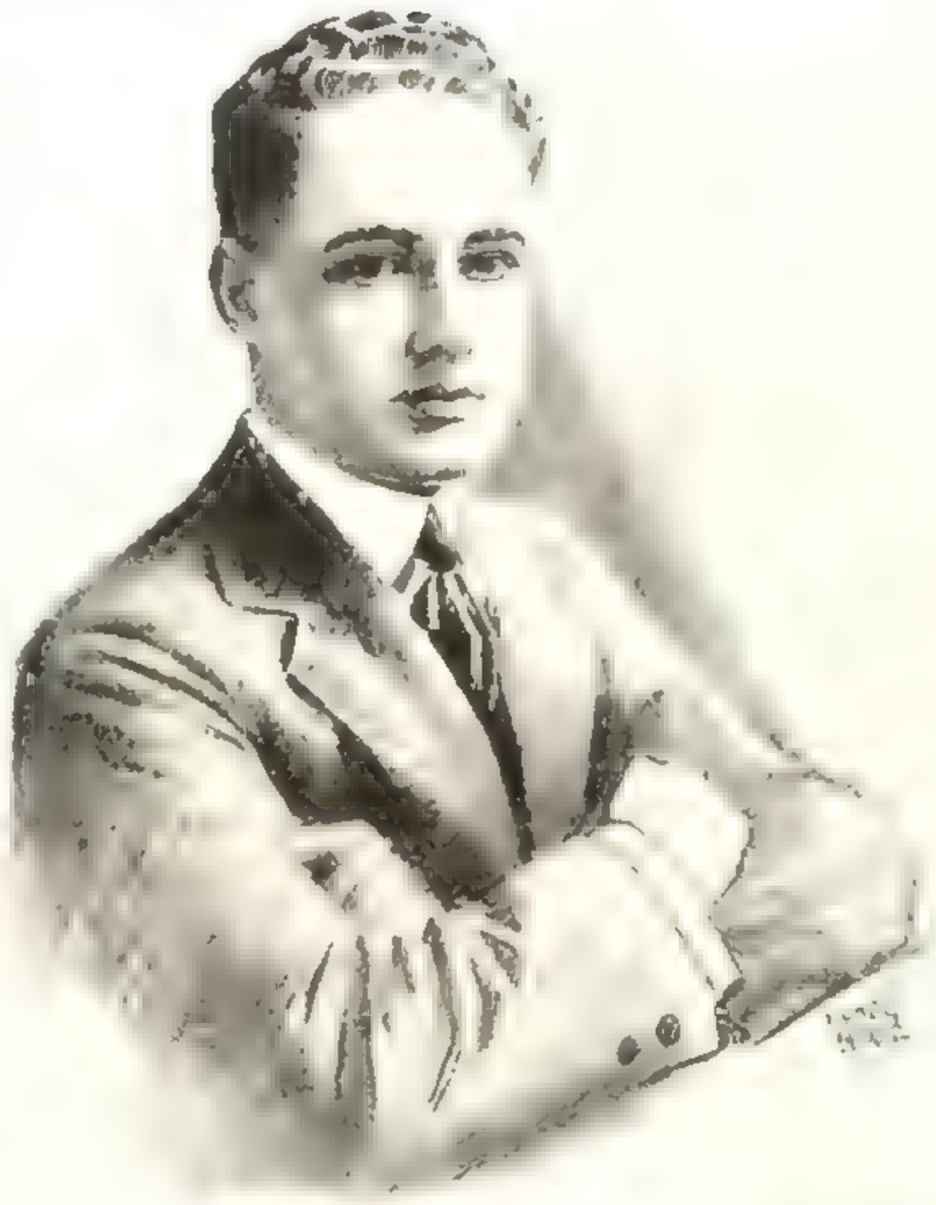
"By understanding the North Shore."

"His policy was wrong then?"

"He never had any. Just played sensations, like most of the city houses. There were always parents complaining about what their children saw there. And Abe would palaver, and change just a little. He never understood it. You see"—her color was rising again, but her eyes were steady—"there's a big population here on the North Shore."

"Of course."

"And it's all suburban. Women and children and husbands. Mostly nice people. Quiet. They like decent things—educational and travel pictures and fresh ideas, along with the dramas. And they like good music. The Parthenon stands right in the center of it, on the car tracks. And it's so big that anybody'd hesitate to sink capital in a rival house very near it. That's the important thing about a picture house, you know; it must be big enough



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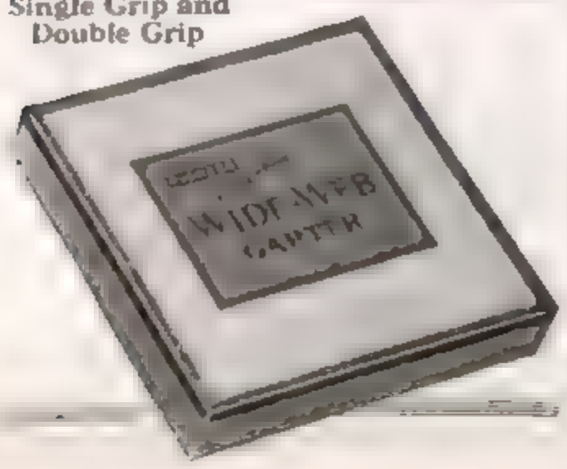

to take care of the people, or someone else'll come in and grab the business."

"Yes, yes; I see."

"If I had the capital I'd go after the Parthenon right now, while they're mixed up over Abe's troubles. It's two years since they've played to capacity. Some sort of a deal could be made. And I'd fit over the front just a little—make it pleasanter, with rest rooms and places to write letters, and put in a good orchestra. And then I'd never show a foot of film that wasn't clean and interesting. Cut out that sensational stuff and the wise-crack paragraphs Abe was forever running. And I'd go right to the churches and the Y. M. C. A. and all the nice people in town. Interest 'em. Ask for suggestions and criticisms. Make 'em feel they were running it."

She had to stop here. A cool little voice in the back of her brain told her that it was all said.

He laid his cigarette down on his plate, regarded it thoughtfully.

"I suppose," he remarked, "it is really a special audience here along the North Shore. Mentally above the average." He considered this; added casually, "I've thought some of playing a little with motion pictures if I could see a way in." She was breathless again. And then he said, "Shall we dance?"

She soberly inclined her head. And as they moved rhythmically about the crowded floor she wondered, nearly breathless again, whence had come that clear plan. She could even hear her own voice, setting it methodically enough before him, quite as if she had been considering the business for weeks instead of never at all. She had said things she wasn't aware of knowing. They were dancing even more smoothly together. She knew that he felt it too. Without a word they floated about the floor, her slightly flushed cheek against his shoulder, moving intuitively as one.

Back at the table they were silent for a little time. His brows had drawn together. She relaxed in her chair and watched the orchestra. The traps man was indulging in a bit of comedy with his sliding whistle. She smiled idly.

Then she became aware that he was leaning over the table, still frowning, all sober man of business; and promptly gave him her full attention.

"I'm going to ask you some pretty plain questions," he said.

She liked that. And she liked the way his eyes seemed to be boring into her brain and character—as if it were really man to man.

"Suppose I were to get together the capital for you to take this Parthenon over—do you think you would be equal to it?"

Goldie suppressed an impulse to answer "Absotively!" in the old flippant way. She was rising swiftly to his mental level. She replied simply, "I think I would."

"It's out of the common. You're very young, and you're a pretty girl. Just how fond are you of a good time?"

"Not too fond, I think."

"I want the precise facts. How sure are you of your emotions."

"Pretty sure." This was soberly said.

"Are you in any emotional mix-ups now? There must be men after you all the time."

"Yes, but I'm clear of 'em. There was one affair—it had me scared for a little while—but I got clear of it."

"How?"

"Oh, the family responsibilities caught me up, and then I came to my senses. It was a married man."

"You understand the importance of all this. If I ——"

She nodded. "You want to know if I mean business. Well, I do."

"You know the dangers, once you take on serious financial responsibility?"

"I know everything."

"How about your insurance business, here at the hotel?"

"I would put someone else on the desk, but keep my hand on it."

"How would you organize the theater management?"

"I'd put my brother in charge. He's had experience now as an accountant and as a salesman. He's honest. And they know him here in town. And I'd give my own time to choosing the programs and watching the publicity and seeing that it was pleasant for the women and children."

"Your brother's not younger than you?"

"No; older."

Mr. Graston fell silent; drew parallelograms and triangles with a fork. The veins stood out on his finely modeled forehead, with a somewhat heightened color there. She felt him now, vividly, as a man of thinking power; a man who would be sternly impersonal in money matters and who yet had a growing faith in herself. And she felt—really, suddenly, knew—something else: that he was not, as we say, in love with her; was actually headed in just the opposite direction. Were this groping thought that now stirred between their minds to grow into a serious business relationship they would meet less often for dinners and dances—or at least more casually. There would be an ever-dominant sense of fact, no glamour.

And this thought brought the deepest thrill of the evening. There would always be emotional problems, of course; at least, they would be arising at times; but she knew now that she had hardly even begun to use the ability that through some curious chance was hers. Emotional entanglements pulled you down, demoralized you. And she certainly didn't want to marry. Not in this phase of her life. Keeping busy was the way out of all that; employing her young faculties to the full. The matter of escaping, again. Keeping a healthy equilibrium. All this she sensed clearly, if in terms of a more limited vocabulary.

Mr. Graston spoke now; crisply, with impressively controlled force.

"Meet me here to-morrow evening at the same hour." It was a command. "During the day I'll look into this Zorkin mess and find out what the situation is in the Parthenon company. I'm going to look you up as well. It will be a matter of acting promptly or not at all. I'll say now I like your ideas. We may be able to work something out. There's the question of what you'd want out of it."

"I'd rather have a small salary and a little chance at the profits," said she. "And I think my brother would feel the same."

He liked this.

"I'll get a taxi and run you home," he said. "By the way, I'd like to see your brother, too, to-morrow evening. Ask him to drop in after dinner—at the hotel here."

"All right." She had quite caught his crisp manner. "And I'll ask the bank if I can refer to them. Sunbury National. And my brother is with Vorse-Hibbard, in town."

At the gate he remarked, somewhat distrait, "I'll send you the Wells. Good night. See you to-morrow evening."

Goldie had been only a moment in her room when mamma opened the door. She was holding her old blue wrapper about her. Her face was mournfully, heavily sad—a hurt face.

And she asked in an ominous voice, "Have you nothing to say to me?"

Goldie's excited thoughts seemed to scurry wildly hither and yon. Outstanding among them was the fact that such a relationship as she appeared to be rushing into with Walter B. Graston could never conceivably be explained to mamma. A relationship that had begun in a human enough way between them, was developing now into pure business, with inevitable human reservations, and might, for all one knew, end in friendship. The mere thought of all this was finely stirring. But mamma, of course, could see only —— How on earth could you make her understand that if a man and a woman nowadays wish to make love they are likely to say so frankly? Such a thought would shock mamma into a state of nerves. Or that if they don't wish, they have innumerable other planes of meeting.

To Goldie, indeed, in her present nervously exalted state, the pruriency of that older generation seemed hideously vulgar. She resented it and its implications; could have cried out hotly against the very expression on mamma's face.

But an able business executive must at all times, whatever the complications, keep her head. She couldn't look Walter B. Graston honestly in the eyes to-morrow evening were she to lose hers now. She was silent.

"How often are you planning to meet this man?" The question was grim. "In hotels."

"Pretty often, I'm afraid, mamma."

"You've made another appointment with him?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"To-morrow night."

"For dinner?"

"Yes."

"And you dance with him, I suppose."

"Yes, we danced some this evening."

"Have you thought of having him call here—at your home?"

Goldie was gravely still. She hadn't thought of that. This thing was growing more serious every minute.

"Have you so much as mentioned your mother to this man who is so interested in you that he must see you every evening?"

Mamma was getting rhetorical. Her voice was rising slightly in pitch.

"Oh, mamma, he knows I live at home."

"Perhaps you're ashamed of your parents."

"Oh, mamma, please!"

"Well, what is it, then? You're willing to live here in your father's house, and mine. You're willing enough to accept all that we've done for you—the devotion, the anxious years, the ——"

"Please! Please!"

"It's probably time we were forgotten now—your own father and mother. We don't matter now. You can make your own rich friends. You can do as you like. And if you're ashamed of your own father and mother ——"

"I'm sorry, mamma. I can't listen to this any longer."

It would have gone on for hours. But somehow, as patiently as she could manage—sensitively aware that no controversy with mamma was ever closed—she got her out of her room and closed and locked the door.

She sat for a time limply by the window in her armless yellow rocker. The winter night was coldly, beautifully still.

Come to think of it, anybody who contrived to climb upward in this curious struggle of life had to climb out of something. And doubtless that something always dragged about his feet. At first anyway.

v

SHE was nearly dressed in the morning when P. Heigham tapped at her door. He slipped within and pushed the door softly to behind him. He looked rather unhappy.

"Did you and mom have a row last night?" he asked in a voice that was near a whisper.

"I wouldn't call it a row. She was a little stirred up over my being out with Mr. Graston." And Goldie added this sapient observation, "She wants to meet him herself." She waited then, a very little on the defensive, to catch P. Heigham's overnight attitude.

But he at the moment was thinking of something other than saving her.

"She's awfully excited, Goldie. She must have talked nearly all night to poor pop. I woke up two or three times and heard her voice going on. Gets awfully on your nerves. And it bothers me—she hasn't done it so much lately, you know. And she got up early and dressed. She's down in the dining room now. Pop's all in. Mom says she has to catch the 8:26."

"What's she going in town for again to-day?"

"I was wondering if you knew."

Goldie slowly shook her head.

"And she wants to know why you don't come down. Wants to speak to you before she goes."

Goldie murmured "All right" to this as she fastened on her brooch. She was dressing with a little more care than usual. She added, "I'm having dinner with Mr. Graston again to-night. And I won't be home before."

She turned now and quietly faced her brother. "And, Perce, I want you to look us up in the main dining room about nine o'clock. I put a business proposition up to Mr. Graston last night. He's interested. We'll probably settle it one way or the other to-night. And if I go into it you've got to come too."

It gave her a fresh sense of power as she quietly watched him, to observe that he felt her honesty. His nervous frown relaxed somewhat.

"Me? How?"

"You'd have to leave Vorse-Hibbard. But you'd lose nothing in salary. And you'd have a chance to help build up real profits."

P. Heigham's little jaw sagged.

"Wh-wh-what?" He couldn't phrase the question.

(Continued on Page 44)

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(Continued from Page 42)

"I may take over the Parthenon Theater. With real backing. You'd be manager. We'd better go down now. I'll tell you—drop into the hotel when you come out from town this afternoon, and I'll tell you all about it. And listen! Did you speak to pop about getting a new suit?"

"Yes. I told him to do it to-day. He's almost out at the elbows. And terribly shiny."

"I know."

"I suggested blue serge. It's neatest in the long run, if he's careful about spots. He said he might see about it to-day. He's going in too."

Goldie was back at her mirrors, but turned quickly at this.

"Are they going in together?"

"No. Papa said he had to wait and go to the bank out here. But mamma's planning to meet him for lunch at Field's."

Goldie compressed her lips. But she merely said, "You'd better go down. Mamma mustn't know we're talking things over."

A moment later when she ran lightly down the stairs she found planted before her, squarely, on the little worn hall rug, a solid but injured-looking mamma, dressed as on the preceding day, in the tight-fitting gray suit and turban.

"Just where," she began querulously, with the manner of one who resumes an important conversation after the briefest of interruptions—"just where are you meeting this Mr. Graston to-night?"

"At the Beach Hotel," Goldie replied.

"I didn't know but what it might be at one of the questionable road houses I understand you're in the habit of frequenting."

With which parting shot mamma went out into the wintry morning and slammed the door behind her.

Goldie stared after, then turned inquiringly toward P. Heigham, who was emerging unhappily from the dining room. Beyond she could see papa in his place at the table, head on hand, staring down at the morning paper.

"You heard that?" she asked, drawing her brother into the parlor doorway.

He inclined his head.

"Where did she get that about road houses?"

"Well—I'm afraid it's my fault in a way. She pitched right into me, asked me point-blank where you were in the habit of going all these evenings you go out."

"Not so loud, Perce!"

"And whether you ride in automobiles with older men and go to road houses for dinner and all that; and I ——"

Goldie was thinking intently. It was true enough; she had run with her generation since she was sixteen; knew her way everywhere.

"Of course, I did see you once in an Italian place in town with a fellow, and I—well, you know, Goldie, I have worried about you a good deal myself. I've only wanted to protect you, you know. As your brother. I've seen enough to know it's a wicked world. Keeping straight isn't easy for the strongest of us. Of course, I suppose I've sown some wild oats myself, but ——"

"You'll miss your train," said she.

"I've decided to. Take the next one. I—I just can't talk with mamma now. She's so terribly stirred up."

Goldie went into the dining room then, spoke through the kitchen door to Sophie, the Hungarian cook, and took her place at the table. To papa, when he looked wearily up, she smiled brightly.

VI

ON HER way across town she stopped in at the bank and spoke to Mr. Weston, the president. He was an old gentleman, very dignified. She had been in the past rather casually and vaguely afraid of him; had assumed, though without formulating the feeling into thought, that he would not approve of her. But she was thinking definitely now, and not without concern, that he must approve of her.

She sat beside his desk and told him without reservation of her talk with Mr. Graston, winding up with, "I've referred him to you, Mr. Weston. I don't know how strong a recommendation you can give me. I'm only a small depositor here. And my insurance business is growing."

Mr. Weston asked a few questions; impersonally kind. Then this: "It would be something of an undertaking to build up a new clientele at the Parthenon. Are you sure you would be equal to it?"

She hardly knew that she was meeting his gaze with an impressively straightforward gravity as she replied, all naïve honesty, "Yes, Mr. Weston, I am."

His only response to this was a reflective "H'm!" That seemed to be all. She went on to the hotel.

She found a degree of sanctuary here. The spacious lounge, with its chintzes and its glass-topped tables, the neat cigar counter, the news stand that was gayly red and yellow and green with magazines and book jackets, the air of calm system about the clerk's desk, in general the busy hum of the skillfully organized hostelry renewed in her spirit, a little frayed by the atmosphere of demoralization at home, the stirring sense of being a unit in an industrious and orderly world. It was the escape again.

Her thoughts all day were alertly afield. She wondered what mamma was up to, and why papa had gone in town too. And her mind played tricks on her. She dwelt surprisingly on battles in the war. The historic struggle at the Marne had caught her young imagination. She was thirteen then, but she read every word in the newspapers during those tragically dramatic days. She had even marked a map from day to day, in pencil. The picture that memory brought up was of endless lines of men locked in personal combat, swaying now forward, now back. She had seen a street fight during one of the big strikes in town, and imagined the war as something like that. She saw herself in a battle. Before midnight it would be over; she would have won or lost.

She had a chat with May Wilson in the early afternoon over the news stand. Idly turning the pages of a magazine she came upon a photogravure of Mr. Hoover. She bought the magazine, took it across to her desk and in some sense of secrecy cut out the portrait and laid it away in the top drawer. The Belgian relief movement had appealed to her. She had repeatedly bought her share of red crosses in the drives, and had given old clothes she could ill spare. And once she had read of Mr. Hoover's skill in negotiating from month to month and year to year between the warring countries. What engaged her imagination now was the thought of the appalling differences he must have had to reconcile, the savage hostility, the atmospheres of hospital trains and starving countrysides and death so widespread as to be commonplace. It was odd, too, that her mood should sink back through the gay, wild years since the war, that had seemed to be the really counting years in her own breezy life. What was the matter with her, anyway? Her nerves were on edge. Perhaps it was just the waiting. If only Mr. Graston would appear it would help; but he didn't appear, didn't even call up. Apparently he was in the city all day. Of course she had never tried before to swing anything so big—a hundredth part so big. She could do it all right, given the capital, but ——

Twenty times that afternoon she opened the top drawer and stared at the rather cold face there. He had kept his head. She hung on tight to Mr. Hoover.

P. Heigham came in at 5:40. If he had looked unhappy in the morning he was haggard now; forlorn and whispery.

"I went to Field's this noon," he explained. "Stumbled right over them, behind a pillar. Papa must have been objecting a little, for I heard mamma say—I distinctly heard it—'Are you trying to tell me that I shouldn't even make an effort to save my own daughter, the child of my body?'"

Goldie sat motionless in her swivel chair. P. Heigham, thinking her calm, pressed on with his narrative.

"She had two big boxes there. She'd leaned 'em against the table. I'm afraid they were tailor's boxes. Something of that sort."

"Oh!" said Goldie; and then was still again.

"She came out on the 2:10. Said she had a lot of work to do at home. I had a little talk with papa then. I naturally asked him if he was getting the serge suit, and he—well, he ——"

"Well—what?"

"Goldie, he said he'd been thinking it over and the old suit wasn't so bad; he could have it sponged up and mended a little."

"He said that?"

"Listen! And then he said that mamma was really so much worse off for clothes than he was. Oh, Goldie, I got a clearer idea than I've ever had before of what his life's been all these years! Poor old pop! Mamma isn't bad-hearted, you know, but she never had any idea of what money really means, and ——"

"Let's not go into all that now, Perce," said she, glancing about the lounge.

"The trouble is, she's waked up so, all of a sudden. And she found out about this money in the bank. That was all she needed to know. She's not in a reasonable mood, you know. Distinctly unreasonable. And down on you, for fair. She's on the warpath, I tell you. She's been quiet so long, I didn't dream ——"

Goldie had opened the top drawer of her desk and was peering at something in there. Now, sharply, she closed it.

"Listen, Perce!" she broke in. "I want to tell you the rest of this proposition. There isn't much time. It'll probably be settled within the next hour or two. Mr. Graston isn't a man to dawdle over a decision."

Directly, clearly, she outlined her plan. It was faintly stirring to discover that it had grown during the day. She began to feel, as she knew she sounded, convincing.

P. Heigham seemed to rise a little out of his bewilderment as he listened.

Finally he said almost brightly, "I'll run home now for supper. But I'll come right back as soon as I can change my suit. Any time you want me I'll be somewhere here in the lounge."

She saw him already in her mind's eye, a nervous little young man, sitting conspicuously and a thought uncomfortably in his best clothes, pretending to read the evening paper and watching that wide doorway into the enormous dining room like a frightened cat.

Still Perce was right enough; accurate with figures, doggedly faithful, and with a strain of honest moral character. His few humorless departures from that fine line of character had only served to bring it out the more clearly.

It was there. So she nodded brightly after him as he hurried away; and then stared hard at Mr. Hoover.

VII

MR. GRASTON was grave to the border of sternness. But so was she. And he ordered dinner almost carelessly. The atmosphere of it—the sense of a mind grasping and holding to a serious problem—comforted her, enveloped her, was plainly her sort of thing by right, was what she temperamentally came home to.

And he didn't suggest dancing between courses; apparently didn't even think of it. That was healthy.

One thing he said—"I didn't tell you last night that I am general counsel to the Vorse-Hibbard Company. I spoke to Mr. Watson Hibbard about your brother. And I found that Mr. Hibbard knows you. He seems to have faith in you."

"I insured his touring car," said she.

"Yes, I know." He was studying her even more intently than on the preceding evening. "And they seem to respect your sincerity at the bank out here."

Goldie received all this with an unmoved countenance. She felt equal to anything. She could have walked into the biggest bank in New York and asked for a loan.

"I've made such inquiries as I could regarding conditions in the picture business. Your view of what might be done out here on the North Shore is supported by the men I've talked with. You understand, of course, that it's quite impossible to canvass a complicated business situation and do it thoroughly, within twenty-four hours."

"Of course."

"If I go into this it will have to be frankly as a flyer. And I could give very little time to it myself. I should be gambling on my estimate of you—your character and your judgment. You see all that."

She inclined her head and said, "But I'd need every suggestion you could give me."

"I've bought an option on the theater, running for the rest of this week. But I don't know that I need wait. Suppose I were to say now that ——"

Goldie's eyes, that had been bent full on him, wavered away and rested on something beyond. Her lips parted and a breathless little exclamation escaped them. He turned his head

One of the superior persons known among the dining-room force as a captain was bearing down on them, followed by a woman with eyes that popped somewhat and wide lips and a triple chin and a small mouth that drooped at the corners, who seemed to be bursting out of an overdecorated pink satin dress; and, behind her—lagging behind—by a thin, stooping man with graying burnsides, who wore a baggy old ready-made suit that was shiny even in front, and a four-in-hand tie that was wrinkled into a dull red rope over his striped shirt front. And far back of them, in the wide doorway, stood an anxiously hovering P. Heigham.

Mamma was sailing down the room, like an old-line frigate with all sail set and paint glistening and a cheerful froth of white under her bows. Her simple and ungoverned nature had risen buoyantly with the new dress and was now expanding to fill the showy setting provided by the hotel. Many years had passed since she had known any pleasures other than indolently relaxing at home, munching candies and running into the city occasionally for a matinée or a ride over to Field's. On few occasions before had she entered one of these modern hotels, and never in what she felt to be the proper clothes.

Goldie looked away, stared straight at one of the fat yellow columns, saw Mr. Hoover's face thinly there and clung to it with all her spirit. What—what—would Mr. Hoover do in such a painful situation!

One thing was certain—he would be calm. And surely he would be equal to it.

It was, of course, the crisis. On this moment hung, it might easily be, the immediate fate of—so she mentally phrased it—the whole damn family!

Mamma stood over them now; assertive, expansive, authoritative, and—this was the appalling part of it!—more than a trifle playful.

"So here you are, young lady!" she cried; adding with a facetious note in her voice, and aiming plainly enough at Mr. Graston, "When the cat's away, you know!"

Mr. Graston rose and was introduced by an almost wordless Goldie who had gone white about the corners of her mouth.

"Won't you join us?" said he gravely.

"Well, really"—mamma—"we wouldn't think of crowding you."

Mr. Graston spoke briefly to the captain, who looked about for a larger table. And mamma smiled indulgently on her pretty daughter.

Goldie stood motionless. There was a grotesquely impossible quality in the situation. Mr. Graston might well withdraw in disgust from such intrusive vulgarity.

Already mamma was saying, "It's a great pleasure to meet you, Mr. Graston. I've seen so much about you in the papers. I'm sure it's more than kind of you to be so nice to our little Goldie."

And the position it put him in; descended upon by the family! The thing simply couldn't go on. Once settled at the larger table, mamma would expand all over it. No word of talk above her own ignorantly personal level would be allowed. Her tongue would clatter excitedly. She would dominate, pervade, destroy. Her voice had taken on an unnatural pitch. People were looking up from near-by tables.

Goldie was caught unaware by a sudden moisture in her eyes; winked it back; clung, in what was just then despair, to Mr. Hoover. She felt trapped, humiliated. They were going, then, after all, to drag her down. They were, after all, her proper level. Perce should have stopped them in the lounge. He should never have permitted them to pass that door. He should, somehow, have risen to it.

But a not uninteresting fact regarding Goldie has to be recorded here. She could live out no intense experience without change, without reaching a result that was growth. And now, still holding to that picture in her brain of a man who had solved, for a time, the insoluble, she came squarely, almost with a click, on what was

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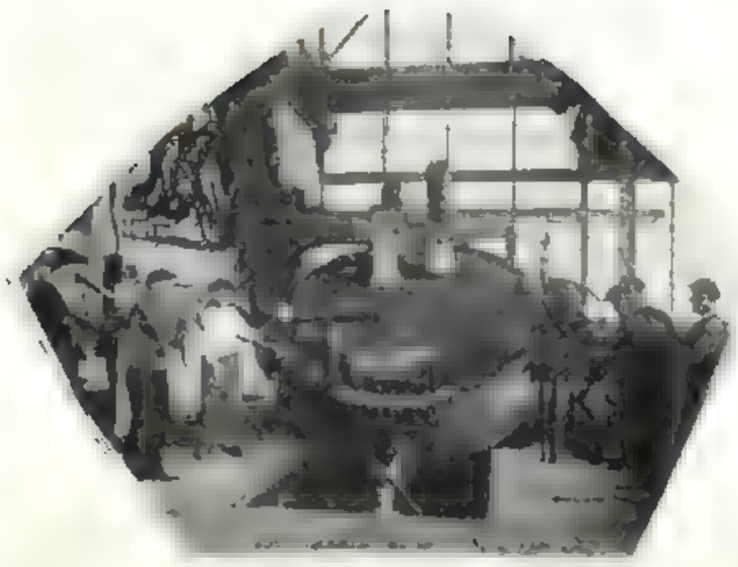

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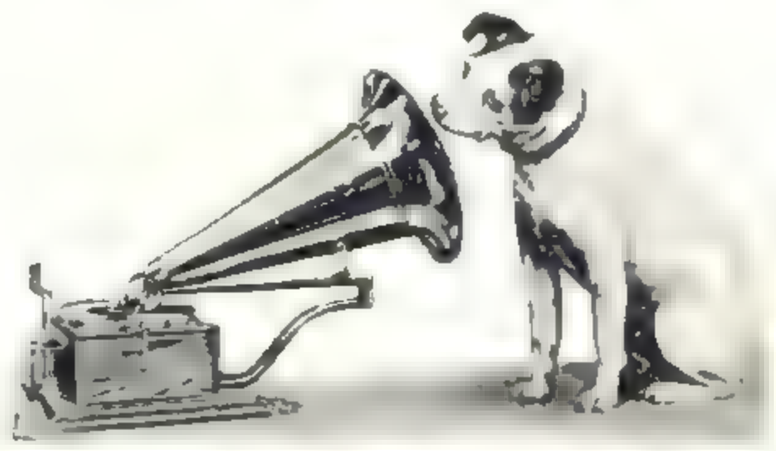

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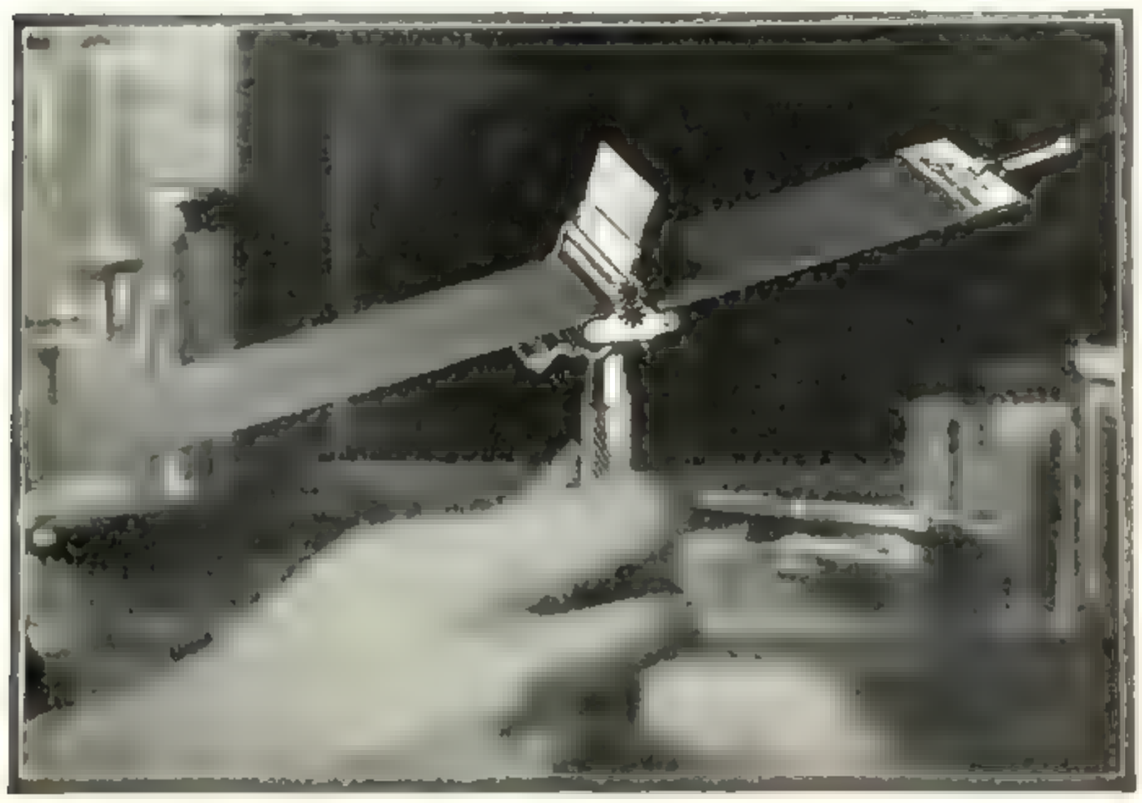

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(Continued from Page 44)

by the law of her nature an inevitable result of the stirring twenty-four hours just gone. She changed. Quite abruptly she didn't care what this Mr. Graston might think of her family; for life wasn't just the one little battle. She forgot even Mr. Hoover. Mamma had snatched the situation from her control. It must be taken back—strongly, solidly. It must be a new epoch in the obscure history of the Green family, beginning now.

This was a decision. And out of it flowered new states of mind. She saw her mother as a pathetic creature; quite as pathetic, when you considered, as papa. Neither had been born right or trained right. They were inadequate. Mamma hadn't even had the discipline that was keeping poor old pop self-consciously quiet at the moment. For the first time since her childhood Goldie was moved by an impulse toward her mother that was tenderness. This because she was excited and because she was strong. If the time had come to take frank leadership within the family the time had come to be kind.

She rested a light hand on Mrs. Green's plump arm.

"Mamma," she said with a note of gentle consideration in her voice that had never been heard there before, yet that, for all the surprise of it to herself, she was saved by her vigorous forthright quality from being shamefaced over, "Mr. Graston and I have a business matter to settle. Perce is going to join us in a few minutes. So you and papa—if you don't mind—just sit down by yourselves for a little while. Go ahead and order dinner. I'll join you later, and I'm sure we'd be glad to have Mr. Graston, too, if he has time."

Her sense of command, if quiet, was complete; quite as if they always dined at the Beach. Mr. Graston felt it.

Mamma yielded to it and was led away, saying, amiably helpless, "Do come and sit with us, Mr. Graston. It is such a pleasure to us to know Goldie's friends."

He and she resumed their seats. He lighted a cigarette. She settled back and listened to the orchestra. He had his chance now to appraise her. Well, let him. If the prospect of that rather sorry family camping at his heels, of mamma insistently making personal ground with him at each little opportunity, was too much for his nerves, let him say so. On the other hand, if he wanted her to go ahead with the Parthenon, let him say that. She'd run it.

He spoke at last, resumed in a voice that was just a thought more repressed than it would have been if mamma hadn't swooped at them, "Suppose I were to say now that I'm willing to gamble on the Parthenon if you'll undertake the management."

The battle was over. It was as simple as that. Just a matter of the right tone.

But suddenly she knew that all of living was only that—decision and tone. Given those qualities, she herself could bring a German governor-general to terms. Before them even a belligerent mamma was docile. Goldie's spirit had crossed a line.

"All right," she replied with a sober little nod, "I'll tackle it." And then she beckoned to the hovering P. Heigham.

VIII

THEY sat about the larger table—mamma, papa, Perce and Goldie. Mr. Graston had paid his visit of courtesy and gone.

Mamma, feeling at one with the aggressively wealthy motor parties that crowded the vast room, and becoming aware of the yellow marble and the mahogany and gilt, had arrived at a Nirvana of well-fed peace of mind. She had lived, this crowded day, through months of normal emotion. She would have a sick headache on the morrow, but to-night was paradise. Her motive in coming at all, or what she had supposed was her motive, was wholly forgotten now. But, if tired, she still could chirp up.

"We must do this oftener," she said complacently. "Come out among the bright lights. Sometimes I think we all get rusty staying around home so much."

P. Heigham glanced nervously up from the check he was adding, hoping against hope that the enormous sum at the foot was an error.

Goldie, sensitively responsive to each subtle cross current, opened her bag in her lap and passed a bank note under the table to her perspiring brother.

Papa covered a yawn and looked quickly about with a touch of self-consciousness. Mamma was tapping out the fox trot of the moment with a fat forefinger. In her complacency the intimate dancing disturbed her not at all, if she saw it at all as other than a gayety that was vaguely pleasing to the senses.

"It's like the old days," she remarked breezily to papa, "when you used to take me in to Kinsley's restaurant."

On the way out of the dining room papa fell in at Goldie's side. She sensed now that he was wretchedly unhappy.

"Your mother wanted me to wear my full-dress suit," he whispered huskily, "but we found the moths had got into it. Eaten holes right in the front. On the left side. And a hole in the right arm."

Out on the street she replied with this: "I've been thinking this over, papa. We can't let mamma run away with things like this."

"Of course, I realize, my dear ——"

"I know. You couldn't very well stop her when she had the bit in her teeth like that. It would have meant an awful quarrel."

"Your mother can be difficult, dear. I—I had very little sleep last night."

"I know. So I'm going to have Perce handle the household accounts. Then mamma can't keep deviling you. And you're going in to-morrow and get that serge suit. With Perce." She still had a little in her savings account. It had to go. But she didn't care.

He was silent for a time. Their shoes crunched rhythmically on the hard-packed snow. Through the bare branches of the maples, interlacing overhead, the stars were coldly bright.

"I don't want you to feel, dear, that your mother doesn't appreciate all your ——"

He choked a little; stopped; began again.

"This is a wonderful opportunity that has come to you. Mr. Graston does things in a large way. His confidence in you will mean —— Of course, it is distressing to me that I haven't been able to ——"

That was all he seemed able to get out.

Goldie, a tightening in her own throat, and glad that the night concealed the shine in her eyes, impulsively slipped her arm into his.

"We're going to move cautiously, of course," she said in a warm little rush of words, "but I'll tell you right now I shan't be happy until we have a little place of our own with another car and a garden you can fuss in and—everything."

He was silent, staring straight before him at the widely striding figure of his wife. He couldn't see so far ahead as Goldie's enthusiastic thoughts were racing. The good will of this exuberantly pretty child was all, or about all, that the family could hang to. It seemed to him a slender reed. There would be the problem of marriage, for instance. It would arise. And the temptations of success. The life of an eager, attractive girl is such a delicate business of balance and luck. She would be twenty-five years older before she could understand how clearly he perceived all that. He couldn't, indeed, understand her development at all. He couldn't quite believe. His eyes were wet too.

Mamma had no personal word until the morning. Then the old familiar call of "Gol-die!" arrested the girl as she was descending the stairway.

Mamma was propped up in bed with a tray on her knees. There was a wet cloth across her forehead and a camphor smell in the air. Her mouth drooped plaintively.

"I wouldn't have you think," she began, "that I don't appreciate all you're ——"

Goldie went right over and stopped her with a kiss. It was not a filial kiss, but such as she would have given a child. The impulse was honest, however; born perhaps of this stirring new feeling for order, harmony, constructive coöperation. It was done just as Mr. Hoover might have done it. It was the new tone. Mamma had surrendered. She had beaten her easily, all in a moment, by simply taking the right turning. And because she was now so strong Goldie patted her mother's cheek before she laughed and ran away down the stairs.

And on the way down she decided to install uniformed girl ushers. Pretty girls. And drill them. Teach them to be snappy and courteous. Make them smile. Watch them every minute. Why not make it a competition, with a weekly prize—in cash—for all-round efficiency and charm? It must always be a pleasure to step into the Parthenon.

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AN EXILE'S VIEW OF HIS COUNTRY'S FATE

(Continued from Page 19)

future progress of Russia on the lines of peaceful, gradual development.

Yet it was at that very time when, elated with the consciousness of having been reborn to a new life, the nation was confidently looking forward to a brighter future—it was at that very time that the hydra of the revolution was beginning to raise its sinister heads, necessitating the resort to means of repression which, alas, proved as ineffective as they seemed out of harmony with the liberal tendencies of the early days of the reign. A series of dastardly terroristic crimes, organized by the socialist-revolutionary party, culminated in the cowardly assassination of the liberator of his people by one of its deluded sons on the very day when he had put his name to a manifesto meant to open the door to the introduction and gradual development of a constitutional régime.

The Czar Liberator had paid with his life for his devotion to the cause of his people, and the time was to come—I blush to relate it—when his statue, erected in the main square of Helsingfors, Finland's capital, by a grateful country in commemoration of the restoration by him of its ancient constitution, had to be defended by the Finnish people against destruction at the hands of ignorant Russian sailors and soldiers, maddened by the traitorous teachings of the revolutionary destroyers of their own country.

Under the short reign of Alexander III, and under his firm rule, Russia enjoyed a breathing spell during which the revolutionary parties, driven to cover by the government's energetic measures of repression, were continuing in the dark their treacherous work of undermining the edifice of the state and preparing the destruction of their own country and the ruin of their own people, on the plea of pursuing their so-called ideal, a mere patchwork of ill-digested ideas preached by Western philosophers, sociologists and impracticable dreamers, or inspired by scheming, self-seeking politicians, or insidiously suggested by alien enemies of the Imperial Government interested in its downfall and ruin.

Russia's First Parliament

When, after the untimely end of Alexander III, the scepter had passed into weaker hands, a renewal of the activity of the revolutionary parties began to make itself felt. It was at first to some extent favored by the bourgeois classes as a potential auxiliary in their struggle for constitutional government. The constitution was at last granted by Emperor Nicholas upon the advice of Count Witte, given in the unquestionably sincere conviction that this was the only means of securing to the government the support of the educated classes against the onslaught of the revolution. But, when appointed Prime Minister and invested by the Emperor with the right to form a cabinet of his own choice, Count Witte found it impossible to obtain the coöperation of the leaders of the bourgeois parties, none of them being willing to join his cabinet, presumably, as rumor had it, on account of lack of confidence in him. Whatever may have been their personal estimate of Count Witte's character, by this refusal to coöperate in the organization of the first constitutional government in Russia they certainly displayed an utter absence of political sense and a deplorable ineptitude as party leaders. Moreover, by their failure to give him their hoped-for support they caused the loss by him of the Sovereign's confidence and compelled the resignation of the statesman who had had the insight and the courage to originate the constitutional reform. They were soon to reach the climax of their non-comprehension and misjudgment of the requirements and possibilities of the political situation.

The constitution granted by the emperor created a legislature or parliament composed of a lower house, the Duma, elected by the people on the basis of a very extended franchise; and an upper house, the Council of the Empire, one-half of whose leadership was elected by various public bodies and the other half appointed by the crown. This legislature was endowed with all the rights and privileges pertaining to such institutions in all constitutionally governed countries and its creation responded in the fullest measure to the real needs of the country and to the state of cultural and political development of the Russian people. The constitution conferred on the educated classes the right to share through their representatives in the framing of the laws of the country, a right they had so eagerly been longing and contending for and which they were undoubtedly competent to exercise. But it did not create a strictly parliamentary government, inasmuch as it did not establish the principle of ministerial responsibility to the legislature; in other words, it did not render the appointment or dismissal of the executive branch of the government dependent on the vote of a parliamentary majority.

This point was at once, from the very opening of the session of the newly created Duma, seized upon by the so-called Cadet Party—from the initial letters of its official style and title, Constitutional Democratic Party, later replaced by the name Party of the People's Freedom—the most influential and best organized of the bourgeois parties, embracing, so to speak, the flower of the Intelligentsia, for unmeasured attacks against the government, which led to the rostrum of the Duma being gradually turned into a tribune for the propaganda of revolution, and finally brought about its dissolution in regular constitutional form by an imperial decree, fixing at the same time a date for new elections and the meeting of a new Duma.

Costly Incompetence

Over two hundred members of the dissolved Duma belonging to the Cadet Party, led by the ex-president of the Duma, adjourned to Viborg, in autonomous Finland, where they were beyond the reach of the Russian authorities, drew up and issued a manifesto calling on the Russian people to refuse military service and the payment of taxes. This appeal did not meet with any response whatever, showing how little the majority of the dissolved Duma had represented the real people. Also the government under the new premier, Stolypin, wisely refrained from taking a tragic view of this action in spite of its manifestly treasonable character. They preferred to look upon it as a rather ludicrous escapade of visionary doctrinaires and inexperienced politicians.

This was the same party whose leaders, eleven years later, were to conspire for the dethronement of their sovereign on the criminally stupid and entirely baseless plea that his consort and mysterious court influences were treasonably obstructing an energetic conduct of the war; who, when the mutinous soldiery had literally thrust power into their hands, were to let it slip through their palsied fingers on the very first day of the revolution by tamely submitting to the dictation of the soviet of workmen's and soldiers' deputies, hastily organized by that grotesque mountebank of the socialistic revolution, Kerensky, later, as "Dictator" of Russia, proclaimed by interested parties to be Russia's greatest statesman; and who displayed not only their lamentable and almost incredible incompetence, as well as their lack of true patriotism, when the fate of their country was trembling in the balance, by their failure to understand, or their pretending not to understand, the true meaning of the revolution as the instinctive, elemental revolt of the profoundly war-weary peasantry composing the bulk of the nation against the war, whose aims they could neither understand nor have any sympathy with, and in which they felt they were being used as cannon fodder by the ruling classes.

If one considers all this one ceases to wonder at the instinctive reluctance of the Emperor Nicholas to place the fate of the empire in the hands of a government formed of similar elements.

As mentioned above, the first Duma had been elected on the basis of a very extensive franchise, as a matter of fact, much more extensive than that which prevailed in England until the passage of the Reform Bill in 1832. The government of the day, under the presidency of Count Witte, when

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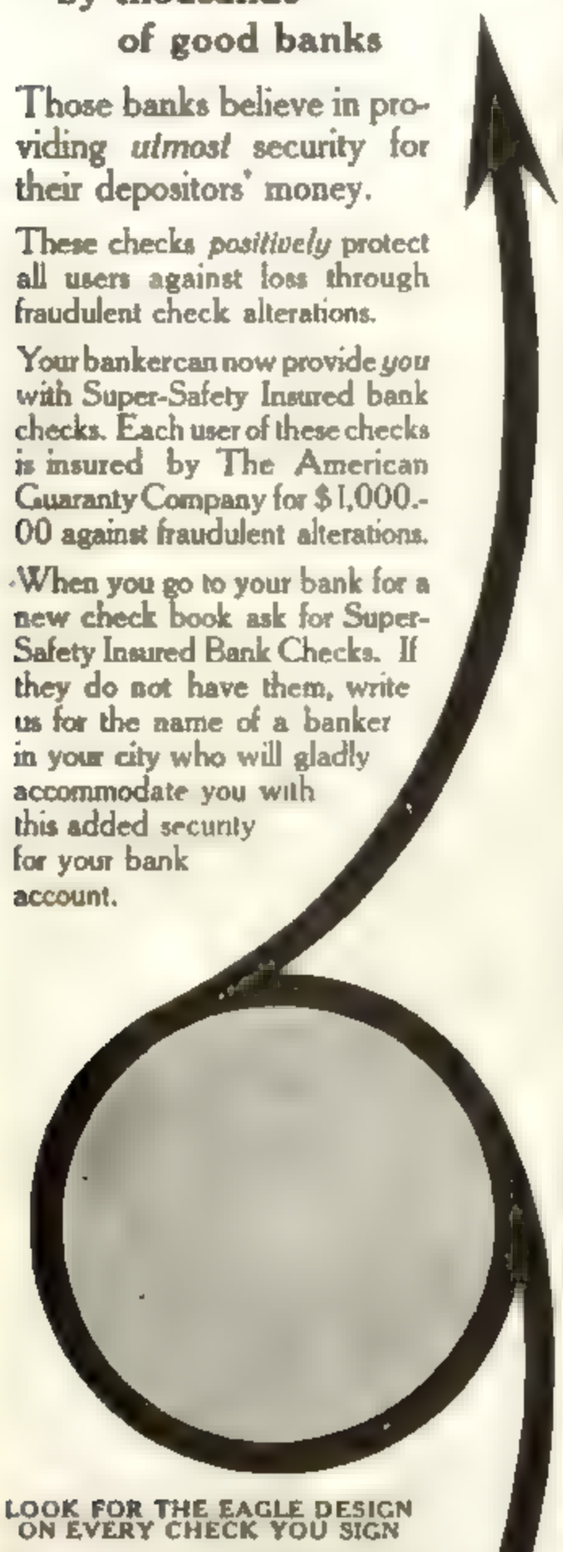

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elaborating the electoral law, had been inspired by the mistaken belief that in granting to the peasantry the widest possible representation in the Duma they would secure a safe-and-sound conservative element which could be relied on as a support in the struggle against the expected onslaught of the revolutionary parties. They were rudely deceived in their expectation. They had overlooked the fact—or underrated its importance—that the peasantry, ever since the abolition of serfage in 1861, had been gradually but persistently revolutionized by the propaganda of "all the land to the tillers of the soil," systematically conducted by the revolutionary-socialistic parties. Their representatives in the Duma therefore naturally supported the demand of the latter for the forcible expropriation of all the lands of the gentry and other landowners not belonging to the peasant class, a demand in which the Cadet Party joined in their anxiety not to be outdone in the demagogic zeal for the satisfaction of the land hunger of the peasantry.

The purely revolutionary character of this propaganda and of the proposed legislative enactment could not but be self-evident to anyone acquainted with statistical data concerning the ownership of land in Russia, since these data would convince him of the fact that there was not in existence a sufficient quantity of land in the possession of private owners other than peasants, so that if equitably divided among all the peasantry, it could have in any really appreciable degree increased their individual holdings, and that consequently the ostensible aim of improving the material situation of one class at the cost of and by the spoliation of another, could not possibly be attained—let alone the absurdity of resorting to such spoliation on the plea of satisfying the legitimate land hunger of the peasantry when Russia possessed in her Siberian Empire an enormous land reserve open to occupation by many millions of intending peasant settlers.

Blighting Communism

I do believe that it would be difficult for the straight-thinking American mind to grasp the idea that the so-called land hunger of the peasantry—a class of people that has never been known in this country—in other words the hunger of peasants for the possession of the lands of their wealthier neighbors, should be considered more legitimate than anybody else's hunger for the possession of a neighbor's property, a form of hunger condemned by the Ten Commandments in no doubtful terms.

There seems, nevertheless, to be a vague idea abroad that there existed in Russia a vast extent of lands which should rightfully belong to the peasantry, but had been withheld from them through the iniquitous policies of the czarist régime. As this entirely erroneous impression has caused many undeserved sympathies to be wasted on the revolution that has destroyed the empire and shattered the nation, I deem it my duty to try to secure the widest possible publicity for my endeavors to dispel it as best I may be able to. That is why I venture to reproduce in part the text of a letter I had occasion to address to the editor of the New York Times on the first of August last:

I note in to-day's issue of your esteemed paper a special cable from Riga dated July 31st, giving an account of an interview with Senator France on his return from a four weeks' visit to Russia. Far be it from me to wish to impugn in any way the senator's good faith in drawing his own conclusions from what he had occasion to observe, or from what was imparted to him by the soviet officials or other people he may have come in contact with during his brief sojourn in Russia. But when he says, as reported, that "before the revolution all land was held in fee simple by the czar, the nobility and the church—in other words by the czarist régime," and that "once that régime was overthrown the land became ownerless"—I can only conclude that he has been deplorably misinformed.

The facts as to the ownership of land in Russia before the revolution, according to official data published by the Department of Agriculture in 1906 and relating to the preceding year, were as follows:

Broadly speaking, of the whole area of cultivated land in European Russia:

1. The peasantry owned 43 per cent;
2. The state owned 34.50 per cent;
3. The landed gentry—large, medium-sized and small holdings—12.65 per cent;
4. Other classes, exclusive of the gentry and peasantry, 5.75 per cent;
5. The imperial family—so-called "apanages"—cities, towns, Cossack communities, convents and churches, 4.1 per cent.

In explanation of the above-given data I must add that of the 43 per cent of the cultivated land in European Russia in the possession of the peasantry, a very large part had not yet been affected by Stolypin's agrarian reform act passed in 1907, and was still at the time of the revolution held by the peasants in communal ownership just as it had come into their possession at the time of their emancipation from serfage in 1861 under the law regulating the allotment to the peasants of the lands expropriated from the estates of their former masters.

The enactment of this law establishing for the whole immense class of the peasantry, the bulk of the nation, a régime of downright communism was the one unpardonable, cardinal sin against the country's future welfare committed by the imperial bureaucracy. Its consequences were as incalculable as they proved fatal. Its application—the available land being a fixed quantity—necessitated for obvious reasons frequent redistributions of the individual lots among the members of communes to keep pace with the steady, inevitable increase of the population, hampering in every way the successful pursuit of agriculture on the communal lands, and leading to a gradual and very marked decrease in their productivity. That this law, and not government tyranny or oppression by greedy landlords, who since the emancipation were deprived of any power of oppression whatever over their former serfs, was the real cause of the impoverishment of the peasantry, must be plain to any unprejudiced mind, also that it thereby was preparing the soil for the seeds of revolution to be sown by the propaganda of the socialist parties.

The dissolution, however, of the village commune, decided upon by Stolypin, could not be effected at a stroke. Indeed, it was looked upon with high disfavor by a large part of the Intelligentsia, and especially by the Slavophiles, the system of communal landownership being considered not only a panacea for the cure of all social ills but also a particularly valuable emanation of the genius of the Russian people and of the Slav race. It had to be made voluntary, dependent upon a majority vote of the members of the commune themselves, not always easy to obtain, since communal ownership, a handicap to the active and prosperous, was naturally an advantage to the lazy and inefficient. Besides, the segregation of the lots for individual ownership demanded much time and labor.

If Stolypin Had Lived

Thus it came about that although a decade had passed since the enactment of Stolypin's agrarian reform, the realization of its provisions—interrupted moreover by the outbreak of the war—was far from being completed when, with the advent to power of the Bolsheviks, the peasants were allowed, indeed invited, to seize the lands of the estate owners at their own sweet will without any restrictions. The Bolshevik government, however, never felt nor was able to enforce the system of communism upon them, the result being that the peasants, having tasted of the sweets of individual ownership of land, albeit acquired by robbery, now—according to the assertion of a distinguished officer of the American Navy who had been traveling extensively in South Russia and in the so-called Oukraina, or Ukraine, and is now publishing a series of articles in the World's Work—are looking upon the present régime as a distinct improvement upon the czarist rule, or, in other words, prefer individual ownership under a communistic Bolshevik régime to communal ownership under a capitalistic imperial régime, a state of affairs which he rightly describes as one of the most extraordinary paradoxes of history. This otherwise well-informed and keenly observant writer seems to have been unaware of the fact that Stolypin's agrarian reform aimed precisely at the gradual introduction of individual ownership of land by the peasants, a reform which, if he had been suffered to carry it through, would have solved the agrarian question, and would have prevented its being exploited any longer for revolutionizing the peasantry.

But then that was evidently the real reason why the social revolutionaries saw fit to remove by assassination the statesman who, had he lived, might have saved the country from the horrors of the revolution for which these deluded fanatics had been traitorously working ever since the epoch of the reforms of Alexander II, the Czar Liberator.

Turning now to the unspeakably wretched condition to which a once great and prosperous nation has been reduced by the rule of her Bolshevik tyrants, I shall not attempt to discuss the many contradictory accounts of the present situation in Russia. Those who have not been impressed by the facts as reported by the agents of their own Government and related on the pages of the State Department's official publications, are not likely to be shaken in their preconceived ideas by anything I might have to say. Suffice it to point out that the more than two million unfortunates of all classes dispersed all over Europe alone, not to mention those in other parts of the world, must have had some powerfully compelling reason for seeking safety in flight regardless of the cruel hardships and humiliations in store for them as unwelcome destitute refugees in foreign lands.

Bolshevism's Strength

The question I shall endeavor to elucidate is: How has it been possible that the Bolshevist régime could last so long and that all the attempts to overthrow it, made from the outside, have utterly failed? The answer to this question must be twofold:

First: No serious attempt has yet been made from the inside to overthrow the régime, however bitterly it is undoubtedly hated by the populations who are directly affected by its barbarous and sanguinary methods. This may be due to many causes. In the beginning the Bolsheviks had the widest popular support because they promised peace to the army and navy, land to the peasants, and the control of industry to the workmen. The hollowness of these promises in the light of attempts at their fulfillment soon became apparent; and popular support became lukewarm at first and then changed into sullen discontent, hostility and passive resistance. Active resistance, or sporadic revolts, whenever and wherever attempted, were at once repressed and avenged with the most savage cruelty. A general uprising of the peasantry, which indeed could have swept out of existence the whole Bolshevist-Communist organization with its followers, whose number they themselves acknowledge as not exceeding six or seven hundred thousand, was not and is not likely to occur. The great majority of the peasantry, dispersed over the immense expanse of the country, cannot have, to the same extent as the city dwellers, come into direct contact with the monstrous features of the Bolshevist régime, and would therefore not have a sufficient incentive to such an uprising. Also no powerful leader has as yet appeared who would have been capable of organizing it. Besides, no such uprising against the Bolshevist rulers—well defended as they are by a Prætorian Guard, composed mostly of Chinese, Lettish and other non-Russian mercenary elements—could succeed unless supported by the so-called Red Army, whose loyalty to the Bolshevist government is certainly doubtful, but which is kept in subordination by an all-pervading system of espionage and the most ruthless application of disciplinary measures of unheard-of severity.

Second: The overthrow of the Bolshevist régime by military intervention from the outside could undoubtedly have been effected with ease if undertaken in the beginning, when the regular army had been disbanded and the so-called Red Army had not yet been organized. But it presupposed, of course, the previous conclusion of a general peace and an agreement among the former belligerents to undertake such a military intervention, either jointly or by delegation to one of them, and to undertake it for the purpose of saving Russia from destruction and ruin. No such altruistic purpose, however, animated the rulers of the Allied any more than those of the enemy Powers, although an earlier termination of the war as well as the salvaging of Russia might well have been regarded as best apt to serve the common interest of Europe, and indeed of mankind and of civilization, by a statesmanship different—if such may be found anywhere—from that which has so effectively succeeded in creating the present chaotic condition of the world's affairs and has ended by submitting a grave dispute between European nations to the decision of a council presided over by a representative of Japan.

(Continued on Page 55)

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Able chefs—one from the Hotel Ritz in Paris—have evolved the flavors.

These masters of cookery have spent years in perfecting Van Camp's Pork and Beans. The cost has exceeded $100,000.

Others have developed modern ovens, where the beans can be baked without crisping or bursting. There, in hours of baking, every granule is fitted to digest.

Others have perfected a matchless sauce, which so distinguishes Van Camp's.

To millions of people Van Camp's have brought a new conception of Baked Beans. Many of them come here—cooking experts, chefs and doctors—to study this Van Camp process.

Many bean lovers come—men and women—to express their delight with this dish.

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They are ever at your call, ready to serve in flavory freshness, hot or cold.

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We use beans grown on certain rare soils, rich in nitrogen. Each lot is analyzed before we start to cook.

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The beans are baked in steam ovens, without contact with the steam. Thus high-heat baking, long continued, does not burst or crisp the beans. The beans come out mealy and whole.

The baking is done in sealed containers, so no flavor can escape.

The sauce is baked with the pork and the beans, so every atom shares its tang and zest.

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Men like their beans mellow and whole. They want the zestful sauce to go through.

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(Continued from Page 52)

As a matter of fact, the Bolshevist régime was regarded by both belligerent sides merely from the point of view of the requirements of their strategy—by the enemy powers as an auxiliary in breaking up the Russian front, and by the Allies as an obstacle to its reëstablishment. The feeble and vacillating attempts at military intervention, apart from being undertaken by the Allies with entirely inadequate forces, were necessarily foredoomed to failure because they pursued an aim—the reëstablishment of the Russian front—which could only be and was indeed deeply resented by the masses of the Russian people who had revolted against the continuation of the war. It was also the suspicion entertained by the people in regard to the aims of the Allies which was one of the causes of the failure of the campaigns conducted by Kolchak, Denikin, Yudenitch and Baron Wrangell, whom it was easy for the Bolsheviks to represent as being merely tools of the enemies of Russia.

Besides, these leaders of the White forces were most seriously hampered by the interdiction, evidently imposed upon them by Allied diplomacy, to proclaim openly the restoration of the monarchy, for the only standard to which the masses of the Russian people would readily and in their present agony enthusiastically flock would be the standard of a czar. Around this point—which according to the accepted dogmas of orthodox democracy is taboo—a conspiracy of silence has generally been maintained. It has, however, been fully grasped by an English writer, Mr. George Pitt-Rivers, who in his book, The World Significance of the Russian Revolution, expresses his views on the subject:

> No movement representing a heterogeneous jumble of contradictory and incompatible elements can ever defeat another movement which, at any rate, knows its own mind and allows of no compromise. A definite *positive* movement alone can defeat another definite movement. Even the Russian peasants understand this better than Allied statesmen and the politicians. When Denikin was making his rapid advance on Moscow the enthusiasm of the peasants of the liberated territories was unbounded. They marched out in procession to greet their deliverers, bearing their Holy Ikons and the portrait of the Tsar. Denikin's retinue told them to bury their baubles, carefully explaining that their "little quarrel with the Bolsheviks had nothing to do with the Tsar"; in fact, they really agreed with them about the Tsar; they had not yet had time to make up their minds as to exactly what it was they did want to substitute for the Bolshevik show. Anyhow, they would see when they got to Moscow, and everyone must trust them because they were thoroughly "democratic." Are you surprised that the peasants went away sadly shaking their heads and saying, "We thought you had come to save us from the Bolsheviks; if you don't want Bolsheviks, obviously you must have a Tsar, but now we see you are only another brand of Bolshevik after all"?

Savinkoff's Admissions

Having had the satisfaction of quoting the sound and sane views of a distinguished English writer who can hardly be suspected of being a czarist, I will now proceed to quote another view, not less important, expressed by a notorious Russian social revolutionary, Boris Savinkoff, whilom organizer of terroristic acts, such as the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius, Minister Plehwe, and so on. In an interview given by him at Warsaw to Mr. Herman Bernstein, which was printed in a recent issue of the New York American, Savinkoff is reported to have said:

> First, I have to confess that I have made many mistakes since the revolution. All Russian leaders trying to save Russia now are creatures of old Russia that is dead. All Russian political parties, including the revolutionary parties, are creatures of old Russia. I realize this now after all the blunders that I and others have made. I have become a New Russian. I have listened to the voice of the Russian people—the voice of the Russian peasants. . . . I am absolutely convinced the peasants alone will save Russia. The various adventures of intervention were grave and costly blunders. No Russian leader outside of Russia is destined to play any important part in the reconstruction of Russia. Neither Kerensky, Chernoff, Miliukoff nor I will have any determining rôle in the regeneration of New Russia.

So far, so good, inasmuch as this statement of his may be taken to mean that he at least, being the most intelligent as well as the most masterful personality of them all, recognizes frankly that the party leaders he refers to, including himself, and their followers will never again have any part to play in the history of their country, which, indeed, wittingly or unwittingly they have done their best to ruin and to destroy.

Nor can it be doubtful that the peasantry, the real Russian people as distinguished from the Intelligentsia in the narrower sense—that is to say, from the Westernized intellectual proletariat—will fully indorse Boris Savinkoff's judgment. It is not to them that the Russian people will turn when the hour of deliverance shall have come. It may be near, or it may yet be long in coming.

In this darkest hour of the nation's history there gleams one ray of light, one glimmer of hope, and that is the marked revival of the religious spirit among the people, a movement so powerfully impressive that it has compelled the respect even of the Bolsheviks. In spite of all the odium and ridicule they have endeavored to cast on religion as the "opium of the bourgeoisie utilized for the purpose of enslaving the proletariat," in spite of all their endeavors to poison in their schools the minds of the youth of the country with their teachings of contempt for the religion of their fathers, in spite of the infamous murders and nameless cruelties perpetrated on metropolitan archbishops, bishops, priests and members of the lower clergy, they have not dared touch the church. The church is the only institution of historic Russia which the Bolsheviks have not dared destroy and which is functioning to this hour—the only consolation and hope of a nation in despair.

Monarchy or Anarchy?

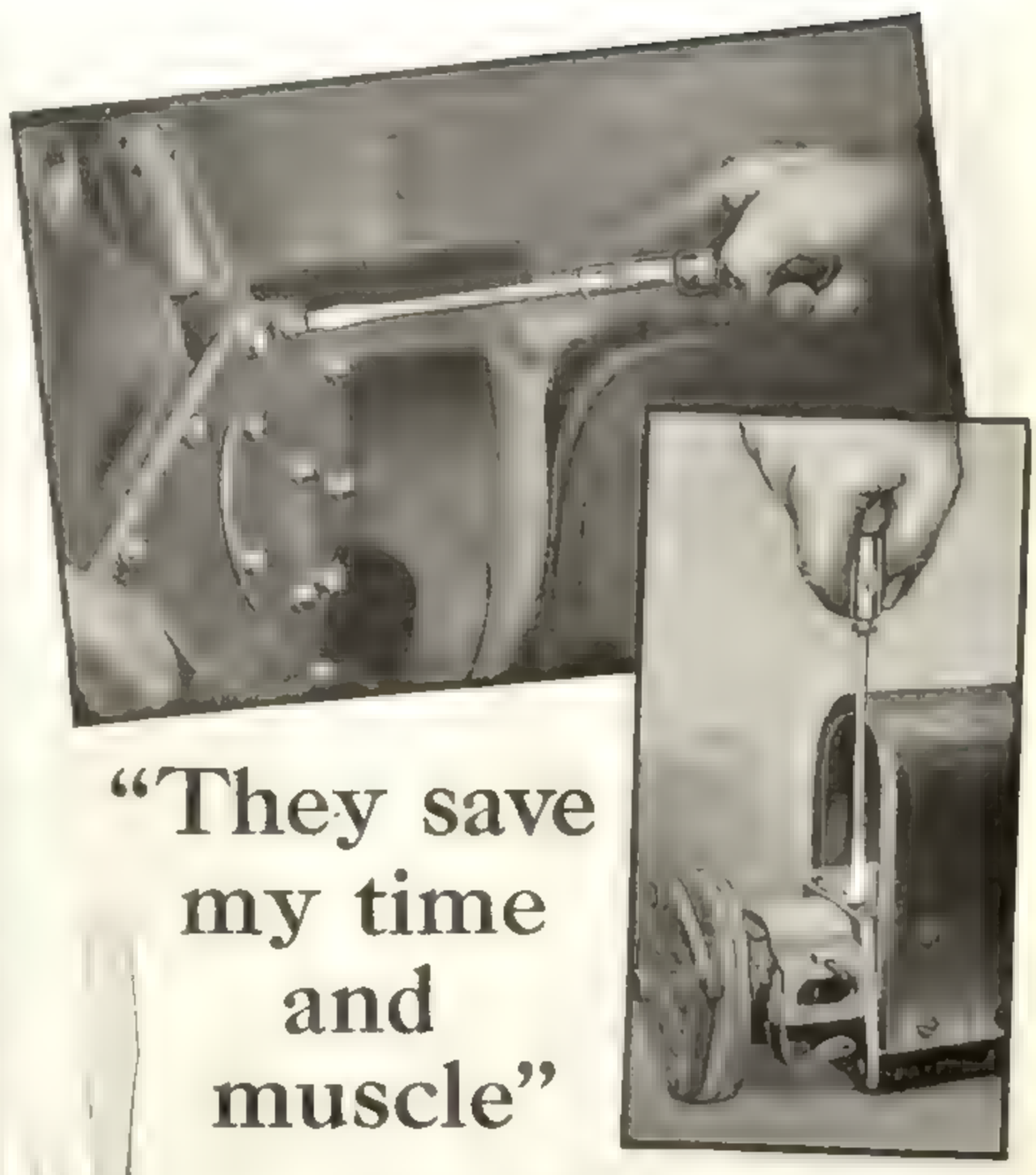
By what seems to me now to have been almost a miraculous interposition of Providence in the summer of 1917, in the early months of the revolution that marked the beginning of a great nation's agony, there arose among the clergy and the laity a spontaneous clamor for the reëstablishment of the Patriarchate of the Russian Church, in olden days a rival power of czardom, which had been abolished by Peter the Great and replaced by a collegiate institution, the Holy Synod, made practically subordinate to the temporal power of the state. The revolutionary Provisional Government dared not oppose it, and former Archbishop Tikhon of North America and Alaska was elected and enthroned as Patriarch of All Russia.

No nation can live without a generally accepted and believed-in principle of authority. Just as in this country the nation, in its great majority descended from a people with centuries-old traditions of liberty and self-government, is firm in its unshakable faith in and reverence for the authority of the law and the will of the majority, so in Russia the principle of authority by which the nation had lived for centuries was the unquestioning faith in the divine authority of the Church and of the Czar, the Anointed of the Lord. The Czar being no more, the Church alone remained. But it had no visible personal head to whom the people could bow in loyal allegiance and reverence. A Holy Synod could no more command such allegiance and reverence in the spiritual world than a Constituent Assembly could command them in the temporal affairs of the nation.

The day may come and may be near when a distracted and despairing nation will turn her eyes toward the only legitimate authority hallowed by her faith still standing erect and expect the Patriarch to save the nation from anarchy and chaos by restoring to her the monarchy which had been the principle of authority by which she had lived and which had held her together for centuries.

The alternative for Russia will be either the restoration of the monarchy or disintegration and chaos. I leave it to the real friends of Russia to say which of these two contingencies they think would be the better for the Russian people, and to the rest of the world to determine for themselves which of the two contingencies would better serve the interests of Europe, of mankind and of civilization.

But whatever fate be in store for Russia, there are two things the Russian people will never forget, and they are that this country has been the only one of the recent belligerents that has not had a hand in and has refused to sanction the disintegration of Russia, and that the American people in its unbounded generosity and truly humane charity is the first to come to the rescue of the stricken nation's starving children.



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ADDIO

(Continued from Page 17)

come into fifteen thousand pounds from the estate of his late uncle, who was a tradesman in Philadelphia. The thermometer reads 95 degrees and Rawling is coming 30 miles by motor to rescue me. None of these things will appear probable to you but I am ——" Balliol barked three times, although Noel saw nothing of interest outside the window. He continued "——learning a goodish bit about rural America. Informality seems to be the prevalent tone of social intercourse. I have been left to take care of North Juniper while my host goes to ——"

"What's the matter, old son?" Balliol had scrambled from his post and had put his head on Noel's feet, whimpering. After a moment Noel said, "What's frightened you, Balliol?" He rested a hand on the window sill and ducked his black head under the sash. The platform bore on its cinder-strewn planks his low steamer trunk, dotted with labels. There was nothing else. Noel murmured, "Absolutely nothing."

A sound retorted. There was something.

It was a curious and muffled ticking, like a large watch somewhere at hand. It came from the arid track or the red flowers of the nameless bushes beyond the rails. It increased and was an ecstasy of pulsing noise, a furious castanet. It waned and was gone. The dog wailed at Noel's feet. Noel said "Odd," and lit his pipe. The muscles of his calves felt stiff and strange. They had felt so one Flemish morning when he found the tube of his gas mask torn, and green vapor rose in beauty from the German lines. He said again "Odd," and threw the match toward the edge of the platform.

A brown flicker passed from the lid of his brown trunk. Something thumped the planks and writhed. Something whirred. Noel slammed down the window. The snake's head rose and dipped over the fallen white of the match like a poised hand. Its dull gloss went in lovely curves across the blue blaze of the four rails. A tall flower nodded as the body caressed its root, passing into the brushwood.

Noel said, "Oh, you filthy brute! You brute!"

He picked up Balliol for company and wrote: "A very large rattlesnake, name unknown, has been sunning himself on my luggage. He has now gone across the metals into some bushes. I feel that he is watching me. I shall never be jocose about rattlesnakes again. Any further episodes of this day will be duly reported. Your Lordship's most obedient but rather alarmed son. I say, daddy, the worthy yokels on the train assured me that the Rawling place is simply swarming with rattlesnakes. Should we never meet again please give Cousin Ursula my second-best gold wrist watch. Inexperienced English tourists in Pennsylvania should wear plate armour."

His father would believe none of this nonsense, but Noel grinned, folding the paper, over the fancy of travel in steel breeches. Then he drummed the table with his pen and hated the snake. A barelegged boy trotting up from the river might walk on it. Or Addio, sockless, in his red carpet slippers. Noel chewed his pipestem and said "By Jove!"

He opened his suitcase and shook his military revolver from a bag of chamois skin. It balanced splendidly in his palm and pleased him so that he began to hum amiably. He raised the window sash and thrust a leg over the sill, blinking at the brush and the river. Immediately a yellow-faced man stood up among the bushes six feet beyond the track.

Noel dropped his pipe and cried: "I say! There's a snake ——"

The revolver jarred from Noel's hand. Something crashed behind him. The man screamed "*Mal' occhi!*" and fired again. The windowpanes smashed above Noel's head. He fell backward to the floor and lay rubbing his wrist. The whisky bottle, broken, was spilling its scent on the oilcloth. Glass rattled as Noel crawled below the window sill. Balliol sat gazing at the whisky as it spread. Now there was no noise.

Noel crouched under the table and thought. He knew a few words of Italian. "*Occhi*" meant "eye" or "eyes." That didn't help. Of course this was the unpleasant Ottavio Moretti, Addio's remote relative. A drug addict. Mad. Noel reached for his pipe, smoldering in the mess of bright glass. He found all this preposterous, and dusted the pipestem on a sleeve of his blue shirt.

To be sure! Black hair, tanned face, blue shirt. The swine took him for Addio. He might be killed for Addio.

"By cable, from New York: The Honorable Noel Hugh Vincent Bretherton, only surviving son of Baron Bretherton, of Sholes, was found killed at North Juniper Station, in the state of Pennsylvania. The police have, as yet, no clew to the identity of Mr. Bretherton's assailant. Mr. Bretherton was twenty-six years old. He was educated at Harrow and served, during the war, as ——"

Oh, pull yourself together! Noel stared at the rear window. No good. The fellow could see him as soon as he started up the road.

Jump through the platform window and pick up the revolver? Make a fight for it? Of course this fellow had cut the telephone wires! Cold murder, planned. The man was mad. Drugs. Why didn't he come in to see the effect of his two shots? Balliol pattered over and sniffed Noel's hand. The telegraph instrument chattered suddenly. Why the devil didn't they teach one to use the telegraph? Noel sighed and plucked a blank from the edge of the table. He wrote: "*Dearest Father:* A madman has just tried to shoot me. I think he is an Italian named Ottavio Moretti, a drug addict who has a grudge against the station-master's son. He seemed rather tall. His face was yellow. He wore a black or dark suit. I have lost my revolver. If he kills me this should help the police. I am in a trap here. Sanford Rawling should arrive very soon, now. The man may run if he sees a motor coming down the lane from the hill. It is ghastly to ——"

Rage made Noel's hand shiver. He glared at the window sill and thought of his revolver. Why not? The man hadn't hit him in two shots at close range. Balliol raised his gray skull and barked, once. There was a noise of crackling brush.

Noel said, "Here he comes, old son."

The sound wavered and hung in the air. Noel stared at the opening four feet away and crouched. The fellow would peer through. Jump and get his revolver. That was it. He was slow about it. Reconnoitering, of course. Noel patted Balliol to keep the terrier quiet. Coming. A heel struck metal. The man was crossing the rails. And then the man yelled "*Ah! Dio!*"

He yelled twice, hideously. Then feet rattled on wood and receded. Balliol barked and leaped at the window sill. Noel pulled him down. The fellow was running away. Noel said "What the deuce?" and got up. He jumped through the window and stared.

It was true. The man ran south between the rails nearest the shore. He went in great strides, his arms flung wide, and his flapping black coat sped about the curve. Yet there was no one in sight. Noel peered up the road behind the station and across the river. He looked blankly at Balliol, who had gone to smell the trunk. He picked up his revolver and resented the nick on its handle. Sweat had darkened the breast of his shirt and his mouth felt unpleasant. He went back into the station and drank a tumbler of ice water. Then he came out to stare again down the rails, jerked up his head and saw a bright low motor car descending the lane from the hill. Its driver waved an arm. Noel waved the revolver and still held it when Sanford Rawling halted the car at the end of the platform and swung his lean legs, shod in leather gaiters, over the door.

Noel liked young Rawling because he wasn't talkative or ill at ease. He noted the wreckage and said in his level grave tenor: "That crazy relation of Addio's been here again?"

"Very much so. Addio's gone to his mother-in-law's place, so I had all the benefits. He pegged off down that way for some reason or other. I dare say something frightened him." Noel made his report and Rawling rubbed his brown nose with a glove, pondering.

"I hate keeping you here, Bretherton, but we'd best wait until Addio comes back. We're all awfully fond of the boy and this lunatic may come along again. You say the telephone's out of order? I ought to phone the police. Let's see if they've got it fixed."

The telephone was still useless. Rawling smoked, making friends with Balliol, and Noel, flushing, destroyed his letter to his father. He put his revolver in his coat pocket, made himself a sandwich of beef and was eating this when Rawling said, "Car on the tracks."

It was a hand car, pumped along the inner rails from the south by a single man. It slid to a stop by the platform and the mechanic nodded to Rawling. He said: "How you, sir? Say, where's Addio?"

"Over at Mrs. Moultry's. Why?"

The mechanic sat down on the vehicle and drawled, pointing south: "Why, Mike and me was sent up from the Junction to see where this break in the tel'phone wires is. There's a guy dead on the tracks, down a piece. Looks like a Eyetalian. He ain't been dead a minute, neither. Snake bit him in the neck. Jug'lar vein, I guess. But he's got O. Moretti on a letter in his coat—got a match, sir?—in his coat. We was wonderin' if he's some relation of Addio's. Moretti was Ad's uncle's name that lef' him that kale, huh?"

Rawling said: "I'd better go look at him. Stay here, Noel. Keep out of this sun."

The hand car rolled off. Noel walked dizzily into the station and dropped into the one chair. Casual! A man dead of snakebite on a baking track beside a river. The man might have butchered him. "*Ah! Dio!*" The snake cared nothing about the matter. The man had walked on it. It bit. They were changing skins in this terrible season and would snap at anything. "*Ah! Dio!*" Noel was sick. He put his face in his hands and let Balliol nuzzle his leg unrewarded. Someone approached, whistling ragtime. Probably Rawling, fresh from a view of death. Noel got up and walked to the window. Addio was strolling from the river. He carried a huge white cake on a platter before his blue chest and his face was tilted up to the sun carelessly, as if its pounding wouldn't bother his eyes. His yellow breeches swung through the brush and his red slippers appeared on the barren soil by the rails. He called, "Hey, you, still here?"

Noel called "Rather!" Then he screamed, "Look out! Jump!"

Addio stood still between the rails. The snake lay like a neatly coiled brown rope four feet to the left of his bare ankle. The whirring had begun. Addio didn't move or look down. He must be paralyzed. Noel croaked "Right! Jump!" and tore at his pocket. The head waved delicately above the coil, and Addio didn't move.

Noel aimed the revolver and fired three times. The coil writhed in mad twistings of color in which appeared scarlet and yellow. Addio walked from it slowly and came to the platform.

He said: "I guess that did for him. Say, I couldn't make out if you meant I'd better jump right or left! Don't let the pup go near him. I'm a lot obliged." And he smiled.

Noel lurched back to the table and put his face in his hands again.

He lived, for a time, in gray confusions. The hand car rolled up and the Irish lineman buried the snake's smashed head. Another mechanic told Noel cordially that it was a pretty good shot. He was aware that Rawling stood on the platform talking gently to Addio and eating a slice of the preserved white cake. Presently Noel was sitting beside Rawling in the motor and Addio planted Balliol on the floor of the machine.

He said: "'Fraid I've been a whole lot of trouble to you. Wasn't exactly my fault."

"Oh, that's quite all right," Noel gasped and stretched out his hand. But Addio ignored it. He stood with his hands in his pockets and nodded, grinning handsomely. Rawling drove the car away and Noel said, "You promised I should have a frightfully quiet time here."

"You shall. We'll go fishing to-morrow. Addio used to fish with me a lot before the war. He misses it, poor kid. Well, he's got a good wife and he'll have plenty of money now. And he's learned to get about very well. I suppose those are compensations."

"Compensations? For what?"

"Hadn't you noticed? Oh, that was why you tried to shake hands with him! I was wondering. He's stone blind, you know. High explosive. The Argonne business. I must tell him you didn't notice. He'll get a laugh out of it, poor kid."

They try to have them called "buffet smokers"

At one end of every train that pulls out of a railroad station—sometimes at the front end, frequently at the rear end, sometimes at both ends—there are coaches called smoking-cars.

A train may start upon its long or short journey without a diner, but seldom or never does one start without its smoker.

Of recent years the more comfortable smoking-cars upon the swift limiteds have become known as club smokers.

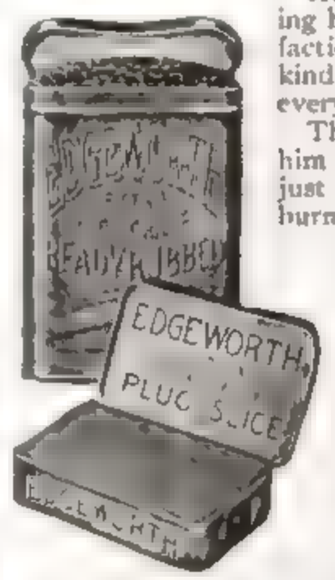
Railroad officials called them, and still strive to have them called, buffet smokers.

The people keep right on calling them club smokers.

A good comfortable smoke is the sort of fuel that makes the best club spirit.

Take the bunch of solid cits, that gather round the open fire at the golf club on a rainy day. They have their pipes hanging at various individual angles from their mouths. They stretch out their bodies at ease. Their faces are unruffled. As they pull away lazily at their pipes and every now and then one tells a story which adds to the good humor of the crowd, they are pictures of solid comfort.

There is no surer mark of the good fellow than the pipe.



His smoke is handing him so much satisfaction that he feels kindly disposed toward everybody.

Things look good to him provided he has just the right tobacco burning cheerily away in the bowl of his pipe.

Now the right tobacco to one man may be distasteful to another. There *is* individual taste in tobacco just as there is in judging the beauty of woman. All a man can do is to find the tobacco that is the right tobacco for him.

The trouble is that most pipe-smokers are good-natured, tolerant chaps and some of them smoke a certain kind of tobacco because they don't know there is another that would suit them better. We don't mean to say that Edgeworth is the tobacco for everybody, but we should like to feel that every pipe-smoker had tried Edgeworth before he married one brand for life.

Have *you* just the right tobacco? If not, we suggest that you try Edgeworth. It *may* be just the tobacco you want. Merely send us your name and address together with that of the dealer filling your smoking needs and we will gladly send you generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

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Edgeworth is sold in various sizes, suited to the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice come in small pocket-size packages, in attractive tin humidors and glass jars, and also in handy in-between quantities for customers wanting more than a small package but not quite the humidor size.

For the free samples we should like to submit for your judgment, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

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This event heralds the approach of colder weather and bids you select your clothing for the season.

In windows and on display in these stores you will see the complete Patrick-Duluth line. Greatcoats and overcoats for men and sport coats for women, smartly tailored from genuine Patrick cloth. Mackinaws for men and boys. Sweaters in all the varied colorings and stylings. Complete outfits for the hunter, fisherman and sportsman. Pure virgin wool robes and blankets for motoring and camping. Wool hose and caps. In fact, everything bearing the green and black label of Patrick-Duluth quality.

You will get a full season's wear out of winter clothes by making your selection during Patrick Week. You will save money by buying Patrick-Duluth garments, not because they are priced lower, but because they wear longer and give you more in style, comfort and fit.

Remember: there is no cloth just like Patrick cloth. It is as distinctive to America as friezes to Ireland, cheviots to Scotland and tweeds to England. Patrick cloth comes from pure northern wool and is spun, woven, dyed and fashioned in the Patrick woolen mills and garment factories on the shores of Lake Superior. It is "bigger than weather."

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EUROPE IN TRANSITION

(Continued from Page 9)

in the price of commodities. In Austria no houseowner has been permitted to raise the rent beyond the prewar price. It is the only instance within my knowledge where the tenant has really beaten the landlord. The net result is that many landlords in Vienna have been ruined. The fly in this ointment is that the landlord, on the other hand, has abstained from making repairs, and the result is that thousands of dwellings are going to rack and ruin.

Once a Viennese or Berlin family is established in a dwelling only death or dynamite can get them out. They cannot change from one place without providing a suitable lodging for the person whose place they are to occupy. Hence, people often find it cheaper and certainly more comfortable to die than to move.

Outwardly Vienna is still beautiful. When I was there the lindens and horse-chestnuts bloomed in the Ring and the Prater, the leading avenues, and the public buildings—there are none finer in Europe—still had their air of almost Oriental magnificence. A year ago the city was a tarnished shell. To-day that shell, although still dingy, is animate with hope.

This hope is based on something tangible and unshakable. The corner stone is Vienna's geographic position, for she stands at the crossroads of commerce. She will continue to be the logical commercial center of the Upper Danube and to play in the future, just as she enacted in the past, the rôle of economic capital of Southeastern Europe. All the petty bicker, animosity and rivalry of the new Succession States cannot alter a strong strategic location fixed by Nature. It makes her the natural gateway from east to west and the chief distributing point for the Balkans. To the west are the outposts of the Alps, out of which came the first of the Hapsburgs; to the east begin the Carpathians. In the center is the gap through which the Danube flows and also through which merchandise must stream.

The Vienna Trade Fairs

All the railways of Central Europe follow the old Roman roads from the north down to the Adriatic and they converge in Vienna. I have already pointed out how Vienna was the old commercial center of the Dual Monarchy. For two years after the armistice and when Central Europe was in the first frenzy of racial fury, some of this prestige declined. It is one reason why the spirits of the Viennese drooped. The Czechs have tried to make Prague the successor of Vienna, but they have failed so far, and for good and sufficient reasons, all of which strengthen the economic security of the new Vienna.

First and foremost among them is the fact that Vienna is a cosmopolitan place where all languages are spoken and where the man of the world feels at home. Vienna means comfort and pleasure, and the person who travels wants both. Like Paris, Vienna sets the fashion. However much they may dislike the Austrians, the Poles, Hungarians, Rumanians, Serbs, and even the Czechs go there for their clothes. It is typical of the mood and prestige of Vienna that her principal trades are so-called luxury trades. She excels in fine leather and beaded goods and wares wrought of gold and silver. That Vienna is beginning to come back to life was revealed in the fashion show held in May of this year, which was a big success. More than two hundred firms exhibited and there was a considerable turnover of trade.

This fashion show was only one of various similar enterprises, all of which reflected a spirit of awakening energy. Early last September was held the Vienna Theatrical and Cinematographic Fair. By an odd piece of irony it was housed in the Hofburg, the old town palace of the emperor. It brought together an astonishing array of film novelties. Within those one-time imperial walls was erected a replica of a modern motion-picture theater, where all the latest and best pictures were shown to prospective exhibitors. Francis Joseph would have writhed in his grave if he had known of the sacrilege that was being perpetrated where he once held forth.

Far more pretentious and significant of the new order was the trade fair, which opened on September twelfth. In this undertaking Vienna made her first real bid for reestablishment as a trade center between east and west. There were thousands of visitors from the Balkans, Scandinavia, Turkey and Greece. A distinctive feature was the appearance of buyers representing the Russian Soviet Government, who purchased a considerable amount of agricultural machinery. This trade fair, I might add, which will be an annual feature, is modeled after the famous fairs held at Leipsic and Frankfort.

In the second place, most of Vienna's old trade rivals are gone. Odessa and Warsaw, for instance, are in the throes of economic chaos; Budapest is the capital of a shrunken country; Triest, formerly the great port of Austria, which is now Italian, has lost its one-time prestige because that prestige was largely based on Austrian commerce. Austria now will favor any other sea outlet rather than the shining white city on the Adriatic, where once her flag flew over a mercantile fleet.

Austria's White Coal

A third reason is that 25 per cent of the population of Vienna is now engaged in trade and traffic. This is a big increase over the prewar figures, when a considerably larger per cent held—and they held hard—government jobs and added little to the real productivity and prosperity of the community.

Still another lies in the tranquillity of the people. Their conduct in the face of almost unspeakable provocations has been little short of miraculous. In those perilous times following the armistice, when hunger, ruin and disillusion stalked about, Vienna had every incentive for anarchy. The terrors of the French Revolution might easily have been duplicated. But the city remained calm. It was due first to the instinct for order ingrained in the populace, and second to the leadership of a remarkable man, the present Chancellor Schober, whom you will shortly meet. The Socialists, who were then in the ascendancy, played a constructive part. Their philosophy in the emergency was aptly expressed by Dr. Otto Bauer, leader of the Left Wing, who said, "It is better to work in a capitalistic factory than to starve in a socialistic ditch."

It is a great mistake to assume that Austria is economically down and out. It is true that the most important industries are at present limited to a fraction of their capacity of production. The textile industry, for example, is operating to only 30 per cent of its normal. The paper output, one of the most important in the country, which depends upon raw materials from foreign lands, is at 20 per cent of the prewar activity. The production of crude iron has sunk from six hundred thousand tons a year to fifty thousand tons. One of the most highly developed Austrian industries, electrical goods, which has always shown a large surplus for export, produces only one-third of the peacetime amount. Salt production, which is a government monopoly, is 40 per cent of normal.

The principal causes for this shrinkage are the lack of coal and raw materials and the interruption to traffic, due to the eternal nagging and quarreling among the Succession States. But these difficulties are being slowly overcome. Within the last three months Austria has either negotiated commercial treaties or has taken the first steps for trade agreements with Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, Hungary, Serbia, Poland and Russia.

The important facts that should be revealed about Austria are the assets she still possesses and the way they are being capitalized in the salvaging of the country. Even the ill winds that blighted her one-time gayety and prosperity are now blowing her good.

Let us begin with the human equation. Of the inhabitants to-day 95 per cent are German-speaking. The new Austria therefore is spared one of the greatest evils of the old monarchy, which was the political strife growing out of multiplicity of languages.

Take the matter of mineral resource, which the average man scarcely associates with Austria. He has come to believe that the principal product is sorrow. Down in the province of Styria is the so-called Erzberg, which means "ore mountain," and it does not belie the name. In this and kindred formations Austria has one of the

(Continued on Page 63)

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Kroehler DAVEN-O *The* Invisible Bed Room

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most valuable iron deposits in Europe. The normal annual production is more than two million tons of ore of the finest quality. This huge reserve makes the country independent of foreign ore and in time will enable her to export iron and steel in considerable quantities. The dissolution of the monarchy has for the moment cut off the supply of coke required for smelting, but there are signs that this deficiency will be remedied within the next six months.

This impending relief grows out of the acquisition of the Erzberg and allied mines by Hugo Stinnes, the German Crœsus, who will not let racial or any other kind of antagonism stand in the way of good business. He told me in Berlin that one reason for his purchase of the Styrian ore deposits was to control the iron trade of the Balkans. He is not the kind of man to falter in his desire. This means that all the Austrian metal business will be done through Vienna.

Austria's principal lack to-day is coal, for she produces only 10 per cent of her needs. The black mineral which spells life in war is no less vital to the battles of peace. Here you touch the real sore spot in the Austrian economic structure, for she is dependent upon Poland, Bohemia and Germany for fuel. Upper Silesia ordinarily provides Austria with two hundred thousand tons a month, but it has dwindled and Austria has suffered. But Austria is only one of the victims. Bohemia also gets immense quantities of coal from Silesia. With this supply reduced she must, like Germany, use at home the coal that she formerly exported.

I intrude this slight digression to show how the Upper Silesia muddle is far from being a local row between France and Poland on the one hand and Germany on the other. It has international ramifications which indicate the necessity for a speedy settlement. In her fuel extremity Austria has been compelled to content herself with lignite or buy in the Dutch and French markets at almost prohibitive prices. It all means that Europe needs a drastic control of coal, divorced from nationalistic politics, which would allot the supply on a percentage basis. Thus every nation would know just where it stood all the time.

The fuel complication is just another of those ill winds that is blowing Austria good. For the first time she is turning to the development of her water power. It is estimated that the potentialities of Austrian water power are three million horse power. There is a difference of opinion as to whether the power from the Danube would be cheaper than the high pressure generated in the Alps. The main thing is that Austria has more than sufficient water power to provide all the hydroelectric energy she is capable of using for many years to come. The Austrian Government has just begun a five years' program for the electrification by water power of seven hundred kilometers of the most western part of the state railways in the Tyrol and Carinthia. These provinces are farthest from the sources of coal supply. This procedure alone will save four hundred and fifty thousand tons of coal a year. It shows the brace that the republic has taken on itself.

The Machinery of Commerce

In spite of the lack of many raw materials Austria is enlarging her industrial horizon. After munitions, the automobile industry was most largely extended during the war. Happily for her, practically this whole business remains within her borders. During the past twelve months it has been considerably enlarged by the erection of one of the largest factories on the Continent, with a capacity of twenty thousand cars a year. In a part of the world where American quantity output is not known this is almost phenomenal.

No agency of the new Austria is more valuable for reconstruction than the machinery of commerce — which is still intact—employed in the days of the monarchy. As I have already pointed out, Vienna was and will continue to be a center of traffic between the north and west on one side and the Balkans, Southern Russia and the Near East on the other. It is not surprising to find that although reduced to a smaller country the volume of transit trade through Austria last year—it aggregated seventeen hundred thousand tons—was greater than through the whole monarchy before the war, when it averaged thirteen hundred thousand tons. This increase is mainly due to the strategic importance of Vienna's position physically, and because much of the former home trade of the monarchy is now foreign trade, owing to the split-up of the empire.

This brings us to the banks, which are among the most valued assets of the new republic. Like most similar institutions in countries where the currency is depreciated, they are doing a booming business. Since the war their working capital has been constantly increased and their profits have grown by leaps and bounds. None of the big banks have paid less than a 12 per cent dividend and some of them much more. In every case large reserves of English pounds and French francs were set aside to cover retreat in case of a complete collapse of the value of the crown.

Illustrative of the growth of banking in Vienna is the establishment of more than two hundred branch banks there and elsewhere in the republic during the past twelve months. Foreigners have acquired large interests in them. A New York syndicate has recently bought a substantial share of the best-known land-credit bank, which bears the name of Boden Kredit Anstalt. In this infusion of foreign capital the Viennese banks are getting an advantage over the more isolated German institutions. Rumanian banks, realizing the permanency of Vienna's financial importance, are installing branches there for the first time.

Comic Opera for Export

One phase of Viennese finance is worth explaining, because it bears directly on revival. Like the German banks, those in Vienna not only do the ordinary banking business but they initiate and develop large commercial enterprises. Some of them even have departments that buy and sell merchandise.

Galvanizing most of the Vienna banks are live personalities who do not lack the quality of self-made success. One of the most romantic of the financial figures is Dr. Rudolph Sieghart, head of the Boden Kredit Anstalt. His name was originally Singer, and he is the son of a rabbi in Austrian Silesia. After his graduation from the University of Vienna he turned journalist and specialized in economics. He subsequently became what we would call the press agent of the minister president and survived six administrations. Among other things he ran the government lottery. The Emperor Francis Joseph appointed him governor of the Boden Kredit Anstalt, which he modernized. He incurred the dislike of Emperor Karl, who would not reappoint him. The bank authorities got around this difficulty by making him president of the institution, which, by the way, was founded in 1863 by Theodore Ritter von Tausig, one of the great bankers of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

These bank facts show that the new Austria not only has the elements for salvage but has inaugurated the process of recovery. If provided with coal her factories can export, in the case of the metal industry, up to 80 per cent of their production, 60 per cent of the furniture and more than 50 per cent in leather. Practically every factory that I heard about in Vienna is beginning to do an export business, despite the customs barriers.

To offset this movement towards industrial recovery are many handicaps. Cotton will illustrate. Two-thirds of the yarn must now be exported to a foreign country, Czecho-Slovakia, to be woven. Formerly that foreign country was a part of the empire. The finishing processes, such as dyeing, printing and bleaching, are highly developed in Austria. This means that the cloth must be reimported before its final reëxportation as finished goods. An increase in the number of looms for cotton and wool weaving and the construction of worsted weaving mills are planned to remedy this situation.

Other industries are suffering from the same trouble. Many factories left in each new state are only parts of an industry which was developed and fostered as a whole by the protectionist policy of the old monarchy.

I cannot leave this subject without touching the most picturesque of all Austrian exports and the one that has been conspicuously neglected by economic historians. I refer to the export of comic opera, which, like some other Austrian commodities, is beginning to boom again.

It is typical of the world's feeling towards Vienna that although German music was banned in all the Allied capitals except London, where Wagner was produced on the nights when the Zeppelins were raiding, there was no drastic prohibition of Austrian melody. Many of the comic operas written by well-known Viennese were presented outside the Central Empires between 1914 and 1917. The operas, however, were looked upon as the property of enemy aliens, and hundreds of thousands of dollars in royalties were seized and piled up to the credit of the composers in various countries, including the United States. The accounting is now in process of adjudication. Men like Franz Lehár, Leo Fall and Oscar Straus will probably get their money back. Their chief concern at the moment is whether they will get their crowns in terms of the prewar rate of five to the dollar, or over a thousand to the dollar, which is the rate on the day I write this article.

Vienna was the home of Johann Strauss, whose famous composition, The Blue Danube, set the world to waltzing. Before the war the capital was keyed to a waltz tune and almost danced to her daily task. She is still the haven of the waltz kings, chief of whom is Franz Lehár, the author of The Merry Widow and The Count of Luxemburg.

One of the most interesting of my Vienna experiences was a visit that I made to him at his home in the Theobaldstrasse. It occupies an entire floor of the most pretentious apartment house in the city. When I expressed my admiration for it Lehár, who is as canny as he is clever, remarked, "This is the house that The Merry Widow built."

The immense drawing-room was a litter of intimate souvenirs of his operatic triumphs, for which America has furnished a considerable background. I saw pictures of Donald Brian and Ethel Jackson, who were in the original cast of The Merry Widow when it was produced in New York.

On the piano was a large autographed photograph of Admiral Horthy, the Regent of Hungary. This reminds me of the curious position in which Lehár, like so many residents of the old Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, finds himself. Lehár was born in a part of Hungary which is now embraced in Czecho-Slovakia. So he is a citizen of Czecho-Slovakia and when he travels must use a Czecho-Slovakian passport. Here you get one of the extraordinary results of the chopping up of Europe along alleged racial lines. South Tyrol, for example, has been given to Italy although the population is not only German-speaking, but Austrian in culture and sentiment. Many so-called nationals to-day are anything but national in spirit and loyalty.

On the Gray Danube

Lehár, who is plump, amiable and amusing, and who speaks no English, told me that he had not written a note of music during the war. He said, "I was so oppressed by the misery of my country and the futility of all the bloody endeavor that I had no inspiration except to try to make life a little more pleasant for the soldiers. I therefore devoted my time to organizing concerts for the troops."

He went to the piano and began to play a melody that carried a familiar strain. Behind the lilt there lurked a brooding melancholy. The whole effect was noble and almost unforgetable. When I asked him what it was he told me this story, which I shall reproduce in his own words.

"One day after the armistice, when Vienna was cold and hungry, I took a walk through the streets. On all sides I saw sorrow and desolation. I wanted some expression for the grief that filled my soul, so I came back here and sat down at the piano. All through that walk I had been haunted by the melody of The Blue Danube. When I started to play it still lingered; so I improvised on it, trying all the while to interpret something of the tragedy of the city I love. Afterwards I wrote it out and called it An der Grauen Donau [this means On the Gray Danube]."

Writing of Lehár recalls one of the impressive manifestations of the Vienna character. When you talk to a real Viennese he will say, "Our trains, food, streets and life generally are all worse than before the war, but our opera is as fine as ever."

In their darkest day of despair the Viennese stinted their food in order to hear favorites like Richard Mayr, Leo Slezak, Alfred Piccaver, Karl Oestvig, Selma Kurz, Lucy Weidt, Lotte Lehmann and Maria Jeritza in the great operas. The only thing that has not soared in price is the cost of

(Continued on Page 66)

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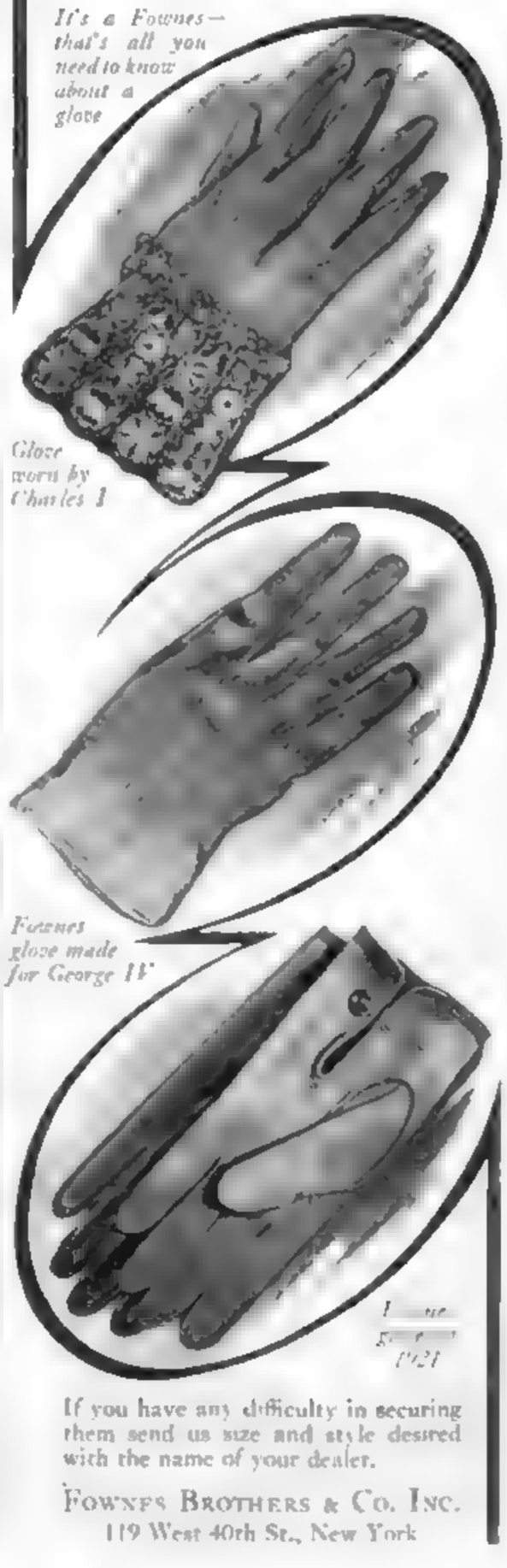

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"I'm going to buy my next car myself"

"My wife really bought my last car. The one before that I took on the recommendation of my cousin Jim, who said I might just as well save $300.00. Then there was that old 1915 Model, the first car I ever owned—that one was *sold* to me; I didn't know enough about cars to really buy it.

"But the next one—O boy! I'm going to buy that one *myself!* I'm going to *know* who made the engine, who made the axles, and the transmission and springs and bearings and a lot of other parts, too."

If you feel about some of your past car-buying as Dad did about his, just remember that builders of cars equipped with Timken-Detroit Axles believe in standard units of known performance, and will tell you who made those parts of the car that they do not build themselves. And no car builder makes all the parts of his car.

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seats in the imposing opera house that dominates the center of the city.

In no other city in the world is there such a democracy of art as in Vienna. One morning when I returned to my room at the hotel rather unexpectedly I found the chambermaid, whose name was Anna, reading the program of Carmen. I had attended the opera the previous evening and left the program on the writing table.

Without the slightest embarrassment she remarked: "I see that Frau Gutheil-Schoder sang Carmen last night. I do not think she is half as good as Lotte Lehmann. You ought to hear her!"

I had heard Carmen the night before under rather unusual circumstances. President Hainisch was kind enough to place the federal box, as it is called, at my disposal. It was once the royal box. As I sat in the richly upholstered red armchair that Francis Joseph so often filled my thoughts were more on the immediate environment than in the music that rose from the stage. I realized something of the transition of Austria, because my guests were mostly members of the American Relief Mission, who had succored the remnant of the empire that the wily old Hapsburger had brought to ruin.

I thought of a night in Petrograd shortly after the first revolution when I sat alongside the royal box that had held the Romanoffs. It was then filled with blowzy specimens of the proletariat, who before many months passed destroyed the fruits of freedom in an orgy of Bolshevism. The Viennese did nothing of the sort. Whatever their shortcomings, they have remained disciples of order.

One affecting incident that bears on opera remains to be related. In the height of American relief in Vienna Capt. Gardner Richardson, who heads our mission, received a letter from a prima donna at the opera house which contained this appeal:

> Every night we wear the robes of queens, duchesses and princesses, yet under all this royal raiment we have empty stomachs. Will you please send us some food packages?

Needless to say they were sent.

Despite the many signs of industrial revival the two important problems of food and finance remain to be solved. Let us take food first.

The Food Situation

During the past twelve months the food position of Austria has slightly improved, because the agricultural output has increased. The new province, formerly Western Hungary, and now called Burgenland, is a granary which will help. A large section of the population, however, is still unable to exist without a heavily subsidized bread ration. The food problem arises out of the fact that the republic must import approximately five-sixths of its breadstuffs at world-market prices, while the range of wages and salaries in Austria is far below the scale in other countries, on account of the depreciated crown.

To illustrate: The net cost of imported flour is sixty crowns a kilogram, or more than two hundred times the prewar price. The uncontrolled price is three hundred times the prewar rate. By comparison the wages of state employees, who number many hundreds of thousands, have been increased only thirty times, while those of industrial workers have risen to sixty times the prewar earnings. This kilo of flour is sold by the Austrian Government for ten crowns. The total loss incurred each month by the state on its bread and flour issuance alone is more than two billion crowns.

The difficulties confronting Austria as the result of the bread subsidy are manifold. So long as the government is obliged to import five hundred thousand tons of cereals each year by the sale of crowns it automatically depreciates the value of the money that the workers receive. Thus the population gets no nearer to the point of being able to pay the full price of the imported foodstuffs. As wages increase the crown depreciates.

On the other hand, if the bread subsidy were abolished there would immediately be an outcry for increased wages and salaries. So far as the government is concerned it would merely transfer the debit due to food subsidies to the account of salaries in the budget. The industrial employers would either have to close down or grant enormous advances in wages. In the end the consumer would pay, and pay dearly. This is one reason why Austria must continue the bread subsidy until her currency is stabilized or other nations come to her rescue with further credits.

The government food subsidies have had the effect of obstructing home production. The reason is that the ration price has not been kept on a parity with the market price. The farmers are discouraged rather than inspired. The result has been a real distortion of trade. The Austrian farmer, realizing that the purchasing power of the crown is almost nil, refuses to sell his produce for money. He therefore smuggles it to town and exchanges it, just as they did in a primitive age, for commodities that he needs, or disposes of it surreptitiously to the hotels and restaurants. Milk, which is scarce and expensive in Vienna, is smuggled through in knapsacks and suitcases.

Most of the meat and white bread that you get in the hotels in Vienna is contraband stuff, because there is a government control which does not always control. The casual traveler who buys crowns with dollars or pounds naturally finds it easy to obtain what he wants. He goes away with the impression that the food hardships have been exaggerated. In reality Hans Fritz around the corner, who works for a government wage, is moving heaven and earth to make both ends meet, and even then he must subsist on near-war bread and an almost utter absence of fats and sugar. In spite of all the relief measures the death rate in Vienna last year exceeded the birth rate by 8.4 for each thousand inhabitants. During the same time the birth rate of London, with all its slums and poverty, exceeded the death rate by 14.9 per thousand.

At the Professors' Table

The principal hardship in Vienna to-day is among the people who retired to live on their incomes, government officials and the Intelligentzia. What was ample before the war is now a pittance. Doctor Lorenz, for example, one of the greatest orthopedic specialists of his day, who operated on Lolita Armour, is a poor man. When he retired he had a fortune. Now he can barely subsist. He is typical of many.

I went to lunch one day at the famous Professors' Table, which is maintained by the American relief organization with Rochester money. It has become the most distinguished club in Vienna. A specially devised meal with the greatest possible nourishing qualities is served for twelve cents, which merely pays the cost of service. To this lunch hundreds of the intellectual aristocrats come every day. In scores of cases it is the one meal that they get. In the words of an American relief official, "These are our best guests. They never complain and they eat everything."

Poverty is always touching wherever you find it, but when associated with high mental attainment the tragedy is enhanced. You get this poignant note at the Professors' Table. On the day I was there the men about me included Doctor Wilhelm, the renowned archæologist; Doctor Oberhummer, whose achievements as a geographer are international; Herr Seidler, once minister president in the old imperial days; Doctor Wieser, an ex-Minister of Commerce, and Doctor Schwind, formerly head of the great University of Vienna. Nothing in my whole Vienna experience moved me so profoundly.

This brings me to one of the most remarkable human facts that I discovered in Vienna. Before the war, when life was easy, there were more suicides in the capital than in almost any other European community. People lived under high emotional pressure, became moody, and were oppressed by fancied wrongs, which led to widespread self-destruction. To-day, in the face of real hardship, they seem to have got most of the neurasthenia out of their systems and the percentage of suicides is smaller than ever before.

Perhaps the most distracted government official in Europe, with one possible exception, is the Food Minister of Austria. His name is Alfred Grünberger and he occupies a suite in a modern office building. I went to see him one afternoon, first to ascertain what he had to say on the whole food problem, and second to find out what manner of man could stand up for two years under the incessant exactions that beset him on every side.

Grünberger looks exactly as an Austrian Food Minister should look, for he is lean

(Continued on Page 69)

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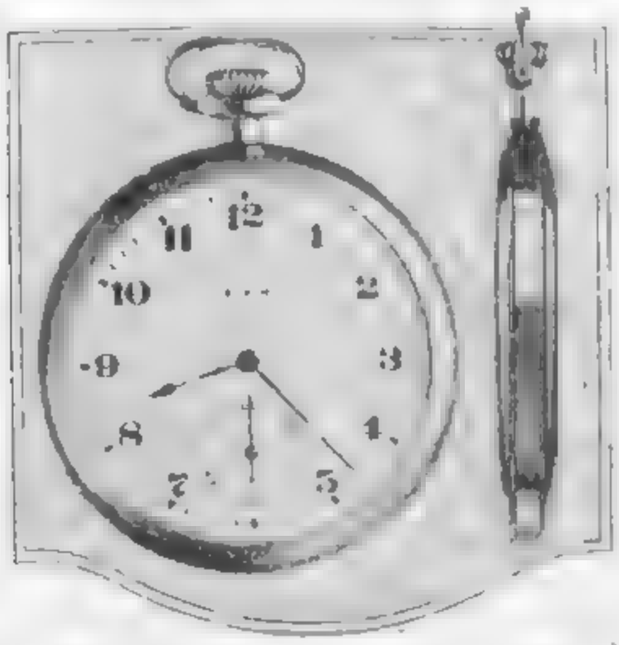

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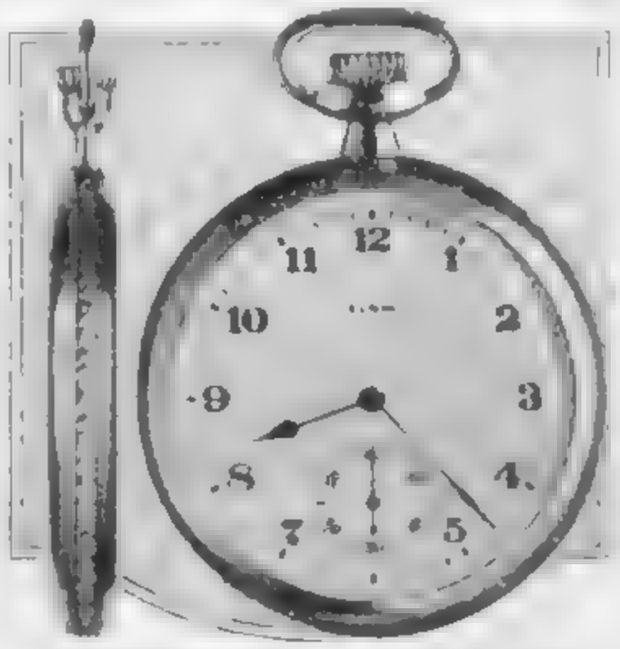

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Elgin Watches

Inspiration

Beethoven, who sought his inspiration in the woods, learned to love a tree more than a man. Whistler, tramping the streets of London at night, found that in the mystic dark "warehouses became palaces" to his eyes. Walt Whitman, delighting in the companionship of the humble and the poor, absorbed from them the democracy that made him great.

These are the types of men—the musician, the painter, the poet—with whom the world associates the thought of inspiration. Practical men of affairs are wont to regard it as something peculiar to the temperament and work of the artist. Its place in every-day affairs is often laughed away, its mention in business dismissed with a jest.

Yet inspiration is nothing more nor less than the imparting of an idea to the mind, the awakening of an emotion in the breast, the communication of an influence making for thought, feeling or action.

The rug-maker, weaving into his patterns colors and symmetries gained from the spectacle of life—that is inspiration. And the bookkeeper's sluggish breakfast appetite, awakened by the aroma of buckwheat cakes and sausage—that, too, is inspiration. The artist spellbound by the sea, and the housewife swayed by the advertisements in her newspaper or magazine, find the same thing—inspiration. The great difference is that the artist is in need of inspiration on only one subject, his art; but the housewife needs inspiration on a host of subjects—food, clothing, furnishings, pleasures, and all the other things of life.

When the poet is searching for an idea to help him write a sonnet, and the sales manager is looking for an idea to help him sell his product, they are brothers in their need. The poet may go to the stars for aid, and the sales manager may go to his dealers, or his associates, or to an advertising agent—but the thing they seek is the same.

And the success of the poet's sonnet depends upon its power to inspire those who read it, just as the success of the commercial product depends upon its power to inspire those who may be expected to buy it. Advertising cannot help the sonnet, but it *does* serve the product.

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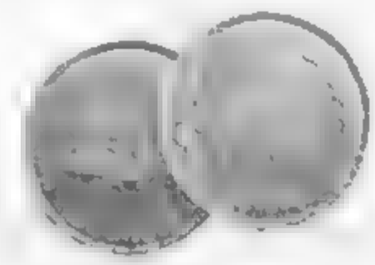

(Continued from Page 66)

and lank and has a harried air. When I asked him to tell me about his job he sighed and said:

"The Austrian food problem is not a question of food but of finance. So long as we could get American flour things were comparatively easy. Now that we must purchase flour in the markets of the world the situation is almost intolerable. It is all due to the depreciation of the Austrian crown. Let me illustrate: I buy much foodstuff in Holland. A year ago one Dutch gulden was worth a hundred crowns. To-day it is worth two hundred. This means that the Austrian Government must print just twice as many crowns this year as last. We are therefore unable to get any advantage out of the decline in the price of foodstuffs.

"What is true of the Dutch gulden is also true of the Swiss franc, the dollar and the pound sterling. Foreign exchange becomes a vicious circle from which we cannot escape. At the present time I need about eight million Dutch guldens, which means that I must produce one billion six hundred million crowns. The result is a further depreciation of our money. Our subsidies on bread, flour, meat, fat and milk amount to more than thirty billion crowns a year at the present exchange. The consequence is that Austria must soon reach the point where it will be impossible to buy with crowns. I am faced with one of two alternatives. I must either raise the price of the ration food that we sell and ruin the people, or continue the subsidies at even more fabulous sums. The only remedy lies in financial measures, such as credits or loans, which will raise the value of the crown."

While we were talking a secretary whispered into the minister's ear and he excused himself for a few moments. When he returned he said:

"I have just had the kind of experience that makes my post the most difficult in the world. I had to go out to see one of our leading politicians. In his district are located many of the largest Vienna bakeries. This man came to me to demand that I permit his constituents to bake white bread. It is impossible, because first we have very little white flour, and second, white bread can be afforded only by the profiteers. If I permit the baking of white bread it will start a howl of protest from the great mass of the people. I am continually between the devil and the deep sea."

Now let us look at Austrian finance, which, with the possible exception of that of Poland, is the most tangled fiscal mess in Europe. When I merely say that the par value of the Austrian crown before the war was at the rate of five to the dollar and that on the day I write you can get eleven hundred for a dollar, you have the whole story of a débâcle almost without precedent. Just as the German mark tumbled to a hundred to the dollar because foreign exchange had to be bought to make the first reparation payment, so does the Austrian crown continue to depreciate because it is necessary to buy foodstuffs continually in foreign markets and with foreign money. It keeps the Austrian money-printing presses going day and night.

A Republic in Pawn

On September first the note circulation was more than fifty billion crowns. Behind this world of almost worthless notes was exactly thirteen million gold crowns. During the first half of this year the Austrian Government spent forty-nine billion crowns and the receipts were twenty-four billion crowns. At this rate the deficit for 1921 will be about fifty billion crowns. The expenditures have increased 60 per cent.

The question arises, How long can Austria keep this up? The marvel is that the republic has kept its head above water all this time. The real trouble with Austrian finance is not so much depreciation as the fluctuation in depreciation. As a leading Vienna banker expressed it to me: "If the depreciation of the crown could be standardized—that is, kept at a low level—it would not be so bad. The mischief is caused by the new low level which is being constantly registered."

The falling crown is the one supreme obstacle to large industrial revival. If a Viennese manufacturer buys raw material on the first of May at a certain price in crowns, the chances are that the value will have changed by the time he receives it. When he has converted this material into some product there is still another slump. It makes it impossible for him to know where he stands. Meanwhile he must compete with others, who have bought the material at a different price.

The immediate and pressing need of Austria, and the one stabilizer of her desperate financial situation, lies in foreign credits. America and England have both trembled on the verge of extending these credits for more than a year, and the credits have not been forthcoming.

Since the armistice Austria has received nearly one hundred twenty million dollars in credits from Allied and neutral powers. Of these the United States holds Austria's bond for twenty-five million dollars. All Austria's assets are pledged as security for reparation payments, for the cost of the Italian army of occupation and the credits to which I have referred. Therefore she has no further assets, liquid or otherwise, which she can offer for further loans. She is really a republic in pawn.

The most tangible plan for the fiscal reconstruction of the country has been formulated by the Finance Committee of the League of Nations. It contemplates that all the powers having reparation claims on Austria, as well as claims for credits since the armistice, should waive their liens on the entailed assets for a period of twenty years, thus allowing Austria to take these assets—which consist of salt mines, state forest lands, undeveloped water power—and the state monopolies on tobacco, customs, salt and railways, and pledge them anew for funds to be used in rebuilding the economic life of the nation.

Union With Germany?

Linked with this suggestion is the provision that the lending powers must supervise the expenditure of the funds. It also demands the elimination of the present costly food subsidies and the cessation of loans or advances to various paternalistic organizations which have heretofore thrived on state finance. It is a compact businesslike proposition and would save the country. Unfortunately, the League of Nations scheme is lost for the moment in the thicket of red tape which usually clutters up international procedure. Everybody wants to help Austria but there is no decisive action. She may sink while her friends stand on the shore and talk about rescue.

One immediate Austrian need is for the stabilization of the crown at some fixed value. With comparatively small credits, to assure food requirements, it would be possible to stop the printing of money. If these measures were taken and a new bank of issue, based on foreign capital, established, the present Austrian currency might be replaced or stabilized at a fixed rate of exchange. It all gets back to what the Austrian banker I quoted said—namely, that constant fluctuation of value upsets the whole economic structure.

Whenever Food Minister Grünberger thinks that he has reached the limits of endurance he has only to walk over to the Ministry of Finance and find a full brother in anxiety in Dr. Ferdinand Grimm, the Austrian Minister of Finance. Grimm's job is like his name—a deadly serious business. He seems to thrive on troubles, for he is animated and not without a sense of humor. This humor has probably kept him alive amid perplexities that are well-nigh insupportable.

In a city which is a continuous drama of contrasts the Finance Ministry is perhaps the most striking of all. It is in the magnificent old winter palace of Prince Eugene of Savoy, and it retains all the regal trappings. Grimm's office was once an anteroom of the grand salon. On the walls hang priceless tapestries. Adjoining the office is the splendid private chapel of the House of Savoy, where kings and queens have worshiped. Yet this is the empty treasury of a bankrupt government.

As Grimm himself expressed it when I remarked on the splendor of his environment, "It is the gilded cage of a nation of beggars."

The dire financial situation is one reason why Austria seeks union with Germany. No particular love for Germany animates the movement. It is a case of desperation. While I was in Austria a plebiscite to express sentiment for union, or *anschluss*, as it is called, was held at Salzburg and the Tyrol. More than 80 per cent of the people voted to join forces with Germany. This merger cannot be made without the consent of the Allies, and France will never

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"Just a thousand dollars more a year"—have you thought what that would mean to you? Not in dollars, mind you, but in the things that dollars will buy?

Perhaps you have pictured a home of your own, costly furnished, in the better part of your town or city—

Again, perhaps you have dreamed of a salary-increase of $2,000, $3,000, or an even larger amount. You have thought of the car you would like to own, the trips you would like to take; you have pictured yourself with a rapidly growing bank account—at last actually getting on in the world.

And then, perhaps, your mind has flashed back to your present job. You have looked to the future, and seen nothing ahead but years and years of toilsome, routine work—at routine pay. And you have reluctantly thrust those pictures into the background, as too dangerous to play with . . . .

But *are* they? Let's be frank with ourselves.

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In other words, the *demand* for high-priced men—and that is the first essential—vastly exceeds the *supply*.

What is it, then, that certain men possess—hundreds of them in every large city in the United States—that enables them to *land* these big-pay jobs? Why should not you be one of the men to qualify?

"Luck" can't prove an alibi in *every* instance. Neither can "pull," or so-called cleverness—

No—the "secret" is simply that the man who *gets* the big-pay job must be able to do some *one* thing *well* that business sets high value on.

And *that* is the reason men who several years ago had no better start than you are today in private offices of their own, with such titles on the door as these: Auditor—Comptroller—Treasurer—Credit Manager—Traffic Manager—Supervisor of Correspondence—Production Manager—Sales Manager—General Manager, etc.

These are the big-pay jobs—and they represent achievement well within your reach. Nothing in the world can keep you from making your dreams come true—except—*yourself!*

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There is but one thing, then, to do, and that is—*get the training!*

Ambitious men, no better off than you, have quickly learned—by the LaSalle Problem Method—to perform some special and important service that Business pays big money for. In the quiet of their own homes, without losing an hour from work or a dollar of pay, they have mastered the *principles* of business by working out its *problems*—under the direction of some of the ablest business men, in their respective fields, in America.

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stand for it. Besides, it is doubtful if Germany is willing to take on a decrepit partner. Again, farseeing Austrian industrialists realize that a merger with Germany would mean economic assimilation. Austrian industry was built up in the past on a basis of protection against German aggression.

It remains only to disclose the two leading Austrian personalities. The ranking figure in the government is, of course, President Michael Hainisch, a soft-spoken, bearded person who neither drinks nor smokes, and who at bottom prefers the ease and comfort of his estate in Upper Styria to the care and responsibility of a battered republic. His official title is Bundes President and he was elected by Parliament under the new laws.

The room in the Foreign Office in which he received me was like a chapter of history. In one corner was Metternich's desk, and in the center stood the table on which was written the fateful ultimatum to Serbia that brought on the Great War. On one wall hung the original of Laurence's famous portrait of Metternich and opposite was a full-length picture of the youthful Francis Joseph as he was before intrigue and sorrow marked him for their own. Just across the hall was the stately chamber with its superb crystal chandeliers where the Congress of Vienna sat.

I asked the president to analyze the Austrian situation and he replied:

"First of all, permit me to thank the American nation through you for its generosity. The fact that tens of thousands of Austrians are alive to-day is due entirely to American relief and the efficient way that it has been administered.

"If Austria can survive the present situation there is no occasion to despair of her ability to exist as a nation. Her fate depends upon two things: One is the financial relief promised us by the great powers, the other is a resumption of political and economic relations with all the Succession States in the interests of all concerned.

"I believe that the period of acute physical distress such as began in the winter of 1918, when we were without food, coal and raw materials, is over. Austria has the will to work, which is all-important. The industries that utilize home products and home labor are at normal output again. They include the manufacture of furniture, scythes, sickles and locomotives. Our industrial troubles commence the moment we have to deal with foreign countries. The neighboring states impose such import and export prohibitions as to hamper commerce. These artificial obstacles are aggravated by all sorts of stoppages due to our shortage of railway trucks and locomotives. We are receiving only one-fifth the coal and coke we need, so that only one out of seven furnaces can be kept going."

Plans for Refinancing

"The worst handicap to trade, however, is the lack of stability in our finance. Our manufacturers cannot lay in raw materials to any considerable extent because the exchange is subject to such violent fluctuations within a very short time. The stabilization of our exchange is absolutely necessary for our economic existence.

"The fact that our industries are nearly all below normal is grievous because Austria is largely dependent upon its industrial exports in order to buy its food. On account of the shortage of the draft cattle and fertilizers our agriculture cannot meet the home demand. Before the war only 14 per cent of Vienna's fat and meat was provided by local production.

"This accounts for Austria's terrible plight after the war. We must pay for these greatly increased imports by correspondingly increased industrial exports and by commercial profits. But unhappily Austria has been abruptly torn from her old economic moorings. Austria wants to stand on her own legs. The spirit of independence is strong among us but we must have time.

"The preliminaries for the establishment of a bank of issue, which will go a long way towar is stabilizing the crown, are under way. The Allies have already shown their confidence in Austria by granting credits, but it is important that we have new credits. Measured by your Western standards, the credits necessary for the six million Austrians are not considerable.

"Our position would be much easier if the United States could see her way to joining the proposed European scheme to extend our credits. American private capital could also find excellent opportunities for employment in Austria. Austria has rich assets and Vienna will always be the economic capital of the eastern part of Central Europe. With all her hardships Vienna still retains this authority. Let me beg America not to stop halfway in the great work that she has already done for Austria, but complete it by becoming a partner in the larger financial assistance which will reestablish Austria and enable her to do her part in the work of the world."

The strong man of Austria is Chancellor Johann Schober, a unique and outstanding personality. In him Napoleonic history repeats itself, for, like the famous Fouché of the great Emperor's day, he has risen from Minister of Police to more exalted rank.

In Vienna the head of the police system is officially called polizei (police) president and the responsibilities are considerably larger than those which attach to the office of chief of police in the United States. The police president is a near-cabinet official and must have statesmanlike qualities. Schober, who is a university man, began as clerk in a district police station and went rapidly to the top. His conspicuous service was rendered in the closing days of the war and in the tragic period of transition which began with the armistice.

Schober's Police Policy

The conspicuous and redeeming feature of this ghastly era was the tranquillity of the populace. Only the wise leadership of Schober prevented the horrors of anarchy. At one time the city was like an island in a surging red sea. On the east was Budapest in the grip of the Bolshevists, and at the west lay Munich, a prey to crimson terror. Schober maintained order and I was curious to know how he did it.

When I talked with him in June he was still police president. Subsequently, when the cabinet resigned on account of the plebiscites in the Tyrol and Salzburg, he was named chancellor and formed a new government. I found him a keen, alert, forceful individual. In fluent English he explained his policy. He said:

"The whole secret of police authority lies in employing persuasion rather than force. My main object was to win the confidence of the people. No community ever underwent such an ordeal as Vienna endured at the end of the war and immediately after. There was little food. People slept on the ground outside the shops so as to have first chance at the meager stocks, which were soon exhausted.

"Hunger is the usual prelude to revolt. Every day I issued proclamations promising the people that food would come. But I had to make good on these promises. So I personally went out into the country and with the aid of hundreds of old army trucks saw that the needed supplies for the poor districts came in every night. The people began to have confidence in the police authority and this confidence enabled me to control the passions that were naturally inflamed. Moreover, I ordered the police to abstain from any political work, and the result was that instead of being a nest of intrigue the Vienna police force was a clean and constructive agency for the public good."

The limitations of space forbid any detailed account of the aftermath of American relief in Austria. Although we have fed practically all the Succession States, the human and economic consequences in Austria are perhaps more significant than in any other, for with the sole exception of Poland we literally maintained the child life. I followed the trail of American mercy from Salzburg to Vienna. I found thousands of tiny tots who delight to call themselves little Americans because they owe their existence to our food.

What of the future of Austria? It is not so problematical as it was a year ago. She is just like a man who has been desperately ill and whose convalescence has begun. A shock in the shape of denial of further credits will cause a relapse. The winter now at hand will be the supreme test. If she weathers it there is no doubt that she will become a self-respecting member of the community of nations.

Meanwhile she still needs a nurse.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the European economic and political situation. The next will be devoted to Hungary

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THE CANYON OF THE FOOLS

(Continued from Page 28)

I recall saying in level tones: "Well, I am a tourist, more or less."

He took his pipe out of his mouth and pointed the stem at the muddy backs of those men.

"Those hombrays came in here as tourists too," he said shortly.

I sheered off, and right away I felt that some kind of pestiferous shadow was dogging me and running up my back, just as you will see a cloud shadow run over a smiling meadow. A horse-faced gentleman got in consultation with the hairy man, and swung off short, came about and caught me just above the elbow. "Where are you going, old-timer?" he said.

"Los Angeles."

"What are you going to do there?"

"What business is that of yours?"

He laid back his coat, and there on his suspender was a bright star glimmering. Wasn't that stultifying? This was a panic year, you understand. The panic was then coming on, and the chamber of commerce of a certain large town had appropriated money to small towns outlying for the purpose of arresting hobos and putting them on the road—economy measure. In a flash, too, I saw the reason for the appalling beauty of that landscape. Those poor devils had probably put in spare time currying that mountain and giving it that slick pink look. It was gruesome!

"What is your trade?" he said.

"Carpenter's apprentice," I threw out scornfully.

My imagination was always a quick asset with me, and this was a good stroke too—don't you think so? I had even provided against possible discovery on his part that I didn't know the use of tools. I was only an apprentice.

His eye wandered at this intelligence, but he got hold of himself right away, and said sternly, with a glint of triumph in his eye: "If you are an apprentice, where are your tools?"

Exasperating, wasn't it? I was making the kind of headway you make in a struggling dream. Was it a nightmare? I half expected those mountains to break into flame and burn up like paper scenery.

"Tools!" I yelled. "I guess you don't know much about the carpenters' union. *An apprentice can't carry tools.*"

Gad, it was a shot in the dark, but it carried! He actually looked abashed, and he murmured "That's so," and dropped my arm.

I wonder if it is so. Nothing will throw ignorance harder than ignorance itself and more ignorance—isn't that so? And right then, when I was most unsettled, and Horse Face, too, who should I catch sight of but May Gowdy getting off the train fifty feet away. I saw my chance then, and shot one over without so much as getting set for it.

"Well, well!" I said cheerfully. "You'll have to excuse me. Here's the lady herself."

Bless her adorable ladyship, she had certainly appeared in the nick of time. She hadn't seen me, and didn't see me until I touched her on the arm with a gesture that had a good deal of lordly authority in it, but my voice was humble as the dickens.

"I'm in great danger," I said in an undertone, "from this hired thug walking up the platform. Show familiarity. Call me Bobolink, call me darling. Cut the surprise element. Ask me if I'm not going to take you over to that restaurant for a bite to eat. Get it in while he is going by."

And May did it—no silly useless questions, no gasps and crimsonings. She came across in a twinkling, and played the part of my wife with a finish that came near to deceiving me, let alone Horse Face. We were deep in some kind of eager interchange when he sauntered past, and he hadn't the heart to interrupt it.

"I'm starving, Bob," May pleaded with me. "You know breakfast is my best meal too. Aren't you ever going to take me somewheres to eat?"

"Surest thing you know," I agreed.

Horse Face's shadow was near enough for me to step on it, but he must have been satisfied, because the blow didn't fall—not then. May and I went into that little eating place arm in arm, and I loved that sheriff for putting into my mouth a live argument for close proximity. And do you know, I had got so wrapped up in my part that I forgot my miseries, forgot my empty pockets, forgot everything but my empty stomach and my overflowing heart.

I ordered ham and eggs for two, and all the while I was pouring out my aching heartful of adventure to May Gowdy. Her eyes sparkled, and little swirls of flame scurried there in her cheek. She was all sympathy and profile at first. My raggedness must have enlisted her heart, and my gauntness and loneliness, and the fact that the shadow of the law hung over me even as I sat, and not one soul to say a word in my defense—well, it all but made her fill up, May told me on a later occasion. And yet I felt like a conqueror, coming there in a manner new and strange and planting my tattered standard in her heart.

"And so you actually came in on the top of that train?" she cried under her breath.

"You had my promise," I said quietly.

"Bobolink, you wizard! I don't believe even Jim would have had courage for that."

Can you conceive how that fell on my ears? It was like distant cannonading in the ears of a victorious general, and it shook me right to my foundations.

"I'm not sure he would have had so strong a motive," I said modestly.

I went on giving snatches of my adventures, and that bloated pink mountain glared through the window like the unreconciled visage of eternity.

By George, what a moment! What a listener! I felt like the autocrat of that desert, with power over life and death, and the meaning of things came out clear and strong, like a note on a bugle. I saw as never before a light of road magic in that mad chase of freights, in the terror and mystery of those mountain passes.

"Do you know," I cried, "I've had to wait and meet you to see all this myself!"

She blushed like a poppy. I was drunk with her. It's true she made everything memorable simply by listening and leaning toward me unawares. That adventure became hers. She glowed over it, and to this day I haven't the power of seeing it unless animated by the sparkle of that blue eye, so amazed, so thralled. Her bosom rose and fell in swift little impulses. She had to steal her very breath. Gad, how I loved her then! She beat me to my knees, and there was some kindling process between us, I swear. Some challenging fire sprang up and flushed our faces and melted those waxen commonplaces that passed back and forth. A moment like that may be as brief as the spark struck from flint. No matter, it warms. Nothing can rob it of that poignancy it has, burning like a beacon fire in the night of memory.

"And now I suppose you will go right on to Los Angeles," she said when I stopped to tackle the ham again.

"You know better than that," I said. "Do you think I will leave you alone here, in this desert, to shift for yourself?"

"I'm nearly there now," she said with that teasing smile of hers. "It's only a matter of forty miles up this spur track to where the Canyon of the Fools begins."

I told her desperately that sooner than see her chance it alone I would drop down in the desert and let the buzzards pick my eyes out. I put her hypothetical cases. Suppose for any reason Jim wasn't there to meet her. What if he was away on a prospecting trip? She countered by saying quietly that after all she was a practically married woman, and her eyes accused me of being in danger of forgetting that. No matter. I dashed on and said that I had certainly earned the right to stand up as her best man, and she met that with a little burst of mocking laughter that was really as good as an endearment in its way.

"Laugh all you want to," I said savagely. "I don't believe your heart's in this thing. You're throwing yourself away because you don't want to fail a good man in a pinch."

That was a fatal thrust for me. She cut me off short with a swoop of those lids and a diamond point in either eye. I had gone too far, and I knew it. I wanted to throw myself on my knees and ask forgiveness, but I was too prosaic.

May said icily: "If we have finished we may as well go."

She slipped down off the stool, and it came over me then with sickening force that I hadn't money to square the account. I had never felt so sheepish before, and not sheepish only—actually sickened. What to do? The proprietor was out back, and

What modern business demands

A Blabon floor of plain brown "Invincible" Battleship Linoleum in an up-to-date Philadelphia business office

THE despatch with which the successful business of today must be carried on requires not only efficient methods but the most approved equipment. This is why many business firms consider necessary for the quiet of their offices and the comfort of their workers a Blabon floor of Art Linoleum. Its resiliency to the tread conserves energy, and its noise-deadening quality helps prevent confusion. It is also practical because it is so easy to keep clean. And because of its wonderful durability, refined appearance, and economy of maintenance a Blabon floor of inlaid, plain, or "Invincible" battleship linoleum is equally well adapted for offices, banks, stores, auditoriums, theatres, libraries, churches, and for every room in the home—upstairs and down.

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Look for this label on the face of all Blabon Art Linoleums

Blabon Rugs are genuine linoleum with the soft rich colorings of the costlier fabric rugs, but at fractional prices. Mothproof, sanitary, durable. Ask your dealer for Blabon Rugs of genuine linoleum.

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BLABON ART Linoleums

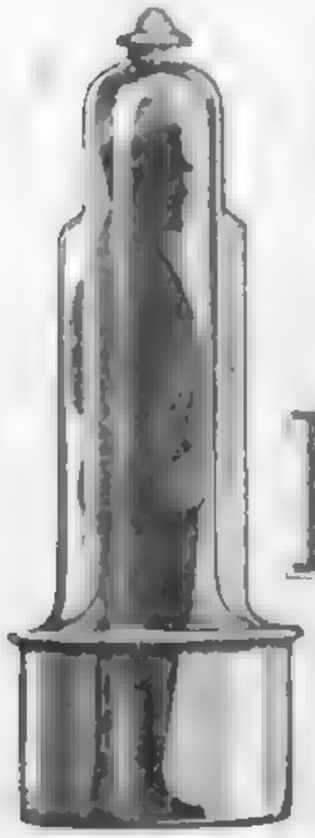
Do you heat with Steam?

You can have a coal saving-hot — silent *radiator* without water or steam leaks *for* $2.15

by having your local heating contractor equip every radiator with a No. 1 Hoffman Siphon Air Valve! They prove their worth in a day and pay for themselves in coal saving and heat comfort in one winter.

Hoffman Valves vent all the cold air from pipes and radiators and automatically close tight against the passage of steam or water. They first make room for the steam, then keep it where it belongs—in the radiator. They are noiseless, automatic and non-adjustable.

This Watchman guards the coal-pile.



Satisfactory service from Hoffman Valves is guaranteed in writing for Five Full Years.

"MORE HEAT FROM LESS COAL" *is a booklet that tells all about Hoffman Valves and how they eliminate coal waste. It is yours for the asking. Write for it today.*

Send $2.15 to our Waterbury Office for sample Hoffman Valve. Try it on your worst working radiator, and if not satisfied your money will be returned without quibble.

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, INC.

Main Office and Factory, Waterbury, Conn.

BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES

HOFFMAN VALVES

more heat from less coal

I contemplated calmly walking out on him for one fuddled instant, but I knew, of course, that May would never stand for that.

That's the kind of miserable impasse a man can find himself in who is careless about fundamentals. If I had had a gun I would have pushed it into May's hands and asked her to shoot me on the spot.

And then just as suddenly as the emergency had arisen it subsided. May wheeled round and held out her clever hand to me impulsively.

"Bobolink," she just breathed, "we may never meet again in this world. We mustn't part like this. Be friends with me, dear boy."

I took that hand palm to palm, and something was pressed into mine. I ejaculated "No, no!" feebly, but May retorted, "Haven't I told you your money is counterfeit when you're with me?" and danced through the doorway.

I was standing there with money in my fist—May Gowdy's money.

VII

WASN'T that a stinging step-down for a young adventurer? It was the nadir of my young life. Think of my being forced to fall headlong through that rosy cloud and bring up on the solid earth sprawling! Talking about the eternal verities one instant and finding myself sponging on that gurl's hard-won earnings the next, at a time, too, when the one thing above all things I wanted to do was to heap myself up on her neck!

By this time she must have set me down as an adventurer of the worst type. What other opinion could she form, with her romantic views, of a man who could talk the way I had on an empty pocket? And the worst of it was, she had known it was empty. She hadn't even had to ask me whether I was in a condition to refuse alms.

From afar off—I was dodging Horse Face again—I saw her board the train for Madcap, that town at the head of the Canyon of the Fools where Robert Swasey, financial expert and Jim's boss, had his office. I followed her up in a gondola—an empty ore car of the gondola type, actually, you understand. Yes, I followed on, because any other course was unthinkable to me, and because I had begun to mature plans for amassing a huge fortune in gold while sojourning in this country. I followed because I felt in every fiber that it had been decreed from the beginning of time that I should follow this charming and elusive woman, if only to see with my own hot eyes the ruin of my hopes in the consummation of her nuptials with Jim Harper.

Yes, I followed on; but once there, I couldn't find courage to present myself. Young men's courses have queer kinks and straightenings, and pride erects strange barriers. I decided to wait until I was in a position to pay May back her money before obtruding myself. And so I checked myself on the edge of the town, eager as I was to know whether Jim Harper had actually been waiting for her, and it was then and there that I had the luck or the fate to fall in with Tawgy Knute Clint, late of Kansas City.

Old King Knute was a dish-faced gentleman of the tribe of lucky Swedes. He was living in a foundered prairie schooner out in a patch of territory just beyond where the yard engine was kicking in the ore cars. Remnants of a merry-go-round littered the ground not far away. All those slick varnished lions and tigers had been shot to splinters by a gang of frisky punchers, Tawgy said. It was a man's country out here, right. People simply weren't afraid of anything.

When I first spied that massive golden head of my future partner's he was reposing in the shadow cast by a burro which was tied to the rear off wheel of that schooner. The animal had a fantastic assortment of boxes and bundles of all sizes lashed to its saddle with a neatly drawn diamond hitch, and the saddle itself was fixed on a gaudy quilt which had been folded into a thick pad.

"Which mine are you rustling?" Mr. Clint wanted to know, and I told him that I was a total stranger.

Clint said that he was by no means a stranger, but that he had only come in that morning in answer to a telegram of Mr. Robert Swasey's.

"Swasey!" I shouted. "Do you by any chance know a man of the name of Harper?"

Clint didn't know Jim. He had been away from these parts, forcing things up in the neighborhood of Phoenix. This telegram from Swasey was a piece of pure luck, but then Clint never did have to complain of his luck. It was simply astounding, and he could trace it link by link to its inception in the slaughterhouses of Kansas City, or even back of that.

"I am a meat cutter by trade," he added, and his extraordinary blue eyes sparkled. Gad, he was mysterious! He said that, popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, there was nothing like a slaughterhouse to make a man of a man.

"There isn't a blemish or a break anywhere on my whole body," he said exuberantly. "I am perfect in every part."

Jove, he abandoned himself to enthusiasm, as if it had been fleshly love!

"Isn't it great," he said, flinging up his arms, "to be just in the morning of life, as the preacher said, sound of wind and limb, not tied down to any one woman, and not bankrupt yet, either?"

He looked round him to see if we were alone. There seemed to be a tall, lean genius standing there, perhaps fifty yards off, and watching the ore cars rolling round, but Tawgy decided to chance it in an undertone.

"What do you think that burro has got on its back?" he said to me. "Fifty pounds of dynamite for one thing."

"Dynamite!"

"Yes. I have tucked and wadded that quilt under it as well as I could, but dynamite is queer stuff. Nobody knows how queer, when all is said and done. Those who do know are not here."

There was a kind of weird plausibility about that, wasn't there? He told me that dynamite was like women he had known - the longer you were with it the less certain you were what would wake the devil in it. The demon of analogies must have pointed that cynicism for him. It certainly wasn't native to him.

"So you are going prospecting," I said.

"Hardly. It's too near a sure thing to speak of prospecting. About all I have got to do is blast, muck and carry the stuff away in sacks, by what they tell me. It is one of the greatest propositions in the Southwest, bar none."

"Gold?"

"Gold and copper. Yes, it is gold country, really," Clint whispered in awed tones, and he looked reverently at those round-shouldered foothills rising in his face. "You may as well say we are walking on a floor of gold this very minute. There is a blanket of it here as wide as that flat."

I felt myself firing up every minute and getting the foundations laid for wishing myself into a ready-made fortune. That lucky Swede certainly was long on discourse.

"A sure thing," he breathed at me, and he made a gesture with those milk-white arms of his. "And still there are men who will slave away their lives in cities, satisfied to read about this thing instead of going out to see for themselves, with a pick over their shoulders. No, they are tied to the bell rope, sitting home tying some little girl's ribbons as like as not, while we are here at this moment, hide and hair. Isn't it glorious?"

"You certainly are a persuasive song bird," I put in, and I did get a half glimpse of big doings in the offing whenever that man opened his mouth. "Still," I said, "people tell me there is luck in ladies."

"Why, yes, I don't doubt it. A certain amount of petticoats is good for the soul, that I can't deny. For that matter, I have a sweet lady friend in the South right now that I write to, and she writes me too—sixteen pages at a lick; but I sincerely figure to stop on the threshold."

If you would believe Clint, he was a cold-blooded analyst. He told me that toiling with the hands never got a man anywhere. Slaving your days away in another man's service was only another form of penal servitude.

"I remember the motto of a former employer of mine, a great man," he continued. "He told me many times that maybe by taking thought I couldn't add a cubit to my stature, but I could put a good few of them in my jeans. Well, brother, he was dead right."

His eyes sparkled like crystals in a blue grotto, and all the while those big blunt fingers of his waggled and seemed to body his subject in an airy design. They went flying over an invisible loom on which that

(Continued on Page 77)

Long-Bell TRADE MARKED LUMBER

The home pictured above is Long-Bell Plan No. 287. Most retail lumbermen can show you floor plans of this home or will obtain them for you.

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These new prices include Long-Bell trade-marked lumber, nationally known for its dependability and uniform high quality.

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Long-Bell
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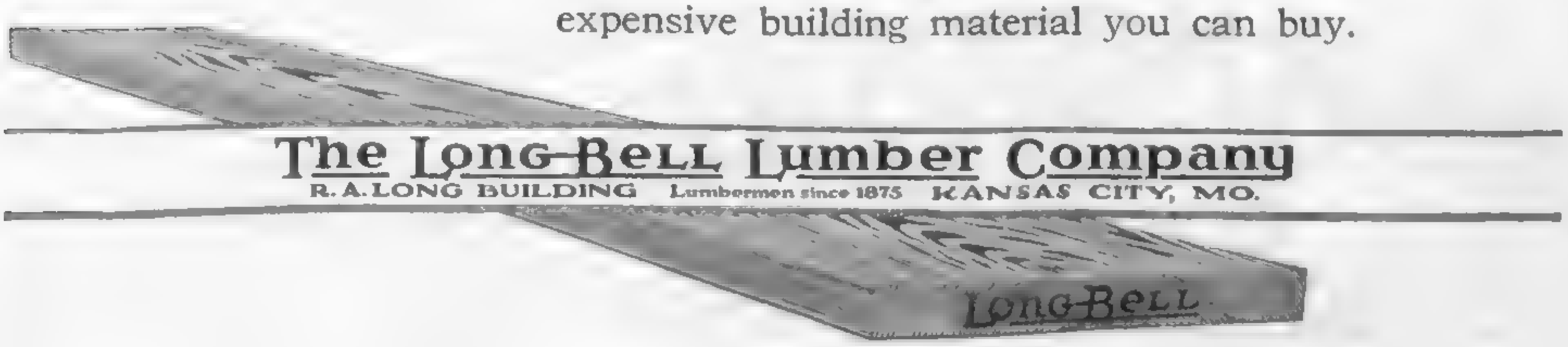
Oak Flooring



The Long-Bell Lumber Company
R. A. LONG BUILDING Lumbermen since 1875 KANSAS CITY, MO.

"Yes—And I'll Tell You Why"

HENDRICKS, at the other end of the wire, has just said to Thompson, his printer, "I like that Hammermill Bond we've been using for our order blanks and invoices. Wouldn't it be a good thing to use it for all our forms?"

"Yes—and I'll tell you why," answers Thompson. "You won't have to look at samples of paper whenever you order a job of printing. That'll save your time—and your time is valuable.

"I'll pick out the stock for your orders. I know Hammermill quality, and I'll promise you satisfaction on every job. I can give you different colors, too, for the forms you use in your different departments and your branch offices. Hammermill gives me twelve colors besides white to choose from."

"How about the cost?" asks Hendricks.

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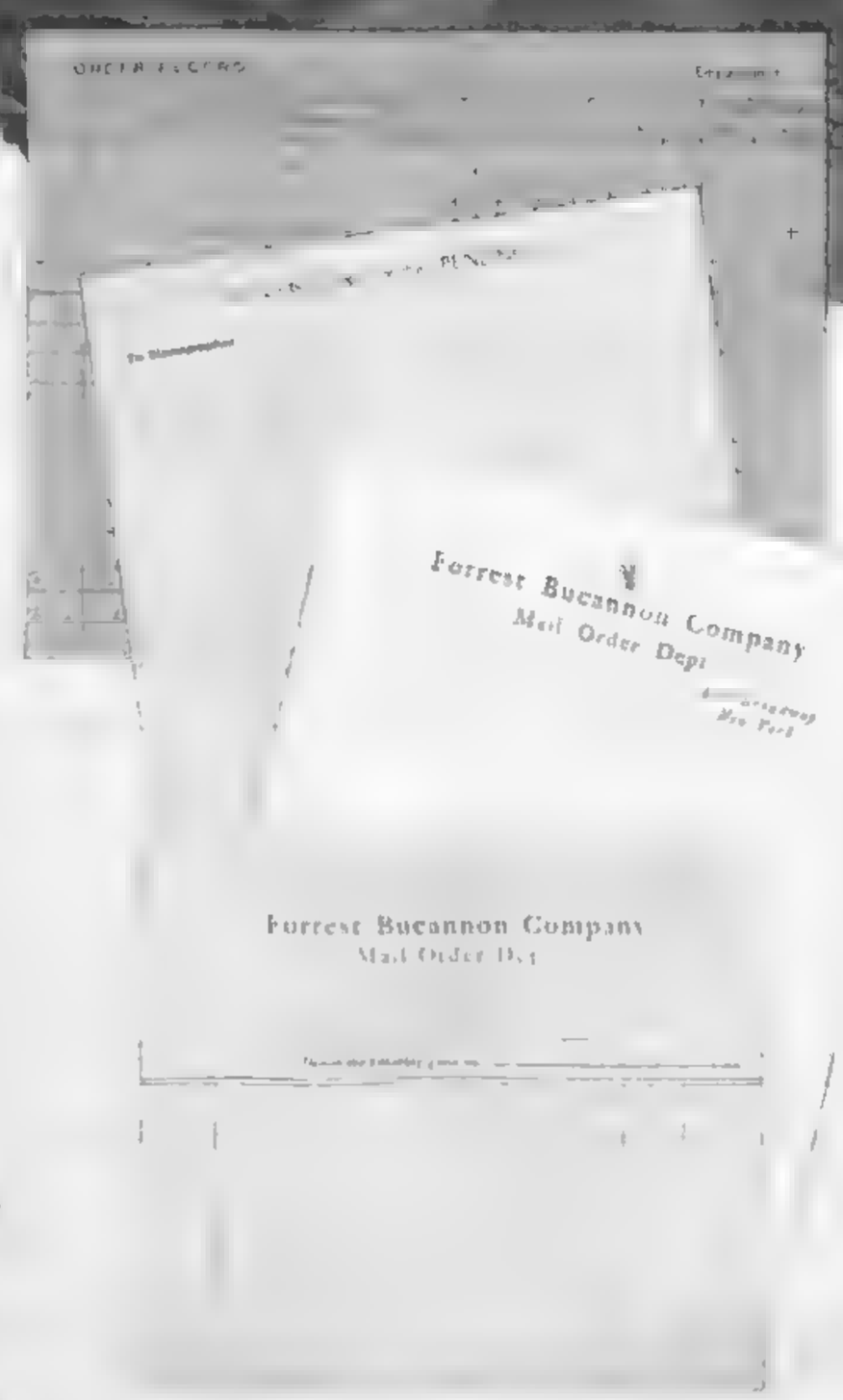


HAMMERMILL BOND gives you white and twelve colors from which to choose. Write us and we will send you a portfolio of specimen forms showing these colors, also the various finishes in which Hammermill Bond is supplied.

(Continued from Page 74)

lucky Swede wove into the stuff of eternity the chance-caught threads of time.

And pretty soon, when he saw that he had struck fire into me, he put his hand on my knee and inquired: "How would you like to help me take the gold out of these hills?"

How would I like it? It ought not to be hard to frame an answer to a question of that sort, should you think? And he didn't wait for my answer, for that matter. He assumed that it would be the delight of my life to go into those hills and toil there, coming out as rich as Crœsus after one, two or three months. He outlined to me the situation. It was a big picture, done in Clint's vigorous strokes. There you had on the one hand Swasey, his employer, a man who had never yet failed to get capital when he needed it, and a man who knew gold down to the ground and under; and on the other hand, Sebastian Polhill, leagued with all the powers of evil and banded against Swasey and his cohorts.

They had once been friends, and were now sworn enemies. Polhill owned the Black Prince here in Madcap; Swasey was master of the True Friend. These mines adjoined, and an order of the Federal court had recently forced Swasey to quit pursuing the only vein of any consequence in his mine through the side lines of the Black Prince. The court, in short, had pinched the life out of the True Friend, as much so as if the honorable gentlemen composing that august body had taken up that fated property between thumb and finger; but Swasey was not the man to be put down so easily.

"There's an estate twenty miles down the canyon that he's been looking over," Clint said zealously—"the Sprowl estate—and in his letter to me he said the stuff was there. 'Mr. Clint,' he wrote me, 'I'm not afraid to set it down in black and white, the stuff is there. I'm too old a bird to be fooled when it comes to hard rock, and I'm not fooled. I can't be fooled. Old Sprowl has straddled it, only he doesn't know where it is, and I do. He's given me an option to bond the estate and work it, and if you'll come in on a basis to be agreed on, we're both made men.'"

Clint read these words out of a much-thumbed letter which he then ushered suavely into his hip pocket again.

"Success in this world is only a question of nipping in," he averred. And the proof that gold actually did reside in the Sprowl property could be drawn from the fact that Sebastian Polhill, the owner of the Black Prince, had gone down into the canyon himself; that poor old blind man had gone down there himself, with his rascal of a mine manager, and the two of them had squatted on a property adjoining the Sprowl estate, a claim that went by the name of Pandora.

"It's there and they know it!" Clint said excitedly. "What else would lead a man with half his face torn away by an explosion to leave comfortable quarters and go down there and cruise round in that rat hole if the ore wasn't there?"

"He's blind?" I said. "What does a blind man want with gold?"

"To buy himself new eyes," Clint grinned. "There's nothing gold won't do if a man has a mind to think so. Well, what do you say? I want a partner—we'll agree later on the basis—and I can see at a glance that you are one man in a million."

I murmured that nothing would suit me better, but that I had a little matter of business to clean up here. I was sewed up for the time being. I couldn't give up that faint little chance—don't you see—that maybe May Gowdy hadn't met Jim Harper after all.

"Take your time," Clint said. "It will be three or four days before I get orders, probably."

He wrenched the shirt away from his massive throat and looked away with glistening eyes toward those captivating, those entrancing, those intriguing hills. I began feeling picaresquish, if I may slip that word over without giving too much offense. It's no more possible, as a great scholar has said, to define a word by using other words than it is to describe in words themselves the shifting hues on a pigeon's neck, and I won't tell you what picaresquish means. Ascertain it for yourself.

"Listen!" Clint said.

He came close and dominated me with those flashing irises of his, according to a method which he later told me he had extracted from a book on salesmanship under the chapter entitled How to Dominate Your Man. You show the whites of your eyes all round for one thing, and then you bring your mug so infernally close to the other fellow's that he has to look into first one eye and then the other. It's confusing as the dickens, and I don't doubt does what it's guaranteed to do.

As I say, the lucky Swede favored me with this dominating glare, and said: "I am going to be perfectly frank with you, because I feel that you are my friend. We are partners. I am going in there to locate a pocket of gold on the Sprowl estate, and I count on every last ounce in your body to see me through. We know it is there, mind you. That's one comfort. We have figured in every possibility, and we know it is there—a thick, ropy vein; what is known as a fissure vein. We haven't lost it, but we don't quite know where it is. Do you follow along, brother?"

I swallowed hard and nodded, and Clint said more calmly: "It may be a long job, and then again it may not."

He looked slantwise at that purple mountain as if by a quirk of mental arithmetic he could calculate just how long he would be in carting it all away.

"Where does it get its name?" I broke in on him. "They call it the Canyon of the Fools, I understand."

Clint laughed heartily at that question, and told me that was ancient history.

"The fools are all dead long ago," he chuckled. "They were the bunch that panned the sands of the canyon with cradles and Long Toms in the old days. They were in too much of a hurry to spend it to send it to the mint, brother. A pinch was a dollar, a teaspoonful was an ounce, a wineglassful was a hundred dollars, and a tumblerful was a thousand, just the same as cash on the nail."

A tumblerful of gold! Spontaneous riches, easy cush! Gad, my tongue was hanging out! Old King Knute said that a man in those days was liable to turn over a bowlder with his foot and find half a hatful of dust under it. It warmed him to mention that circumstance, and it warmed me to hear it. Clint did have a weird power of projecting his visions and kindling hope in other men. He was an optimist, and practically with the first breath I fell into an attitude toward him almost of worship. That great yellow god with his blue eyes could summon Odin and Thor to his aid, as like as not. I put nothing past him, and he put nothing past himself, for that matter. Failure was nothing but the bogy that kept weaker men from closing with a good thing.

There I was, hanging on his least whisper. I was reading favorable omens in the gurgle of his pipe even, when he checked himself and canted his head mysteriously toward the merry-go-round.

That tall genius over there had drawn nearer and put one caressing hand on the mane of a wrecked lion. We still had a profile view of him, though. He had narrowed his eyes apparently on something nearly out of sight. He wore spurs and leathers and two gun pockets, and he looked prickly every way. Nearly everything in desert country has a thorn or a fang, and this gentleman was no exception. I seemed right away to recognize his spiritual kinship with the horse-faced man at Haggett Junction somehow. He was burned to a cinder by desert suns, and I caught a glimpse of a corded neck, and a sulphur-colored mustache spun out to a few crinkly ends, just two or three tawny filaments floating against that burning blue sky.

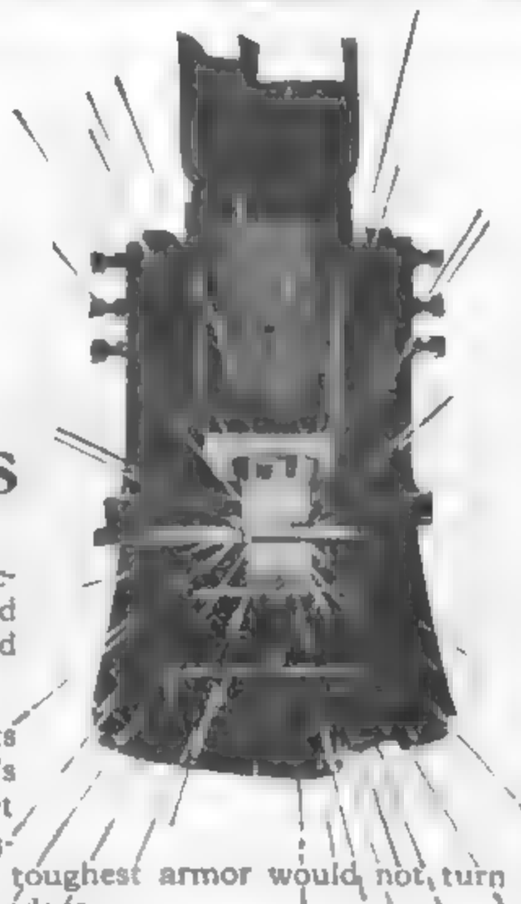
Jove, it was effective! In the same eye flash, too, I noted that he was wearing a roll-brim hat with a high crown, and that brim mushroomed out past his ears in grand style.

"You haven't had any business with that gazabo, have you?" Clint said seriously.

"I was just wondering if he mightn't have some with me," I muttered.

I added hurriedly that I would think that proposition over and report in a day or two. I slipped away on the dark side of a string of ore cars, expecting to be followed, nabbed and incarcerated as certainly as I sit here. Nothing of that kind took place, and eventually I got ashamed of my panic and ventured into town. Right away I stumbled into Swasey's place. I couldn't have overlooked it for long, anyhow. It riveted the eye by means of a big lump of fairy quartz in the window, with a huge golden patch slopping down its side in gobs and strings, and a hatchet sticking in it.

Forged—Like the Best Blades of Damascus



FOR centuries men have recognized the refining and toughening qualities imparted to hot steel by hammering.

The broadswords of the knights of old; the rapier; the Saracen's scimitar—all were the product of the forge—heated and hammered and tempered until the toughest armor would not turn their keen edges.

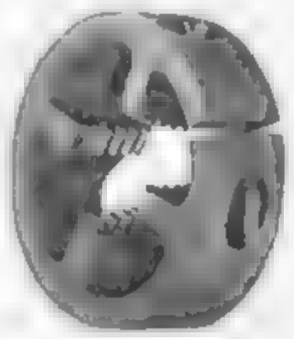
Face View
GTD "O K" Drop-Forged Threading Die

Today GTD forges "OK" threading dies, heats and hammers and tempers them until, like the best blades of Damascus, they too, cut the toughest steel unharmed. Yet a comparison of prices will convince you that "OK" dies cost no more than ordinary round threading dies.

Put up in convenient assortments with taps to match, (ask for GTD "OK" Screw Plates), they offer an exceptionally good value to millwrights, auto repairmen, blacksmiths, farmers and other repairers of machinery.

With ordinary care they will last for years and earn their cost many times over before replacements become necessary.

Ask the nearest hardware dealer to let you see the GTD "OK" Screw Plates. Notice the clever little pressed steel guide on the die stock which may be adjusted in a second to fit any size rod. See the extremely large spaces at the back of each die which permit free lubrication and prevents chips from binding and making the die cut hard.



Back View
GTD "O K" Die
(Note large chip spaces)

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The Fountain of Youth

Ponce de Leon came to the new world seeking the fountain of youth.

Youth! The magic word! Youth means wealth and energy, health, cleanliness and everlasting strength.

Ponce de Leon did not find the fountain.

But it is here in this world, for all that.

James Watt, who discovered steam and developed the steam engine, was the first to find this fountain.

Following him into the new world of science have come innumerable others, studying, working, developing, until the very fountain of youth is here at hand in the electric light and power industry.

Through the application of electric light, heat and energy in manufacturing establishments, commercial houses and in the home, unsanitary conditions have been almost abolished. Dust and dirt need not exist; excessive heat or cold can be tempered; tension and strain on employers and employes and on housewives are taken away by a hundred different uses of electric power.

Innumerable ills are avoided. Above all, energy is saved—and energy is youth!

Back of this new force are the huge dams and water turbines, where water power is used, or the stupendous steam boilers, turbines, engines and generators, wires of high-tension transmission lines and the infinite web of innumerable smaller wires stretching out over the country.

Here is a fountain of eternal youth, indeed!

But, it must be fed. It has been fed to the amount of billions of dollars by thrifty American citizens who have put their savings into the securities of the electric light and power industry.

There are still millions of people to be added to the home patrons alone of electric light and power companies. Vast capital must be invested to supply their requirements, and it can be attracted only if present invested capital is treated fairly.

NATIONAL ELECTRIC LIGHT ASSOCIATION

I think Jim Harper had spoken of that hatchet in his letter. The name Robert Swasey was gilded in bold letters on the window, and over that in a sort of rainbow arch were the words that meant all the world to me:

ONE GOOD INVESTMENT BEATS A LIFETIME OF TOIL

That was the first hint of easy cush I had seen in the West, outside of conversation, but it had a favorable ring. It certainly had. It jingled and jangled in my head, like the opening line of some great epic, and I found myself staring past it, staring through the letters at that lean lath of a man sitting at a desk.

Swasey himself. I hadn't a doubt of it. His face was dead white—foxy, too, to my way of thinking. He wore a black velvet smoking jacket and a gaudy brocaded vest under that, and he was playing with a massive watch charm, twirling it over his forefinger. I wasn't long in making out that that charm was nothing but a lump of raw gold fashioned into a miniature skull and set with silver crossbones. I couldn't help a chill creeping through me, somehow, and then a warm flash followed it when I saw May herself stepping out from between the doors of a tall, thin, green safe that stood against the side wall.

The same May, every line and movement of her. She sat down to a typewriter and began to peck at the keys with those girlish taper fingers. Her face was partly turned toward me, and the blood sang in my ears at the expression I saw haunting it. For if ever I saw loneliness and grief and mystification written in the human countenance it was written on May's, and I knew right then that Jim hadn't come through.

He hadn't met her and he hadn't married her. She was languishing in there, as good as abandoned on the threshold of the desert, a nugget of virgin gold dropped by a madman for a madman's reason probably. What was her condition? Why had she been forced to take menial employment in the office of that foxy gentleman with the golden slogan on his window? Wasn't it palpable that she didn't have money enough to go home again, and didn't my chance look better than ever to nip in at the eleventh hour?

It did, I grant you, and still for the dear life of me I couldn't or wouldn't frame it the way I had dreamed of doing a thousand times. If she had only looked up! But she didn't look up, and I moved on.

If you had been in my place you would have gone in there on all fours probably, and been precipitate and carried the redoubt. As for me, I couldn't do it. It wasn't in me to. I was wolf-hungry, for one thing, and I was ashamed to show her what desperate straits I was in for lack of food again. I had remnants of her money still sticking in my fist, it's true—not much, but fragments of it—but I had sworn not to use it. You have to remember that I was eggful of romance, and that she had succored me more than once already. She, a mere girl, had bolstered me up at the end of one of my biggest feats, and I wasn't going to be weak enough to give her a second opportunity—not if I knew it. In all the romances I had ever read the shoe was on the other foot when the pinch came. It was the girl who was in danger, and it was the man who horned in and eased out with that pale burden just barely palpitant with life. Wasn't it a predicament for a callow youth to find himself in, where he was dealing with a woman who had at her beck the freshness of the budded rose and the experience of forty centuries?

I suppose, too, that part of my misery at this time came from dearth of tobacco. I had sold everything to follow her and keep soul and body together; everything movable on my person, even to my pipe in its snake-skin case, and I was tigerish all the time for lack of a smoke. Harrowing—what?

I had to know where she lived, of course, and I found out by the simple expedient of following her home at a distance. She walked fast and didn't look right or left, not like my May at all, and I wondered wrathily who or what had cowed that proud spirit this way. It was growing on to dusk, and I trailed her right up to the porch of a blistered-looking frame house with yellowed creeping jennies out front; a house shingled in alternate belts of mud brown and baleful ocher, of sculptured shingles, and to the right of the porch loomed a tower with a lot of gingerbread and beading. It terminated in a huge wooden spike, and had evidently been hung up in the days of the jig-saw madness.

I leaned on the fence until a light sprang out midway of the tower, May's light; and nothing would do then, of course, but I must lodge there too—in that very place. A young million of rose-lined contingencies were swarming in my head. I didn't want to meet May face to face, I ought to postulate, and yet I was dying to be under the same roof with her, and I finally did screw myself up to the point of ringing the bell. A sleepy red-headed witch, all of two hundred pounds on the hoof, came to the door.

"I'm looking for a room," I said.

She didn't think she had a room. How did she think she was going to thwart my resolution to lodge under the same roof with May Gowdy? I groveled, I begged for six feet of space; I told her I was going to work in the mine in the morning and that it simply wrecked me to look for rooms. She brushed the hair out of her eyes and recollected the little hall bedroom.

"There's nothing but a mattress there, though," she warned me.

"If the place has walls, that's enough," I said.

I engaged it for the night, and paid twenty-five cents for it out of May's money that I had sworn not to touch. The mattress was rolled up and tied with a rope. I untied and unrolled it and lay down in darkness, beating all over with a sense of my adventurousness and uplifted by the thought that already perhaps May was dreaming on the other side of that wall, and that she needed a strong arm to lean on if ever a girl needed it.

I was up and out of the house at dawn, and showed up at the main shaft of the Black Prince when the day shift was waiting for the cage. By Mars, those were lean days! For there was no work to be had at that mine, you know; there was no work to be had anywhere.

I came away with my knees waggling under me, and by that time the iron had entered my soul. I wouldn't burst in on May in that starving condition, and I wouldn't go back to King Knute, either, for fear he would argue me into lighting out with him for the Canyon of the Fools, or force me into accepting sustenance which might hurry me into a premature contract. I was still chained to that girl's chariot wheel.

And before I could turn round it was night again. What was I going to do then? I might have hunted up Tawgy in his prairie schooner. I ought to have been satisfied to lie under the stars and dream those dreams of plenty to which my famishing condition naturally entitled me. Instead of which I drifted insensibly back into the neighborhood of that house with the jig-saw tower and the creeping jennies.

Come rack, come rope, I did mean to have the consolation of knowing I was near May nights. And yet I couldn't bring myself to doke up my last two bits for that second night's lodging. I sauntered up and down in the dark in front of that house like a panther in a cage, for hours and hours, watching the light in May's room, conjuring back those happy hours we had spent, feeling her light touch on my arm and repeating odd fragments of our talk. I thought up perils for her, too, and saved her from them, and I wondered whether it wouldn't bring tears into those sweet eyes if she knew that I had eaten next to nothing in forty-eight hours, all for love of her.

I'm ashamed to tell you how long a time passed before I thought of a simple way to get up to that room again. Because when it came it was gloriously simple, you know, like all inspired thoughts.

I walked up! Yes, sir, opened the front door, felt my way past that treacherous walnut hat-tree with the loose, straight-out pegs, where stiff hats couldn't lie quiet, walked up softly without meeting a soul, and tiptoed into that hall bedroom. Like a ghost, I unrolled my mattress and lay down. Everything seemed jake if only the red-headed witch didn't take it into her head to look in on me. My luck held even in that particular, and I slept like a dog.

In the morning, as before, I woke early, rolled the mattress up and tied it again and stood it in a corner. There was something automatic about the whole egregious business. I felt serene as a sleepwalker, and I was hardly conscious of having committed a crime. Of course the thought did

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W. W. Showers
President
SHOWERS BROTHERS CO.
BLOOMINGTON, IND.

SHOWERS
America's Largest Furniture Makers

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just flicker into my head: "Suppose that blessed red-haired baby should dodge in here and catch me red-handed?"

But I decided that I could tell her plausibly enough that I was on the point of reëngaging the room, and had merely looked in there to see if it was occupied. In that case she couldn't very well hang anything on me, more than a breach of good manners, could she?

Wouldn't it seem as if that would work out? Why not? Even supposing she made the discovery in the morning, how was she to know I had been there all night? I looked sleepy, you say? All right, so I did when I first came to her. I was sleepy all the time—sleepy and hungry. What is it that gives a room a look of having been slept in? Rumpled bedclothes, as much as anything. But there weren't any rumpled bedclothes there. The room looked as fresh as ever.

Reason it how you will, to me there was a lack of moral reckoning in all that business, a usurping dream quality. There was something humorous and ceremonial in the untying and unrolling of that mattress, and I felt like a conjurer preparing his mat. And in the morning I was wafted out of the house on the wings of impulse at a time when my landlady was conferring out back with the meat man. My conscience was so clear that I had actually overslept.

The truth is, I couldn't actually believe that I was beating the woman out of her rent. My performances were only part of that mystical poetry that sprang up like wild flowers in the path of that sweet mistress of my haunted soul, May Gowdy.

I have only the vaguest recollection of the events of that day, but I do remember that it was haunted by that sheriff. Maricopa Jim, the man was called. He kept floating into the corner of my eye, his copper-colored jaw slanted away from me, one corded hand trifling with his mustache. I fled him like a pestilence, and when night came and still no news I slunk back to May Gowdy's and my lodging house again. Wild horses couldn't have held me back from floating up on that stoop like the ghost of yesterday, which I veritably was. The door swung in receptively. I stole upstairs.

So far, good. Life is all composed of these small repetitions. But the moment I laid my hand to the door knob of that hall bedroom I felt a soft, yielding pressure from the other side. Can you figure that out? My heart stopped and weird fancies beat thick over my head. For just one second I fancied that May might have twigged me and hid herself playfully in there to welcome me, if that was what scaring me out of a year's growth consisted of. And in the same fractional part of a second I decided that I had been detected, and that the police had been artfully installed to watch. I was familiar with this custom of placing police about the house to await the return of the criminal to the seat of his crime.

An omen as dark as that might have stopped stronger men than I was, but I told myself that my destiny wasn't the only one implicated and that I was bound to go through with it. I summoned every ounce of strength in me, and with the courage of desperation I took the knob in both hands again and pushed—hard. The pressure again met me—that same soft but dogged opposition—and suddenly it was withdrawn.

How simple, after all! I had rolled that mattress up and stood it on end, as you remember, and it had fallen down against the door.

Simple! You are probably tempted to smile, and yet it had a horrible effect on me. I untied the mattress rope in the dark with shaking fingers, but I couldn't adjust myself to the embrace of Morpheus, filled as I was with this indefinable sensation of mystery and disaster that seemed to shoot up through me from the soles of my feet, swarming premonitions.

I lay there quaking, and for the first time I did see dimly that my reiterated presence in that house, unsolicited and unsuspected, did involve a kind of enormity—moral enormity, if you choose. That inanimate mattress taught me more than a prison sentence, and got me focusing on some of Sydney Hecker's well-known views. I literally caught a glimpse of myself from his angle, I believe, at that exact instant, and there must have been a certain sort of mental telepathy involved, because like a bolt out of the blue I heard Syd's voice outside the door, on the stairs, and the creak of those same stairs under the weight of Mrs. Redhead.

I sprang up with a singing in my ears, thinking that the delirium of my starvation diet had me in its clutches, although, really, by keeping easy in your mind, you can minimize the effects even of a total lack of rations.

Even in my inflamed state I couldn't have mistaken Syd's voice, and I didn't mistake it. I rolled up my mattress in a panic, tied it with a swift timber hitch and sank down back of it. I wasn't too soon. That woman's hand was already at the door and when the light of her hand lamp peered in I was by great good luck—as I thought—in deep shadow.

"There's nothing but a mattress in here," she was saying in that weary voice; "but if you can make shift with that I'll let you have it for two bits."

Syd said in broken tones that he was glad of the chance to lie down anywhere, and that he was going to apply for work in some of the offices to-morrow. Could I have so utterly misjudged that man, and was he too trailing May?

Mrs. Redmop said she wished him luck, she was sure, but there was something mistrustful in her voice.

As soon as the door clicked Syd put the lamp down and overthrew the mattress.

"You!" Syd breathed as if he had been stung.

"Soft pedal on the surprise," I whispered, and my fingers were all but at his throat. I could see at a glance that he had met with some kind of shocking reverse, even in that short time; and if ever a bird looked sick and out of song, this bird did. He looked impecunious as hell, for one thing. There was a sobbing catch in his voice, and those sad eyes of his were as big as saucers, and teary, too, and a fine sweat had collected under the lower lids. He had some scratches on those heavy soft arms of his with the big light-tan freckles, and his button shoes were down to a frazzle. He probably had run out of gingersnaps, I surmised.

It was worse than that, as it turned out. I got the story out of him by degrees. After shaking me, that same old streak had cropped out in him again, and he had let two thugs board him and beat him up and take practically every last cent away from him—the snake ring too—and they had ended up by dropping him in the cinders twenty miles out of Haggett Junction. That's what I call wild justice. Syd was at a standstill—didn't know whether to go forward or back; but finally leg-motored to the Junction, where they advised him to come up here to Madcap, on the strength of a little money he found in his coat lining, and get a job as a stenographer in a bank. He had told them he was an indoor man, probably; but you can imagine what likelihood there was of jobs like that going begging out there.

"I don't know what I'm going to do now," he said desperately. "I'm little better than a tramp now, I fear."

I advised him to telegraph for funds, but he said there was nobody back home with money enough to see the wire if he did send it collect. They had been against that wild business, anyway, in the first place. Wild? What defeated me was to hear him call that sheep car wild. Wild sheep! Think that over.

"Why not wire the head of this division to sidetrack that sheep car until you can overtake it?" I whispered. "You still have some gingersnaps there, haven't you, cached in the hay?"

I had kept at him pretty close with whispered questions to divert his mind from the equivocal fact of my own presence there in a room he had hired for the night; but, of course, he was bound to get round to it, and while I was silently unrolling the mattress again he asked me point blank how I happened to be there.

I whispered gayly that it was in the rôle of his good fairy to see him tucked in for the night, but he wasn't convinced. He presently made the crack that it was his secret conviction that I had broken in here. Had broken in! It was that sheep car all over again. He looked at me bitterly and I saw that it was time for a change of tactics. I got up and took him by the shoulders in a drowning man's grip.

"Do you know who is in that next room?" I motioned with my lips. He nodded his head dumbly. Yes, he did know. May Gowdy. She had been so kind as to give him this address.

"She is in danger," I said, and I really thought so, though I didn't at that time

know from what quarter to expect the blow to fall. "I suppose you know Jim Harper's not here."

He nodded again. And then I admitted flat-footed that I had tracked in there without saying anything to anybody—like a thief in the night, if he chose—but it was with the high moral purpose of shielding that unsuspecting girl from the consequences of a dastardly plot of some kind. Never mind what kind. It was to be near her in her hour of need. Did he blame me?

Well, yes, he did blame me. It wasn't moral. Encroaching on that room was a worse thing, if anything, than stealing a ride in a box car. Then again, suppose I should be discovered in there with him, wouldn't it look as if he had condoned my presence there? By George, it might even look, to unfriendly eyes, as if he, Sydney, had contrived the whole business to sleep two for the price of one! Don't you see?

Would you believe that a man's mind could work up a petty vein like that, when the woman he loved, or had loved, and who had rejected him and was now in danger and possibly recapturable, was lying asleep in the next room? With only that thin partition ——

Syd sank down on the mattress with a groan, and whispered that his position would be thoroughly false if he allowed me to remain in that room.

"You've got to get out," he said, glaring at me.

"If you don't lower your voice," I hissed, "I'll throttle you where you sit. I mean business!"

Gad, I certainly did! I was right on my toes by then. I couldn't get over that impression of disaster impending that had sprung up in me at the opposition of that mattress. Syd sat there absolutely still, and in that silence there came a knock at the door.

You know, to me there is always something terrifying in a knock. It's like a summons. It smites the knees and stops the heart and calls up the guilty soul to its account. You don't know what the devil may lie at the back of it. I stood up there in that semi-darkness, full of confused images and jumpy impulses, and relief was my chief emotion when I saw that frowzy red head come leering in on our privacy.

"So—there *are* two of you!" she said. "I thought so. I thought when I let you in, my laddie, you were up to that old trick, and I got up out of bed to make sure."

She was talking to Syd. I don't think she even recognized me as a former lodger.

"It's all a mistake," he wailed. "I'm not responsible for this man. He was here when I came in."

"Do you think I haven't got eyes in my head?" she cried. She was exasperated and you can't blame her. "This room was empty when I let you into it. Do you mean to stand there and tell me that you don't know this man? Never saw him before in your life, I suppose."

Gad, that was Syd's great moment!

"I can't say that—no," he faltered. "I do know him, as it happens. That is, I've had dealings with him."

"Come! Doke up another two bits or out you go, the both of you," she said, and she held out her hand. "I've stood enough shenanigan from you two. There's a deputy sheriff rooming right in the house, and I can rout him out if I have to. I will rout him out, too, if I don't get my money. You two great hulks, you ought to be ashamed."

She looked hostile, and she started going back along the hall as if she meant to fulfill that threat. She stopped right under that heavy oil painting of Pike's Peak that had a triangular tear in the canvas right at the peak and showed an area of homely brown wall paper through.

Syd dragged himself over the sill, white to the gills—he didn't have that added two bits, it transpired—and that virago called out at the top of her lungs: "If you take one step nearer I shall scream."

And then the door at Syd's elbow opened and May Gowdy was standing there in a blue dressing gown, her eyes as blue as blue, too, and all those raven locks flowing over her shoulders and loosing some kind of musky essence—unless I imagined it. She looked lithe and pretty and not afraid of anything in this world, and one reason for that lack of fear may have been that she had heard our voices.

"What's in the wind now?" she said curtly to Mrs. Redhead.

"It's all right, dearie," that lady said soothingly. "Go back to bed. There are men in the house if we need them. We've just got in a couple of undesirables, that's all, I'm afraid."

Poor old Syd stood there, shipwrecked in his shoes, as Joe Carney used to say, and words failed him. Because, do you know, May Gowdy looked from Syd to me and back again without a glint of recognition in those blue eyes? Not a glimmer! Syd made a kind of despairing lurch towards her, but she speared him with that cold look, and only said to the landlady: "They really don't seem to have bad faces, do you think so? They're young, that's all, poor things! Why, Mrs. Hanson, that thinnest one is hardly more than a boy, and he doesn't look as if he had had a square meal in weeks! Do let them stay!"

Hardly more than a boy! That from May, who was hardly more than a girl herself, when it came to that—a mere slip of a girl—and still those pitying accents had me strung right up to concert pitch, and I don't know what nonsense I might not have blurted out if Syd hadn't been beforehand with me by lisping out in his torture voice: "Why, don't you know me?"

"What's that?" said Mrs. Hanson. "Do you know him, dearie?"

"More people have been mistaken for me!" May cut in. "I must be an awfully common type, I'm afraid. Mrs. Hanson, I assure you I never saw either of these young men before in my life."

That delicate face was calm, and that oriole's voice for once as hard as chilled steel.

May stood there fingering the yellow silk tassels on her dressing gown, and everything about her seemed to bear out that statement of hers too. She looked like a glorious being from another world than ours, and you would have bet your last dollar that she had never suffered the contamination of our friendship.

Syd bowed his face in his hands and groaned as if here was a kind of poetic justice, too, and neither of us could believe our ears when, right on top of that, May began suggesting to Mrs. Hanson that it really seemed too bad to put us out-of-doors.

"It's not as if they were yeggmen," she urged, and she put it up to the other lady flat whether oftentimes it didn't make criminals out of youths who were not really bad, only ill-advised, to receive some sharp evidence of man's inhumanity to man. And do you know, she went on glibly and offered to pay for our night's lodging personally, the dear innocent!

Think of the irony of that! I couldn't believe my ears. I still had two bits of her money that I had been holding out too.

"I'll take the responsibility for their being on the premises," May said. "And oh, Mrs. Hanson, take them down and give them some of that cold meat that was left over from supper. They look ravenous."

I made a horrible noise in the back of my throat. I meant to signify that I didn't want anything to eat, and I couldn't intelligently syllable that lie.

And last of all, out came that famous bag of May's from some recess or other—I believe that's the word—yes, sir, that same old crocodile hide that I had picked up in Chicago with the bar pin and the plaid sample in it. That bag was responsible for this whole charming nightmare, and I felt as if I was on the point of either waking or having a blood vessel break in my brain when I saw May take money out of it and press it on our hostess, Mrs. Hanson.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE COMEDY OF AMERICANIZATION

Continued from Page 21

took them a fairly long time to mix. Later less assimilable people came—"Mediterranean dark whites" and such. If it is so easy to assimilate overnight, why does the surrounded, almost swamped Basque, after two thousand years, still keep his strange language that has no kin? Why after nearly twenty centuries are the "black Irish" the small, dark, aboriginal pre-Celtic breed still able to color southern counties?

Here we are, however, at our Americanizing, somehow believing that you can teach an attitude to life as you can teach a language. At the same time we are told that we must respect the alien's sentiments and prejudices. As if you could respect them, were they so easily discarded as all that! An inheritance is a complex thing; you do not make a man the heir in any but a legal sense by endowing him with citizenship. A vote does not turn a descendant of Attila into a descendant of Miles Standish.

An adherence to political institutions, however, may be an intellectual matter One of us—real Americans—thinking it over, might decide that the law of the Bedouin Arab pleased him better than our own representative form of government. He might go to the desert and abide by the patriarchal justice of the sheik. It just might hit him that way. His difficulties would only be beginning. While his intellect approved the dispensation under which he lived his temperament, physical and mental, would rebel in all probability against customs, points of view and superstitions that modeled his days.

Native Speech Corrupted

Americanization, I understand, attempts not only to teach a political doctrine but also to modify personal habits of life and social attitudes. That is a more difficult matter. Take very simple and fundamental things like sex and family relations, food and drink, subsistence levels. If the law is openly flouted the alien suffers. But within the law he can pamper his prejudices to a large extent.

The great argument of the optimists is the schools. Children can be molded, they say. And so to a large extent they can. But something has happened, all the same, to the schools. Myra Kelly's Little Citizens was long ago an illuminating if somewhat rose-colored document. Even the children are not so easily changed. It is a nice question, in fact, whether the alien is not affecting our schools more than our schools are affecting the alien. We no longer occupy the proud place among the world's educational systems that once we did. In great centers of foreign population the schools have almost given up the fight. Some years ago a man who should have known, if anyone did, about the New York public-school system complained that not only the alien pupils but the American pupils were speaking with a Yiddish accent. For in a great center of foreign population not only the pupils but the teachers are largely of alien stock. You can Americanize as frantically as you please, but the majority will have its way. And as with speech—which is a very subtle molder of character—so with points of view, matters of taste, social instincts. Where the balance of population is in the alien's favor the American is being made alien quite as much as the alien is being Americanized.

Probably the fact is that the wrong people are doing the Americanizing—not an invidious remark, since I recall not a single name or personality at present—and that they have, in addition, made the mistake of not properly defining "American." "American," as I said before, really means something definable and distinct—or did The American spirit ranged the country and was recognizable in its different incarnations, from New England parson to Arizona cowboy. The people who talk glibly of Americanizing, one suspects, have not clearly in their minds what an American is; and in the second place have read little anthropology. Even Mr. Wells' Outline, given as prescribed reading, would do them a world of good, though Mr. Wells is more or less bitten with internationalism.

The only way to Americanize, except in the most superficial way—clothes, for example, and cheap amusements—is to assimilate. It was not an overnight job for us in colonial times to amalgamate the Western European strains, when standards differed far less and purposes were far more similar.

It is pull Dick, pull devil, really now between the American and the alien. Leaving out the rare visionary, cold economic purpose has moved both. The American has brought in the newer, queerer alien to do hard labor for him; the alien has come in the hope of bettering himself financially. Here and there an idealistic Jew from within the Pale may gaze at the Goddess of Liberty with a swelling of the heart. But generally speaking, any spiritual message transmitted by Bartholdi's statue would quickly be set at naught by the official manners of Ellis Island. The fact is that we do not respect what the alien brings. We did not get him here to improve us, but to save our muscles and fill our pocketbooks. Nor, be sure, does the alien particularly respect us—in spite of sentimental anecdote to the contrary effect. Why should he, considering our manners to him? Why should we, considering his strange ways with us?

Americanization, no doubt, would be the answer if it were not too ludicrous. The idea of liberty is not indigenous to American soil, and probably you can stir the remotest human soul by mention of it. So far as our laws permit them freedom they have not had before, be sure that these aliens are grateful for them—to fate, if not precisely to us. Working on that as a basis, and giving them a fair deal—which we have seldom done—we might eventually have assimilated a few of them. The plain truth is that you can Americanize, or Anglicize, or Gallicize, or Hispanize, or any such thing, only by assimilation; and only if that which is to be assimilated is a tiny fraction of the whole, so that it becomes an indistinguishable part of the organism. A man can assimilate a piece of hippo steak, but he cannot assimilate a whole hippopotamus.

Whether "Americanization," in the minds of those who profess to believe in it, means "assimilation" or not, I do not know, though I suspect it does not. They probably mean something more immediate. Assimilation is a slow business, a matter of many generations. It is not anything you deliberately do to people; it is something that is achieved slowly by the life force. If "American" means anything human you cannot Americanize people by talk or by organization.

Optimism Gone Mad

If it means anything human—that is where we Americans have a right to take issue with the professional Americanizers. We know that we are a slow evolutionary growth, like any other national or tribal type; that what was an American sprang from certain race amalgamations, from certain centuries of history, from a very definite even though complex religious, social, political tradition. You cannot mix us up with the Slav, the Semite or the Mongol. When you speak of Americanizing these people you are perverting the definition of the word "American." Only, as I say, by slow assimilation can it be done. You have confused years with generations—even if you have not confused hours with years. You have miscalled your purpose, which is not, cannot in the scientific nature of things be to Americanize; you have mistaken your process, which must needs be natural, not artificial. You are not turning these people into Americans, by whatever method

The inner man is not changed so easily. There are too many aliens now to assimilate—really, that is, to Americanize. Probably Americans in a few more centuries will have ceased to exist. We shall be swamped by the others. They will assimilate us by sheer overpowering majority. We shall all be something different—a strange new ethnic blend. But while there are still some Americans left let us protest in the name of common sense against the solecism—to give it a polite name—of "Americanization." For it is either optimism gone mad through ignorance, or sheer intellectual dishonesty. Considering the times, it might well be either.

—comes a hankering 'long about this time o' year

THOSE appetites—yours and brother's and sister's and daddy's—what a change has come over them!

The breakfasts you've been having just don't seem to hit the spot. What's happened?

It's pancake time! Sure as you're alive it is. Are you having them?

Put them on the bill-of-fare tomorrow morning—the kind all the family's hankering for. Those fragrant, golden-brown Aunt Jemima Pancakes with the real old southern flavor. Those pancakes so rich and tender that they pull to pieces with a fork, like home-made angel food cake.

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And inexpensive!

Why, an Aunt Jemima breakfast for the whole family costs but a few cents.

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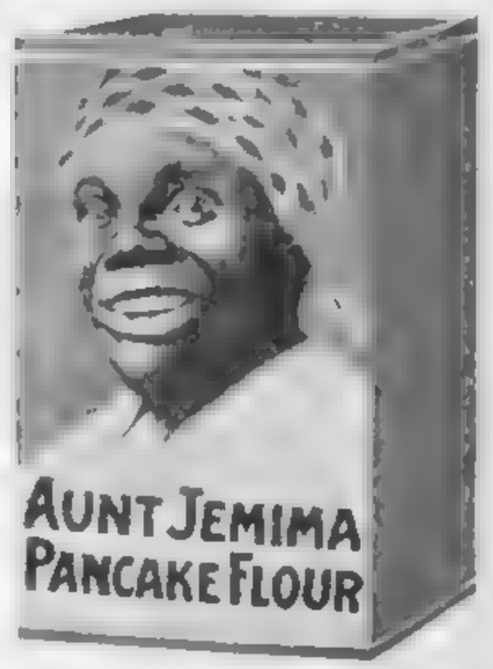
"I'se in town, Honey!"



Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls

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Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, in the *red* package
Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour, in the *yellow* package

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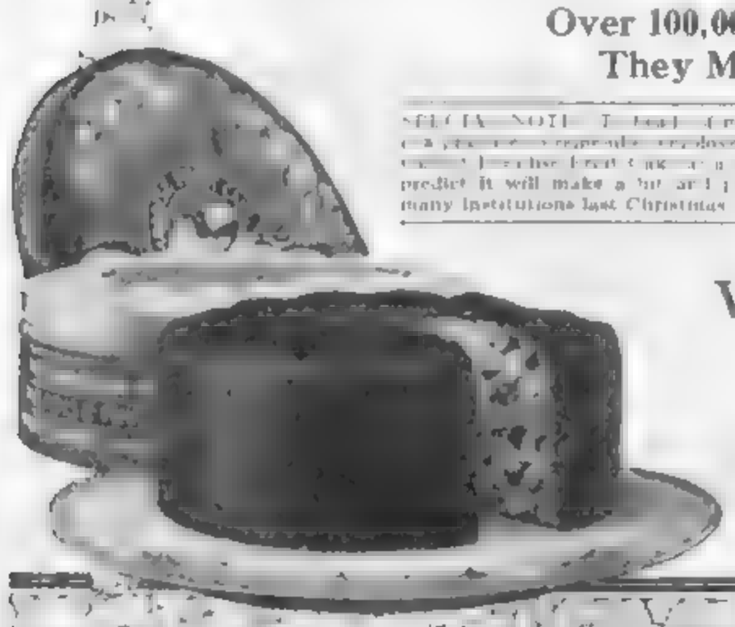
SPECIAL NOTE: [illegible] predict it will make a hit [illegible] many institutions last Christmas



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THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY

(Continued from Page 12)

"All right," says Larry. "Now, in the first place, don't get the idear in your head that this is going to be a quick clean-up. It'll take time—maybe a year. What are you fellas going to do when you've finished your picture?"

"Well," said La Chance, "we thought maybe we'd stay over here and have a few fights."

"No!" says Larry. "You go right back home and don't fight nobody! You stay there till you hear from me. I think it'd be a good idear for you to have one bout in this country, to show that your man can knock somebody besides that English tumbler. But I'll pick out the man for you to fight and I'll let you know when I've got him. He'll be somebody that you can't help licking, not by no possible chance. You won't get much money for it, but it'll be advertising. Is that all right with you?"

"Oui, oui," says La Chance. "What else?"

"Nothing else," said Moon.

IV

SEVERAL months is supposed to elapse between these two acts. During this time Dugan has to eat, so he takes on a set-up out in Michigan and knocks him in three rounds, or two rounds longer than necessary. Also, they pick out a guy for Goulet to trim—old Tommy Fogel. This "fight" takes place over in Jersey and Tommy surprises them. He manages to stand up three rounds without his crutches. The Frenchman looks fast as a streak and everybody gets excited. People is saying to each other, "Even if he is a little light he may be just the kind of a fighter that would give Dugan trouble. He's in there and out again like a flash and he's hard to hit. Jim ain't never faced a man like him. He's liable to run the big boy ragged."

A little w'ile after this great battle Jim and Larry get hungry again and they accept an offer of a hundred thousand to meet a big horse named Joe Barnes. Dugan has knocked him before and can do it again and they ain't much danger in taking him on, though some of the wise birds thinks different. They think Larry is risking the title because Barnes is a guy that fights five nights a week and he's always in shape and he's so tough that nobody ever did stop him except Jim himself. As a matter of fact, Larry ain't running no more risk than getting in a bath tub. Because w'ile all the wise guys know that Jim can punch, what they don't seem to realize is that he can take it.

Anyway, this bout with Barnes was in the Big Town and Jim trained for it on a ship and when he clumb in the ring he was still at sea. In the second round Barnes chipped him on the chin with all he had. And all he had wasn't half what he needed. After a w'ile Dugan got his land legs and begin to improve and he stopped Barnes in the twelfth with a funny-looking punch to the waistline. But they wasn't no time during the scrap when he looked like himself and I wouldn't be surprised if he was under wraps as well as in bad shape. However it happened, it made people think Jim wasn't the fighter his friends claimed; it made him look like he could be licked, and that was a boost for the Goulet match.

V

THEY'S a big steamship man, Robert Crawley, that had a kind of a contract with La Chance and Goulet. The agreement was that if Goulet seen a chance for a big match Crawley was to be the backer. If he wanted to. If he didn't, he was to step out.

Well, Crawley's got a partner, Bill Guthrie, who Moon had met. So Moon phones them that he has been in communication with La Chance and La Chance says his man is ready to fight Dugan if a suitable purse is guaranteed.

"I thought maybe you'd like to talk it over," says Larry.

So Crawley and Guthrie said they would and Moon asks them to come up and see him in a couple of days.

"Now," said Larry to me, "I'm going way down town for lunch and you can come along if you want to. But if you don't like Spanish cooking you better stay home."

So I went with him to a joint off lower Broadway. They was a flock of Spanish dishes on the bill of fare, but what Moon ordered for him and I was plain ham and eggs.

W'ile the one waiter was out getting it, Moon left me and went over to the guy that had showed us to our table. They talked together for pretty near a half hour and I was through eating when Larry come back. He took a look at his food and passed it up.

"I've made a date with the head waiter for half past two," he says. "That's the soonest he can get off. If you haven't nothing to do you can go along with us."

"Where to?" I asked him.

"Shopping," he said.

"Well," I says, "I guess I better stick with you. When a man goes nuts he ought to have a friend along."

So the two of us walked down to the Battery and fooled round till it was time to keep the date. We dropped in at the restaurant again and come out with the head waiter and the greasy bird that had waited on us. We went over to Broadway and got a taxi. Moon give the driver his orders and we started uptown. We stopped at Livington's.

"Men's clothing," said Moon, and the man showed us where to go.

Well, to cut it short, we was in there an hour and when we come away our two waiter friends had bundles containing a complete new make-up—two silk hats, Prince Albert coats, gray pants, fancy shirts, ties that would knock you dead, and collars like Senator Smoot's.

"That's all to-day, boys," said Larry. "Here's twenty-five bucks apiece and you'll each get seventy-five more to-morrow. Don't forget nothing," he says to the head waiter, "and especially that envelope I give you."

So we left them with their packages.

I was amongst those present the next afternoon when Crawley and Guthrie showed up. Moon had sent Dugan away.

"Now," says Larry to our visitors, "we may as well get down to business. As I told you over the phone, I been corresponding with La Chance and he's willing to fight us if he can get his price. But he said I would have to let Mr. Crawley handle the promotion. So I said that suited me."

"It don't look like a match," said Crawley. "Goulet's a great boy, but look at the difference in size!"

Moon laughed.

"They's nowheres near as much difference as they was between Jim and Big Wheeler," he says. "And you know what Jim done to him!"

"That's all right," said Guthrie, "but your man weighs pretty near two hundred and when a man's that big he's big enough for anybody. But take a man that weighs two hundred and put him against a man that weighs round 165, and the difference counts. Look at Johnson and Ketchel!"

"Now listen," says Larry. "In the first place, my man won't weigh 190 stripped; he may tip the beam at ten or twelve pounds more than that, but only in secret. In the second place, if the public demands the match, what do we care if the two men stacks up together like a pimple and a goiter?"

"That's true enough," says Crawley. "If the public does want the match."

"You know they want the match!" said Moon. "Or if you don't I do. And promoters wants it, too, from the number of offers I've had."

"Offers from who?" says Guthrie.

"I ain't at liberty to tell," says Larry. "But it don't make no difference anyway. You've got first crack at it on account of your contract. The question is, do you want it?"

"Yes, we want it," said Crawley. "That is, if we can get it at a reasonable figure."

"I'm listening," says Larry.

"Well," said Crawley, "your man is champion and entitled to the biggest share. We'd guarantee you a hundred thousand and Goulet fifty."

"I see what you mean," says Larry. "You mean you don't want to handle it and you'll release Goulet."

"Where do you get that?" says Guthrie. "We don't mean no such a thing! We're making a legitimate offer and a good big one."

"You're kidding," says Larry. "I got a hundred thousand for the match with

Barnes and that was just a workout. But forgetting me entirely, what about Goulet? The least he'll take is two hundred thousand, and if you don't believe it, cable his manager."

Just then in come Larry's butler, or whatever he is.

"Two gentlemen to see you," he says.

"Who is it?" says Larry.

"Them two foreigners again," says the man.

"Oh, the two Cubans," said Larry. "Take them in the side room and tell them to wait. Now," he says, "where was we? Oh, yes, I was telling you what La Chance wants. If you don't care to take the trouble to cable, here's a letter from him."

And he give them a letter to read. When they'd read it he said: "You see what he says in there about you. He says Mr. Crawley has treated him O. K. and he wants him to have first refusal of this match. That's the only reason I've bothered you gentlemen. Confidentially, I didn't think you'd want to handle a thing as big as this. So just give us our release and they's nobody hurt."

"Who would you give it to?" says Guthrie.

"Well," says Moon, "I'm going to tell you men something, but I don't want it to go no further. They's two men in the next room that's been pestering me to death. I promised they'd have their final answer to-day, but I didn't expect them to get here till you fellas had left. When I got a release from you, I was going to phone Charley Riggs and tell him he could have the match at our figure, which is $500,000. That's the $200,000 Goulet demands, and $300,000 for me. I know he'll take it at that, but the only reason I'm going to offer it to him is to keep the match in this country. Because I've got a better offer from outside."

"Where at?" says Guthrie.

"Havana, Cuba," says Larry. "It's two bankers from there that's in the next room."

"I'd like to meet them," says Guthrie.

"I guess it'd be all right," says Larry, and he touched the button. "One of them can talk pretty fair English. He's the one I been dealing with. But the other one, I think, is the real money guy, though as far as understanding him is concerned, he might as well be a deaf mute. Show them two gentlemen in here," he says to the butler.

Well, they come in, dressed for a wedding.

"Hello there, gentlemen," says Larry, shaking hands with them. "I must apologize for keeping you waiting. I was busy with these two gentlemen here. Mr. Crawley and Mr. Guthrie, meet Senior Lopez and Senior Pancho, from Havana."

Senior Lopez pulled an envelope out of his pocket and waved it.

"I've had this tended to," he says, "and I guess you'll find it all right."

He handed the envelope to Moon and Moon opened it up. For all as I could see, it was a regular certified check.

"It looks all right," said Larry, and waved it towards Guthrie and Crawley. "Six hundred thousand fish," he says, "and I wished it was all mine. But I don't even know yet whether I'm going to let these gentlemen put it up or not. If the seniors will pardon me, I've got a little telephoning to do, and then you can have my answer, just as I promised. If I decide on Havana we'll take the check down town and leave it with one of the newspapers over night, and deposit it to-morrow."

"That satisfies us," says Senior Lopez, and Senior Pancho mumbled something that was probably Spanish for Swiss on rye.

"Now," says Larry to Crawley, "I know you and Mr. Guthrie will excuse me for hurrying you off. I wished we could of done business, but as long as we can't I've got to close with somebody else."

"Would you mind waiting a minute?" says Crawley. "Before you do anything, I'd like to have a word or two with Mr. Guthrie and talk to you a moment in private."

"Well," says Moon, "I've already kept the seniors waiting quite a w'ile."

"That's all right," says Lopez. "We don't mind a little wait as long as you ain't going to disappoint us."

"Then I'll take you in the other room," says Larry, and we left Crawley and Guthrie alone. In a few minutes they called Larry back.

"Now listen," said Guthrie: "You said something about cutting your price from $600,000 to $500,000 to keep the fight in America. You ain't doing that out of patriotism!"

"You bet I ain't!" says Moon. "If I do it, it'll be for two good reasons. One is that all I'll get anyway is my $300,000; the Cubans is so far-minded that they want to see Goulet get just as much as me. The other reason is that Dugan's scared to death of fever and he thinks Cuba's full of it. He won't go there unless he has to."

"Listen," says Guthrie; "Mr. Crawley and I have decided to make you a flat offer of $500,000 for this match. If you and La Chance are satisfied with this we'll put up a forfeit of $100,000 to-morrow."

Moon waited a w'ile before he spoke.

"Would you guarantee to hold the match in America?" he says.

"Either here or in London," says Crawley.

"They's no fever in London?" says Moon.

"I should say not!" says Crawley.

"Well," says Moon, "if I can hold the Cubans off one more day I'll consider it. I could meet you to-morrow and you could deposit your check."

"That suits us," says Crawley, and they shook hands and left.

Larry joined us in the other room and ordered drinks all round.

"You boys done fine!" he says to the two seniors. "Here's the rest of your hundred apiece and I'm much obliged."

"Will we send you these clothes?" says Senior Lopez.

"No," says Larry. "You keep them for the next big fight."

"And how about your check?" says Lopez.

"Try and cash it!" says Larry.

"That's over," he says, when they'd went. "The next thing is to land Charley Riggs."

"What for?" says I.

"Why, to promote this match," said Larry. "He's the guy I've been after all the time, the only guy that's big enough to put it over. But I didn't dast go after him without something to show. When he sees that these birds is willing to put up half a million fish he'll know it's big enough for him."

"But how are you going to shake them out?" I asked.

"I don't care if they're shook out or not, as long as he's in," says Moon. "But you can bet they'll be glad enough to take him in as partner, and that's all I want. When I get him we're set!"

Well, as you know, he got him, and it wasn't no job to shake the other two out. When they talked five hundred thousand, they was over their heads. And when they begin thinking about expenses, and the conversation got up round a million, they was sunk.

VI

IT WAS early spring when I run acrost Larry again.

"I been wanting to see you," he says. "What are you going to be doing in June?"

"I don't know," I said. "Just loafing, I guess."

"Well," he said, "would you mind doing your loafing at our camp?"

"What camp?" I asked him.

"Wherever we train," he says. "Somewheres near New York, I suppose."

"Where are you going to fight?" I asked.

"In Jersey," he says. "They's nowheres else we can. We got to be near the Big Town to get the money."

"How about all them offers?" I says.

"Oh, you mean the ones that's been in the papers?" said Moon. "Wasn't those a hit? A million dollars from Nugget, Nevada! Why, if a guy showed a nickel in that town, the whole twelve that lives there would blackjack him at once!"

"What do you want of me?" I said.

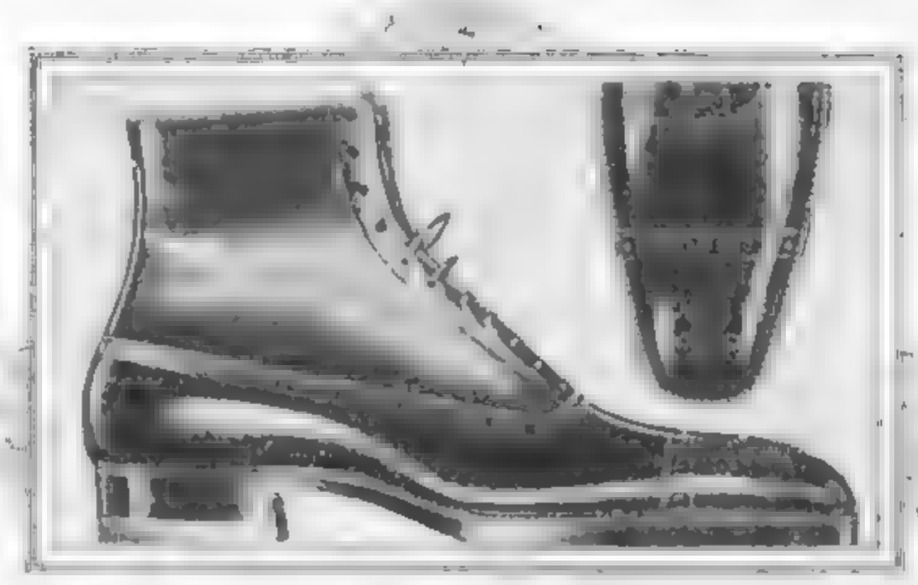
"Jim needs sparring partners," says Larry.

"I may look goofy to you," I said, "but I pass for all right round home."

"I was kidding," said Larry. "What Jim wants is somebody he can talk to and play rummy with. It's going to be a lonesome time for him and I don't know if he can stand it or not. But he likes you and having you there once in a w'ile would be a help."

"All right," I said. "I'll keep him company part of the time."

"You know," says Larry, "even the wise birds thinks this is easy money for Jim. But it's going to be about the toughest money anybody ever earned."



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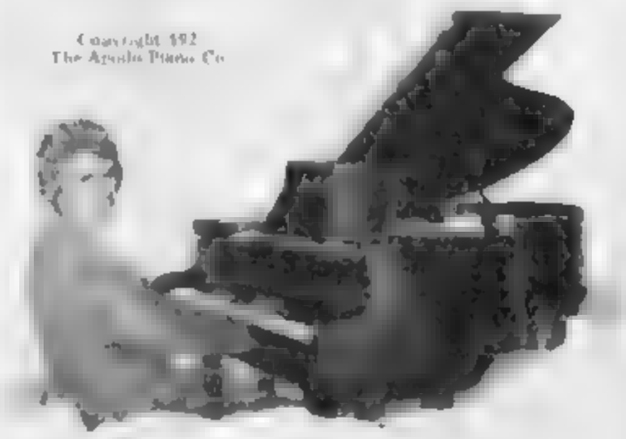

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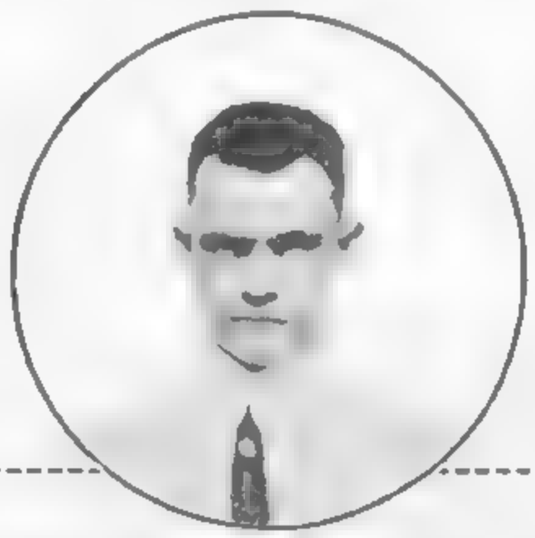

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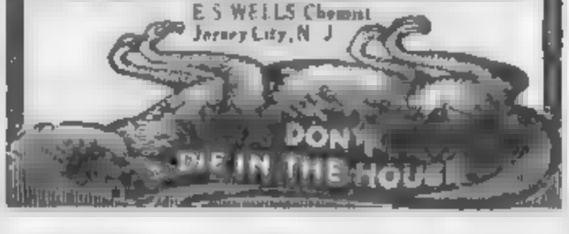

"What do you mean?" I says. "You don't think the Frenchman has a chance!"

"Don't be silly!" says Larry. "That's just the point. If it was like the Wheeler thing, where the guy was a big hulk that it might take some trouble to topple him over, why training for it wouldn't be such a grind. Jim would say to himself, 'Well, I guess I can lick him all right, but he's big and I better be in good shape. Because he might ——' You know how it was that time. But this is different. Here's a guy that may be the greatest man in the world for his size. But look at his size! And yet Jim's got to go ahead and work like he done for Wheeler. Even harder, because they's a lot more interest in this and people'll be watching us close. Jim could get ready in a week to knock this bird cold. But he's got to go through with five or six weeks of the toughest kind of work, which he knows ain't necessary. I've tried to convince him that they might be an upset. But he knows it's the bunk."

"Well," I said, "if I haven't nothing better to do I'll come round and try and keep him entertained. But personally, I don't know no work I wouldn't be glad to stick at for five weeks, not at them kind of wages."

VII

I LANDED in Jim's camp the second week in June. The day I got there he boxed with three of his partners. Two of them was big boys and he flattened them both.

We was all alone that evening and he opened up his heart.

"Goulet's got the right idear," he says. "Secret training. I wished we could pull that. My training would be such a secret that I wouldn't even find out about it myself. But Larry says no. I've got to show the boys I'm working so they won't think it's a farce. Like it wasn't a farce already! Anyway it is for me - punching the bag and shadow boxing and skipping the rope. You ain't got no idear how cute I feel skipping a rope! I suppose I ought to thank God they don't make me roll a hoop or dress dolls. But even skipping a rope ain't as bad as boxing with those heels! If I try not to hit them, the crowd thinks I ain't giving them a run for their money. And if I get my glove close enough to their beezer so they can smell it, over they go! Then the crowd thinks I'm too rough!"

"Well," I said, "they's only three more weeks of it. And think of the dough and the glory!"

"The dough part's all right," he says. "Whatever's left of it I can use. But glory! That's a laugh. You don't kid me with that line of talk. I've got the low-down on the whole works. Here I am, an American that's supposed to be fighting to keep the title in this country, and I doubt if they's a dozen Americans that ain't pulling for me to get knocked for a corpse. Sometimes I almost feel like I ought to let myself get licked. It would be doing everybody such a big favor and make them all happy. But how could I go about it? If the guy was big and had a real haymaker I could take one and flop. But I can't play dead from a kiss."

"You'll be surprised," I said, "if he nails you in the chin and drops you."

"Surprised ain't the word!" said Dugan. "I mean, if he drops me. I expect to get hit; on the chin too. Because I ain't no defensive fighter. I go in there to get my man and in order to get him I'm willing to take what he's got. And listen: I've been hit on the chin before, and not by children, neither. But I hardly ever lay down unless it's bedtime."

I asked him how long he expected the fight to go.

"Don't call it a fight," he says, "not when you and I are alone. Whatever it is will go a round or two rounds or three rounds, depending on how he behaves himself. If he wants to tear in and get it over quick, I'm willing. But no matter how long it goes—whether he lays himself wide open so as I can knock him in a round, or whether he keeps away for four or five—you can mark my words that they won't be no glory for me in winning. He's a great fighter now! A cave man! But after I've knocked him he'll be a bum. Because anybody I can lick can't be no good."

"You're brooding too much," I said.

"Let's play cards and forget it," he says. "Though it does me good to talk once in a w'ile. When I don't talk I worry."

"What about?" I asked him.

"Oh, the 'big fight,'" he says.

"But what's they about that to worry you?" I asked.

"Well, for one thing," he said, "I'm scared they won't put enough padding in the floor. I've read of cases where a guy got knocked and hit his bean on the floor and passed out entirely. And the guy that knocked him was held for murder. And another thing: I'm scared it may not come off after all. He may get sick."

"What would make him sick?" I says.

"Well," said Dugan, "he may read what the girl reporters has been writing about him."

VIII

YOU know what Barnum said. Well, he didn't go far enough. They like to be bunked, but what they like most of all is to bunk themselves.

Set round some night amongst the boys when they're easing their way through a bottle of near Johnny Walker at eighteen fish the copy. Pretty soon you'll hear this:

"Well, fellas, in another year we'll be leaning up against the old mahogany again, tipping over regular highballs or real beer."

And this:

"If they'd ever leave prohibition to a vote of the people! But they don't dast!"

Well, I was in New York for three days prior to the "big fight," and four or five days afterwards, and anybody that was there had to take a course in human nature. I didn't learn much that I hadn't suspected before, but whatever doubts I may of had was removed once and for all.

The plain facts was this: A good big man was going to fight a little man that nobody knew if he was good or not, and the good big man was bound to win and win easy unless he had a sunstroke.

But the little man was a war hero, which the big man certainly wasn't. And the little man was romantic, besides being one of the most likable guys you'd want to meet—even if he did have a Greek profile and long eyelashes.

So they was only one logical answer, namely that Goulet, the little man, would just about kill Dugan, the big man, maybe by a sudden display of superhuman stren'th which he had been holding back all his life for this one fight, but more likely by some mysterious trick which no other fighter had ever thought of before, because in order to think of it you had to have a French brain and long eyelashes. If Goulet wasn't going to win, what did him and his manager mean by smiling so much and looking so happy? Of course the two hundred thousand fish had nothing to do with it.

They's two reasons why I didn't talk back to them. One was that I haven't no breath to waste, and the other was that I don't like to make enemies, which you're bound to do that whenever you tell somebody something they don't want to believe. A lot of the fight reporters found this out. Contrary to the general belief, they's a good many American fight writers that knows more about fights and fighters than even Bernard Shaw. Pretty near all of them come right out in print and said Goulet didn't have a chance. In return for which they got a hat full of letters calling them every name that could get through the mails.

You seen the fight yourself. Personally, I haven't made up my mind whether Dugan done it as quick as he could, or whether he held back a w'ile to make it look like the guy was something more than a push-over. I ain't seen Jim to ask him. And I only seen Moon once, and then all he said was "Didn't I tell you!"

"Tell me what?" I said.

"That I was doing Charley Riggs a favor, coaxing him into this," says Larry.

Well, I guess he was. With all the trimming Charley took from one guy and another, he must of came out with a profit for himself and his backer of something like half a million. And not only that, but the way he handled it put him in a class by himself as a promoter. The big fights to come will be staged by Charley or they won't be big fights.

That's all, except a little incidence of a man that set beside me coming back in the tube.

"A great fight!" he says.

"Yes, it was," said I.

"The Frenchman showed up pretty good," he says, "though I had a kind of an idear that he'd win. I see now where I was foolish."

"How's that?" I asked him.

"Well," he said, "the way I've got it figured out, he wasn't big enough."

"By gosh!" I said. "I believe you've hit the nail right on the head!"

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THE POLITICS OF LIMITATIONS

(Continued from Page 4)

largely, the Japanese have induced the world to accept them at their own valuation of themselves. This exaltation of the Japanese came to its flood after the Russo-Japanese War, which was not the Japanese victory it was trumpeted to be, but rather a stalemate, as was shown by the eager acceptance of any means to end it by the Japanese at the Portsmouth Peace Conference; and that flood has continued since the early years of the century with much talk of a Yellow Peril and much affrighted prophecy of a war between the United States and Japan.

Curiously enough, there has never been any threat of war to be declared by the United States upon Japan, but always of a war to be waged by Japan against the United States. Always it has been threatened that the day will come when the Japanese will invade our possessions; and a great deal of that talk and the effect of it on the public mind have been due to militaristic agencies in this country who used this alleged possibility of war with Japan for propaganda purposes in forcing larger armament and other similar appropriations through Congress.

Now the truth is that Japan is a second-rate country, imitative, aggressive and ambitious. The further truth is that it is a highly conceited country, because of the indiscriminate praise that has been lavished on it, and that it is at present in the frame of mind where it believes its own propaganda and press-agenting. The foreign policy of Japan is largely opportunistic, not overscrupulous, and always directed to the great end of providing Japan with an opportunity for expansion, of providing places where the Japanese can go, live, work and thus relieve the country itself of its immoderate congestion and afford an outlet for its rapidly increasing population.

This is the foundation of the Japanese foreign policy, and the demand of Japan's domestic situation. As a consequence we have seen the Formosa experiment, the absorbing of Korea, the penetration of Manchuria and Siberia, and have noted the immigration to Hawaii and to the Pacific Coast of the United States. The pressure for more room for the Japanese is imperative. Hence it is conceivable that, thwarted in the supply of this imperative demand, Japanese would fight to obtain it—conceivable, but not probable. Hence, also, as the maintenance of the open door in the Far East, which is a policy of the United States, would thwart this essential Japanese policy and make it difficult if not impossible of attainment, the fight Japan would make would be on the United States.

Peace Upon the Pacific

After a considerable investigation of Far Eastern affairs, on the spot and on several occasions, I am of the conviction that Japan, even in her most egoistic hours, will never venture to go to war with the United States, that all Japanese apparent movements in that direction are bluff and nothing else. However, laying that conviction aside, and assuming that war between Japan and the United States is conceivable in some circumstances, war between Japan and the United States is not conceivable unless Great Britain remains as Japan's ally and unless Japan has assurances from Great Britain of Great Britain's assistance and support of Japan in such a war as the ally of Japan.

Japan might go to war with the United States if Japan knew that Great Britain would help her, but never unless Japan knew that. Japan knows better, despite her talk about national honor, racial equality and all the atmospheric and talking effects Japan has so efficiently and laboriously constructed to impress the world.

To go even further than that, let the assumption ride for the argument that Japan's military class might force a war upon the assurance that Great Britain would remain benevolently neutral. It is a remote supposition that Japan could be so foolish, but in a conference of this sort even the remotest contingencies must be considered if the results are to be effective.

The conference is for the purpose of solving Far Eastern and Pacific problems which are corollary to the limitation of armaments—in short, for maintaining peace upon the Pacific.

Therefore it is plain that the maintenance of peace upon the Pacific, which is the initial premise to the limitation of armaments, depends on the first proposition set down in my list of the five to be passed upon before the outcome of the conference can be at all satisfactory or useful. There can be no dispute of the statement that the two most powerful nations in the world are the United States and Great Britain and that the first and greatest duty of these two most powerful nations, because of that fact, is to preserve peace in the world. The recent war, catastrophic as it was, was puny in its effects compared to a war between the United States and Great Britain. Still, there are certain agencies always at work to bring about such a war, and so long as there may be even the slightest doubt of a perpetually continuing peace between the two English-speaking countries, that doubt can and will be held in mind by the Japanese as an opportunity for their plans of expansion in the Far East, to put it politely. Under cover of such a war, or as a participant in it, Japan could go far in establishing herself where without that help she must remain unestablished.

The members of the conference will go into their discussions realizing the truth that there can be no settlement of Far Eastern and Pacific problems, and therefore no limitation of armaments, without due consideration of the place Japan holds as the key to the situation. Hence, two facts must be established before all the world, and especially before Japan, and those two facts are these: First, that there is no possibility, remote or otherwise, of war between the United States and Great Britain; and, second, that if Japan should blindly, foolishly, recklessly go to war against the United States, Great Britain, alliance or no alliance, would not take the part of Japan, but would, on the contrary, fall in with the other great English-speaking nation.

The Anglo-Japanese Treaty

There is great public warrant for an unequivocal and binding statement of this policy and determination. Every British public man of note and worth and all authoritative mediums of British public opinion hold and reiterate this view. It is so here. That is gratifying and of importance, but it is not the vital point. The vital point is this: Is that view the official, governmental and political view of Great Britain and of the United States? Will these governmental and political delegates to the conference adopt that view and work with that result in mind?

Of course, there still exists the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, concerning which there is constant British reiteration that it does not and cannot imply active or other assistance to Japan against the United States. Also, there is in Canada and in Australia and in New Zealand active opposition to a renewal of the treaty, and what amounts to direct statement that in event of war between the United States and Japan these dominions, or sections of them at least, would take no part. Indeed, it has been stated that sections of these dominions would go so far as to join with the United States in such an event, even if Great Britain were an active ally of Japan's. That is an extreme statement, of course, but it has been apparent that the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty is a matter of grave concern to the British Government.

The matter was active at the time of the Imperial Conference in London, and it was conveniently discovered that the consideration of the treaty might be held in abeyance for a year. This was the direct result of the opposition to the treaty that developed in the Imperial Conference by certain of the dominion representatives, and it was a way out of a troubled situation. Of course, the provision for abeyance that was taken advantage of was in the treaty all the time, but the fact that it was opportunely discovered and hailed as a remedy for an embarrassment shows the difficulties of the British Government in the matter.

This was also shown by the suggestion of Lloyd George in a speech in Parliament that it might be possible to frame a tripartite treaty or agreement with the United States, Great Britain and Japan as the signatory powers; rather sketchily made, but thrown out, no doubt, as a feasible exit for Great Britain from a situation that might

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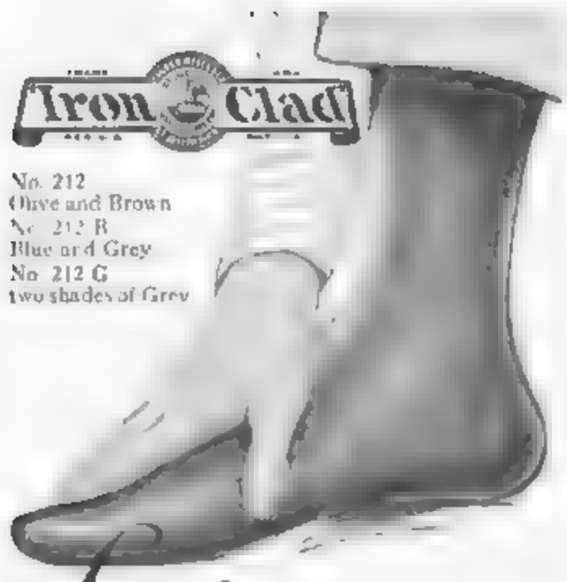

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endanger relations with the United States if the alliance with Japan is renewed, and with Japan if it is not. Japan naturally is eager for a renewal, for Great Britain's hall mark on Japan is her proudest possession.

The thing might easily be done, provided Great Britain wants to do it and the United States thinks it advisable, as the United States must. An intimation to Japan, politely made, that in case Japan should rashly declare war on the United States, Great Britain would not assist, would not stand benevolently neutral, but would, for example, supply the need of the United States for naval bases by loaning, say, Hong-Kong and Singapore, would place Japan in proper relation not only to the problems of the Far East and to the Pacific but to the limitation of armaments, and the rest of the world besides.

However, there is no intention or desire on the part of the United States needlessly to affront or humiliate Japan, and certainly that idea must be farthest from the thought and plan of Great Britain. The Japanese, for reasons best known to themselves, are an unduly proud and very sensitive people. Also, they are an intelligent people in their governing class. They undoubtedly know what they need not be expected to admit, that a considerable portion of the vaunted Japanese potency in the Pacific, as well as a good share of the ascribed power of their people, rests on no securer foundation than a skillfully created sentiment—on propaganda and publicity, in fact. They must realize what a European blockade would mean, understand the strength and resources of the United States. Certain jingoes and the military element may preach war, both here and in Japan, but nobody in these countries outside of these classes wants war, and the Japanese delegates to the conference may arrive at the frame of mind the Japanese commissioners to the Portsmouth Peace Conference were in, as events proved. They came claiming to be victors and dictators, but they left with such small rewards as they could get, and glad to get even those.

What is necessary to do is to label and ticket Japan and put her in her proper place, which is a considerable place, but not a paramount one, and do the labeling and ticketing gently, politely, considerately, and with due regard for the Oriental necessity of saving Japan's face. That accomplished—and it will be a task requiring great diplomacy, the most politic maneuvers, and the utmost delicacy of manipulation—the problems of the Pacific and the Far East will be susceptible of a solution that will work towards a real limitation of armaments. Great pressure, enforced by strong public sentiment, will be brought to secure this desirable end. Much of the high politics of the conference will resolve itself around these propositions. The thing can be done if the United States and Great Britain, as governmentally represented, want to do it, but, as the British would say, it will take a bit of doing.

Chino-Japanese Relations

Meantime the Japanese evidently realize that some of the exploits and policies in the Far East, especially since 1914, may have been too opportunistic and not entirely in accord with the ideas of the rest of the world. As the dispatches have it, they have been rather hurriedly cleaning house in preparation for the conference after discovering there was no tendency on the part of the United States to consider such incidents as the Yap mandate, the Shantung dispute, and so forth, as closed incidents, and therefore not to be placed in the agenda, which was the wily proposition Japan at first advanced. On the day this was written a Tokio dispatch says that the Japanese are even disclaiming the twenty-one demands on China of the spring of 1915, or rescinding them, or doing something to them to make the Chino-Japanese situation less notorious. The Japanese are an adaptable people and their foreign policy is instantly amenable to the requirements of the moment.

The proposition that Great Britain will not admit of any radical limitation of naval armaments unless guaranteed free access to these as in case of war is self-evident. England is an island kingdom and must import not only raw materials for her factories but food for her people. The gigantic British navy is maintained primarily to keep open the lanes of the seas that England may be fed and her production maintained. A covenant that will be enforceable guaranteeing this will admit of heavy reduction of naval armaments by Great Britain. It is antecedent to any limitation. It is dependent, of course, on rigorous agreements as to limitation by other powers. It is likely to be the crux of the British position, for although its locale is largely in the Atlantic it must be considered in connection with the other waters on the face of the globe, and will do what is inevitable, of course, which is to make the conference universal instead of confining it to Pacific and Far Eastern problems.

China comes to the conference as an invited guest, not to participate in the limitations discussions, but as the nation around which revolve most of the Far Eastern and Pacific problems and on which most of those solutions must develop. As to limitations, it might be suggested that a first step would be to point out politely, but with emphasis, to China that great good could be accomplished by disarmament by China of the huge and marauding armies now maintained by the various tuchuns in that embroiled country; but China's position, otherwise, is largely passive. She is the theater of much of the trouble that made this conference necessary, and is in the unhappy position of being the object of the open-door equalities and advantages but the subject of the closed-door machinations. If a real open-door policy can attain other than diplomatic status, that attainment will, on the one hand, invest the world with advantages that are of great importance and, on the other hand, divest Japan of a chief cause of suspicion and complaint against her governmental policies and procedures, and relieve the situation at many vexatious points. Moreover, as the policy of the open door in China is an American policy, it is to be expected that the greatest insistence will come from this country as to the maintenance of its integrity. It is an important condition precedent on the final discussion and agreements on limitations, and will be the subject of one of the great political battles in the conference.

The Position of France

It is quite possible—indeed, probable—that France, sitting in the conference, will one day turn to the United States and say: "You have asked France here to discuss the limitation of armaments, and that means the reduction of the army France maintains. Very well. France is eager and willing to reduce her army and to rid herself of the enormous financial burden of it; but what will you offer to France in return for that security and arm of defense that army gives France against a future and, as we see it, inevitable attack by Germany? Will you ratify the guaranty that your plenipotentiaries to the Paris conference agreed to sign, guaranteeing to France that in case of invasion by Germany, England and the United States will come to the immediate aid of France? You have not ratified that agreement. Will you give France that guaranty now? If so, we will join gladly in your plans of limitations."

Now what will be the answer to that? Mr. Wilson signed that guaranty, but the United States did not ratify that signature. There can be no criticism of France for demanding such a guaranty. France has twice had her experience of invasion from Germany within the past half century, and France cannot be blamed for thinking and anticipating that one day Germany will try it again, especially as the second invasion met with disaster to Germany, but was also disastrous to France even to a greater degree. Hence, a way must be found for the satisfactory relief of France from this apprehension, a way for the guaranty of aid to her, if there is to be a limitation of the French army, and it would be absurd to limit all other armaments and allow France to maintain her million or more of armed men in barracks and camps.

The politics of the conference, which will be entirely political in the international sense, will center about these points, and if procedures can be developed, decisions made and laws devised that will obligate obedience and performance, the limitation of armaments must follow, or can follow, to be exact, to whatever degree is agreed upon; provided, of course, the conference successfully solves another and a great problem, which is the erection of some international machinery or the adoption of some international machinery now existing which will have power to make the decisions of the conference effective. There

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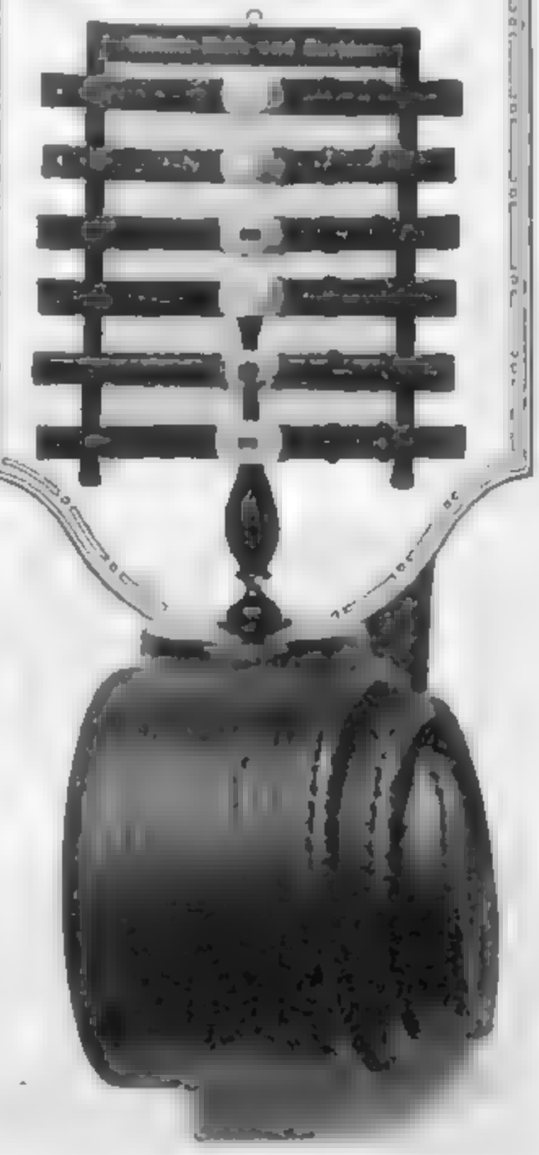

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will be no relief if the conference merely suggests and does not provide means for enforcement.

The main danger to be apprehended is that the conference will go into its sessions without a program thoroughly worked out and rigid in its application. No doubt there will be various agendas presented, and an agenda adopted, but unless rigid adherence is kept to the paramount matters in hand there is the constant and devastating likelihood of drifting off into long, theoretical and futile discussions on objects and presentations remotely connected with the main business at hand. Also, the American people, although we shall be represented ably at the conference, must not think that the American view will prevail or is bound to, for the other delegations will be as able as ours, more skilled in internationalism and, it may be, harder as to the terms of bargains to be made. It is our plan, but it will be a joint performance. There will be no altruists around that board. The delegates from each nation will be there to get the greatest possible advantage, in whatever direction advantage may be seen, for their own people, and the altruistic plan of beating swords into plowshares will be subject to keen, hard, selfish politics, and to expert and intelligent and opportune diplomacies. This is said in no spirit of disparagement either of the motives or of the sincerities of the men participating. There was no obligation on them to come, save the obligation of courtesy to President Harding, who invited them, and the knowledge that the matters to be discussed are of wide popular concern. It must be assumed that the governments sending their delegates are sincere in their desire to relieve their peoples of this armament burden and to make future peace more secure, until the event shall prove them otherwise. But it must not be concluded that because these men are coming they are coming to consent affably and unreservedly to any program that may be presented to them. They are coming to an international conference as nationals, as men to whom the necessities of their own peoples—the governmental and political necessities as they know them—stand foremost, and though sincere, no doubt, they will also be wary, politic and guided by what they themselves feel their home conditions to be. It could not be otherwise. This is a conference on the limitation of armaments primarily, but the limitation of armaments ranges off into scores of alleys of world politics, and politicians play world politics, not altruists.

This also is the reason that the discussions of the conference are most likely to be behind closed doors, despite the American, at least, and, possibly, foreign public opinion that the conferences should be open. What many people hold to be the deficiencies of the Peace of Paris are attributed to the closed-door policy, to the secret decisions of Wilson, Clemenceau and Lloyd George. Now, delicate, obscure, equivocal as many of the questions were that came before the chiefs at Paris, the international relationships in the questions that will come before this conference are no less delicate and dangerous than were those. The public discussion of them would bring about differences that might not be susceptible of settlement. Besides, no problems such as these could be settled by a mass meeting, because of the public attitude that would result, the comment of the press and the wide diversity of opinion that would result.

This is the governmental attitude on the question of open sessions, and it is probable that this attitude will prevail. Indeed, no matter what the American opinion may be, it is unlikely that the delegates from the other countries would consent to open sessions. That there is justification for the demand for open sessions from the burdened peoples of the world is not open to argument. However, the burdened peoples of the world will have small determining voice in the matter. As it stands when this is written, the conference will meet behind closed doors.

The conference may last for months. It may discover that the ideas and postulates of its various members are not reconcilable by any possible formulas, and dissolve. In any event, the conference itself is the second great experiment in internationalism since the war, and it is the hope and prayer of the world that it will not fail. There has been a disposition in many quarters to look upon it as a partisan expedient of President Harding's, but he is not so unskillful as a politician as not to know that though the success of it will undoubtedly add prestige to himself and his party the failure of it will be disastrous to both. Looking at it even in that low light it is plain that every energy and resource of the American delegates will be utilized to make it a success. Wherefore, if there is cooperation from the other countries some good may come out of it, much good; but to say that it will forever end war, as its enthusiasts claim, is as absurd as to assert that the millennium is just around the corner.

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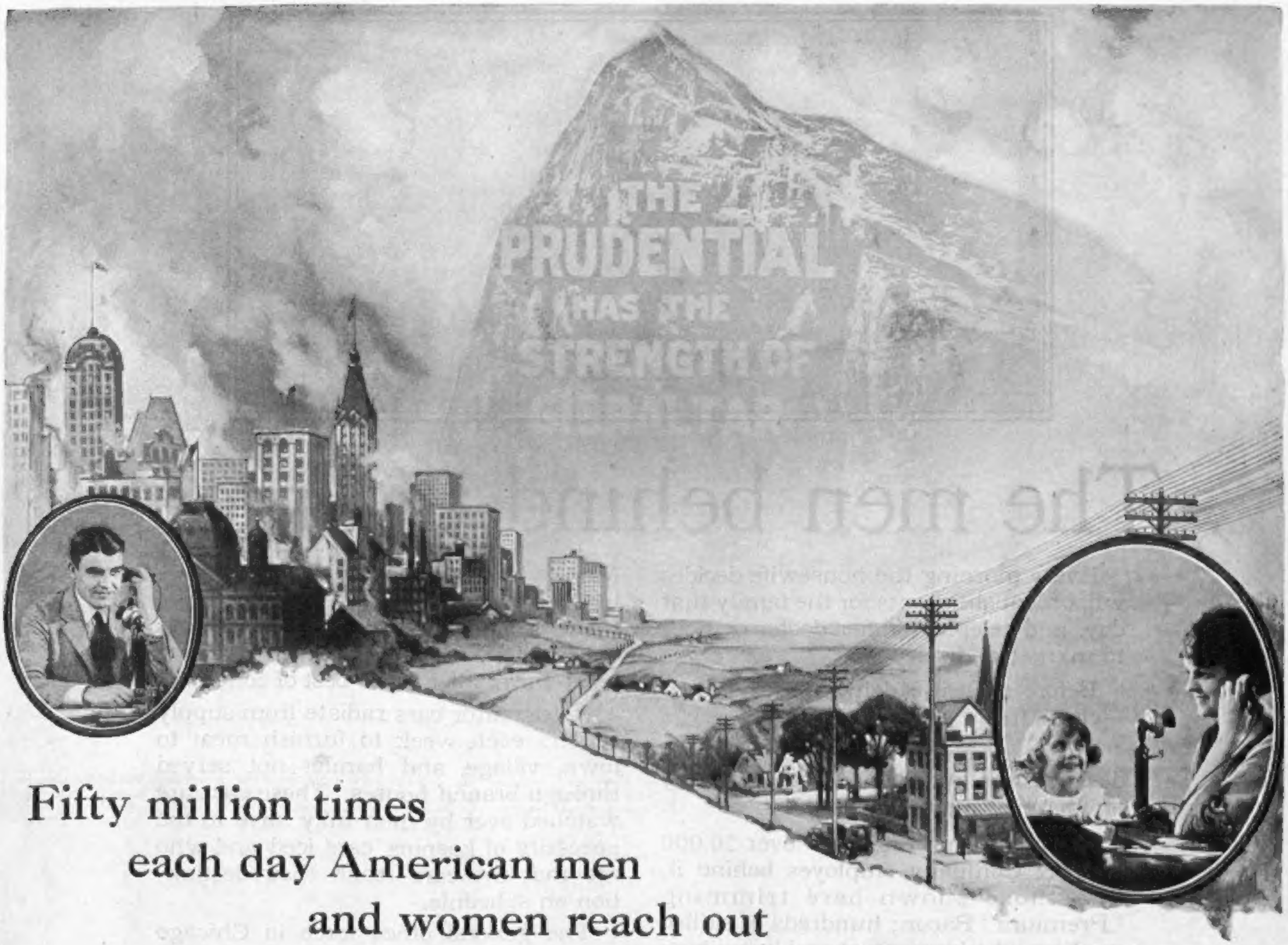

Fifty million times each day American men and women reach out for the telephone

OVER country roads and under city streets the vast net-work of telephone wires runs, binding the nation together.

And all day long the messages flash from office to office and home to home. Business messages, where promptness means profits; pleasant little messages of friendship and love. And the stern, sharp calls for physicians, for firemen or the police.

Surely there could be no more fitting investment for Prudential's funds than the bonds which make telephone service possible. For the telephone and Prudential each, in its sphere, is a protector of the home.

The millions invested in telephone bonds represent only a little part, of course, of Prudential's assets. Other millions are invested in electric light, gas, and water company bonds; still other millions in municipal bonds, the proceeds of which have gone to build good roads, good schools and public parks.

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The men who carry the message

A GENERATION ago John F. Dryden and a little group of associates set out from house to house, carrying the message of security through life insurance.

This was the beginning of industrial insurance in America.

Today fifteen thousand men carry the message of John F. Dryden as representatives of the Company which he founded. And fifteen million men and women live under the protecting shadow of Prudential's Rock.

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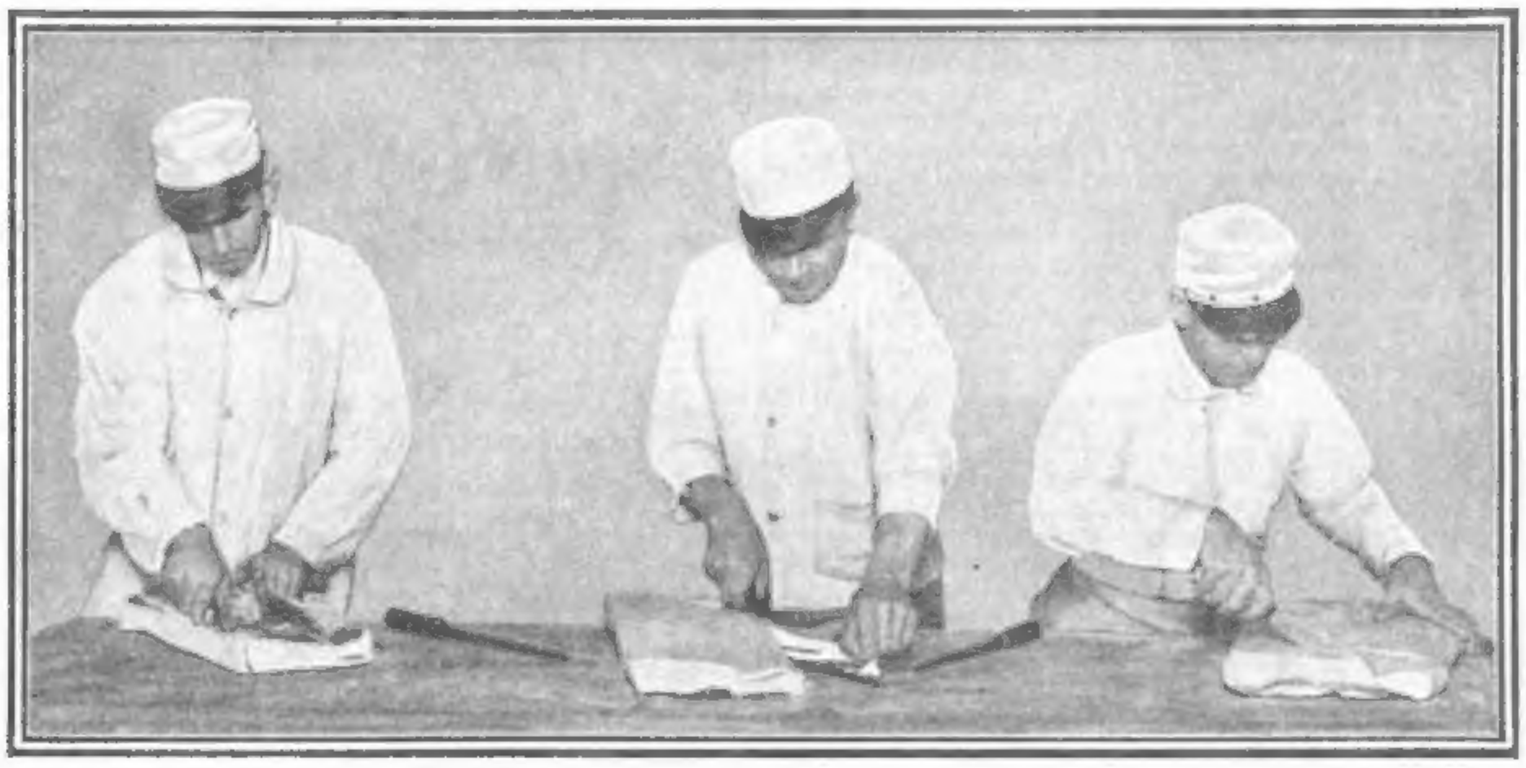
If every wife knew what every widow knows, every husband would be insured



The men behind the meat

Every morning the housewife decides what meat she wants for the family that day, and telephones her dealer or goes to market and selects it.

Before noon it is delivered at her door —clean, fresh, sweet, appetizing.

What is behind this service? Where does it come from, this unfailing supply of whatever meat she wants?

For one thing, there are over 50,000 Swift & Company employes behind it, like those shown here trimming "Premium" Bacon; hundreds of skilled workers who know meat and know how to dress it best, working with modern equipment and facilities under conditions of scrupulous cleanliness.

Hundreds of carefully trained men work in the 23 Swift & Company packing plants, located at points where the balance of distance between the cattle range and farm and the cities and towns is economically adjusted.

There are branch houses in centers of consumption, where freshly replenished stocks of meat are always kept on hand, under refrigeration, ready for the dealer. Men who know how to handle this highly perishable food are in charge of these branch houses and give their entire time to seeing that their products reach the retailer in the best of condition.

Refrigerator cars radiate from supply centers each week to furnish meat to town, village, and hamlet not served through branch houses. These cars are watched over by men fully alive to the necessity of keeping cars iced and who see that the cars reach their destination on schedule.

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